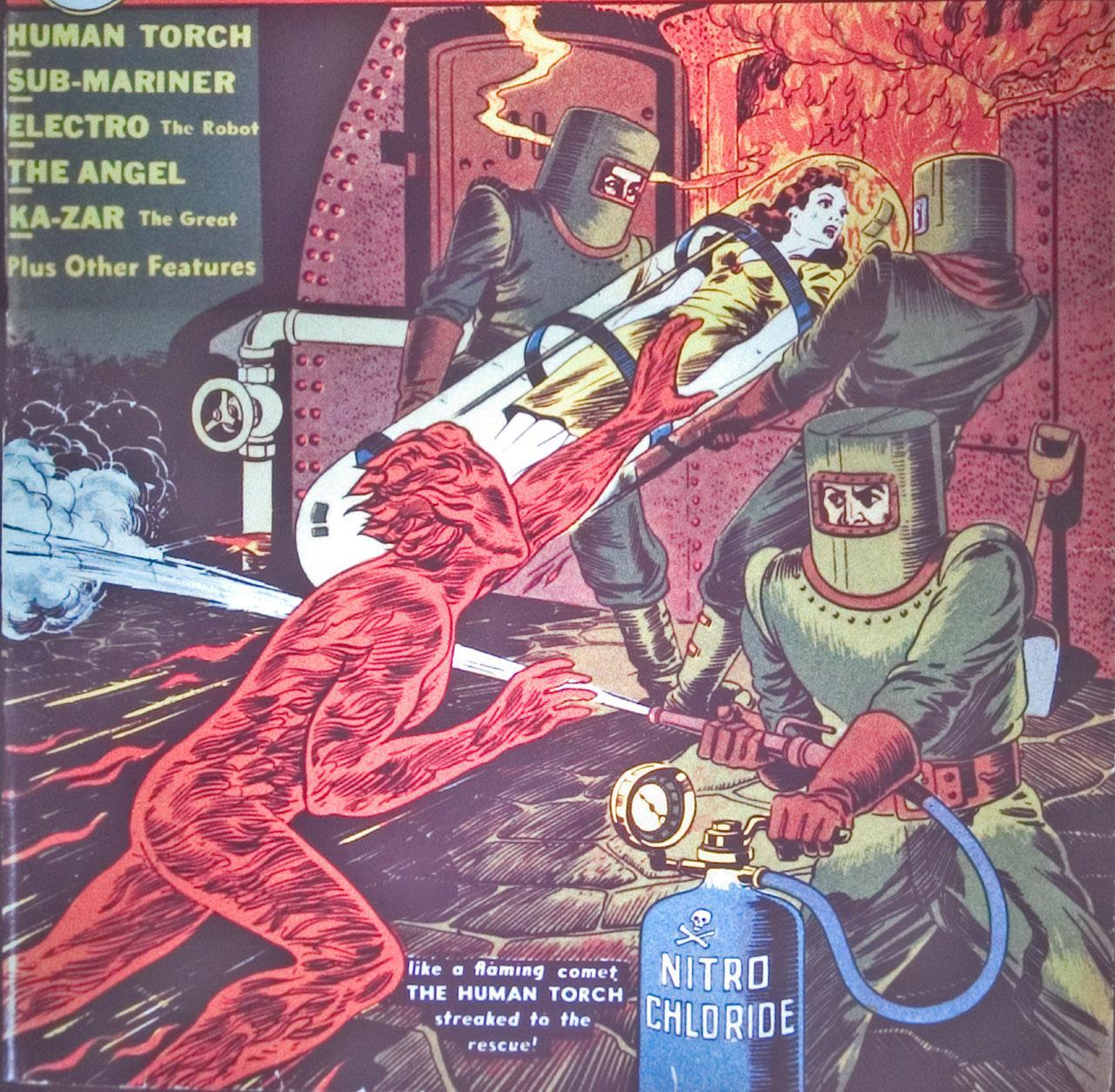
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MARCH

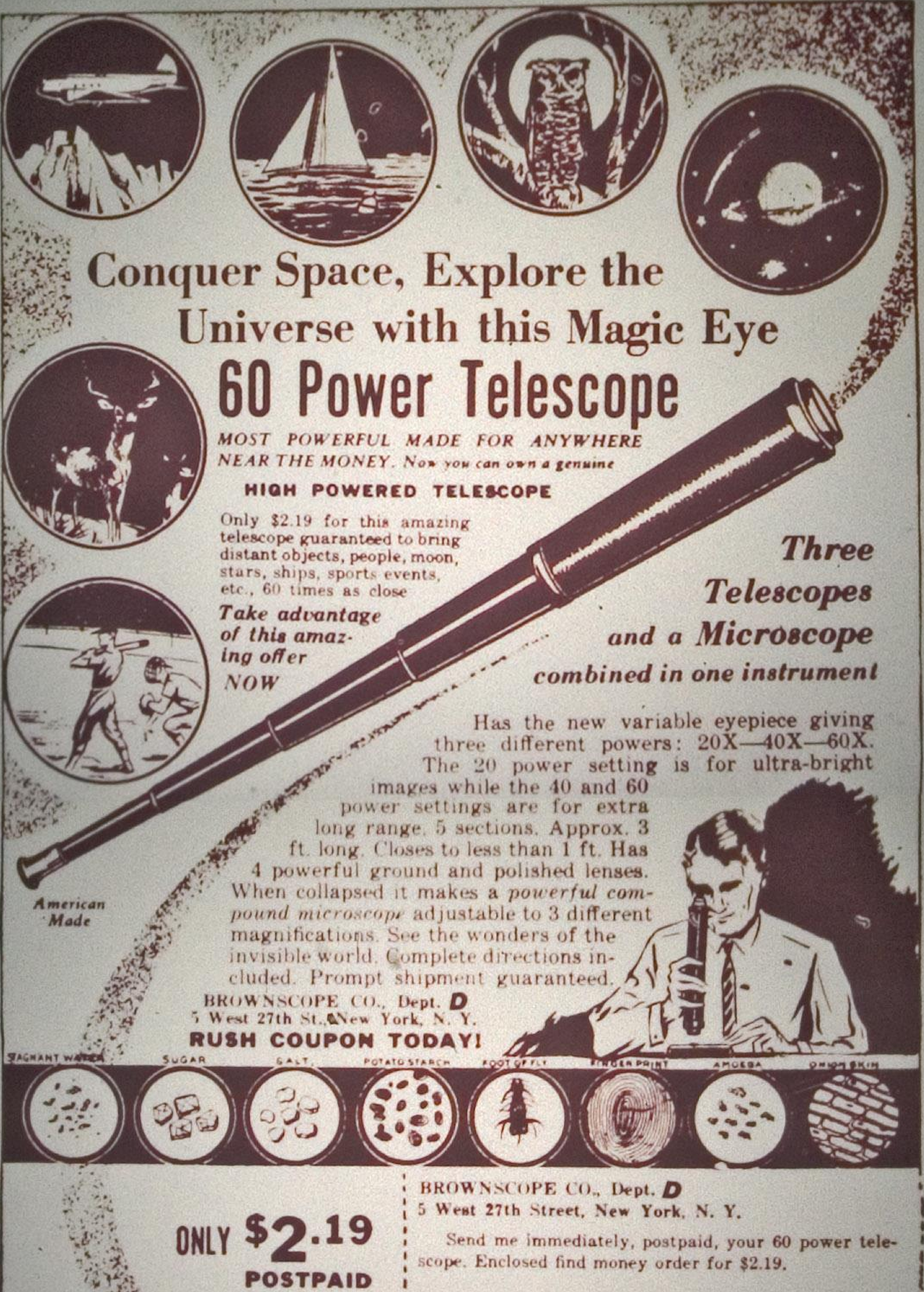
10¢

No. 5

HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ELECTRO The Robot
THE ANGEL
KA-ZAR The Great
Plus Other Features



like a flaming comet, THE HUMAN TORCH streaked to the rescue!



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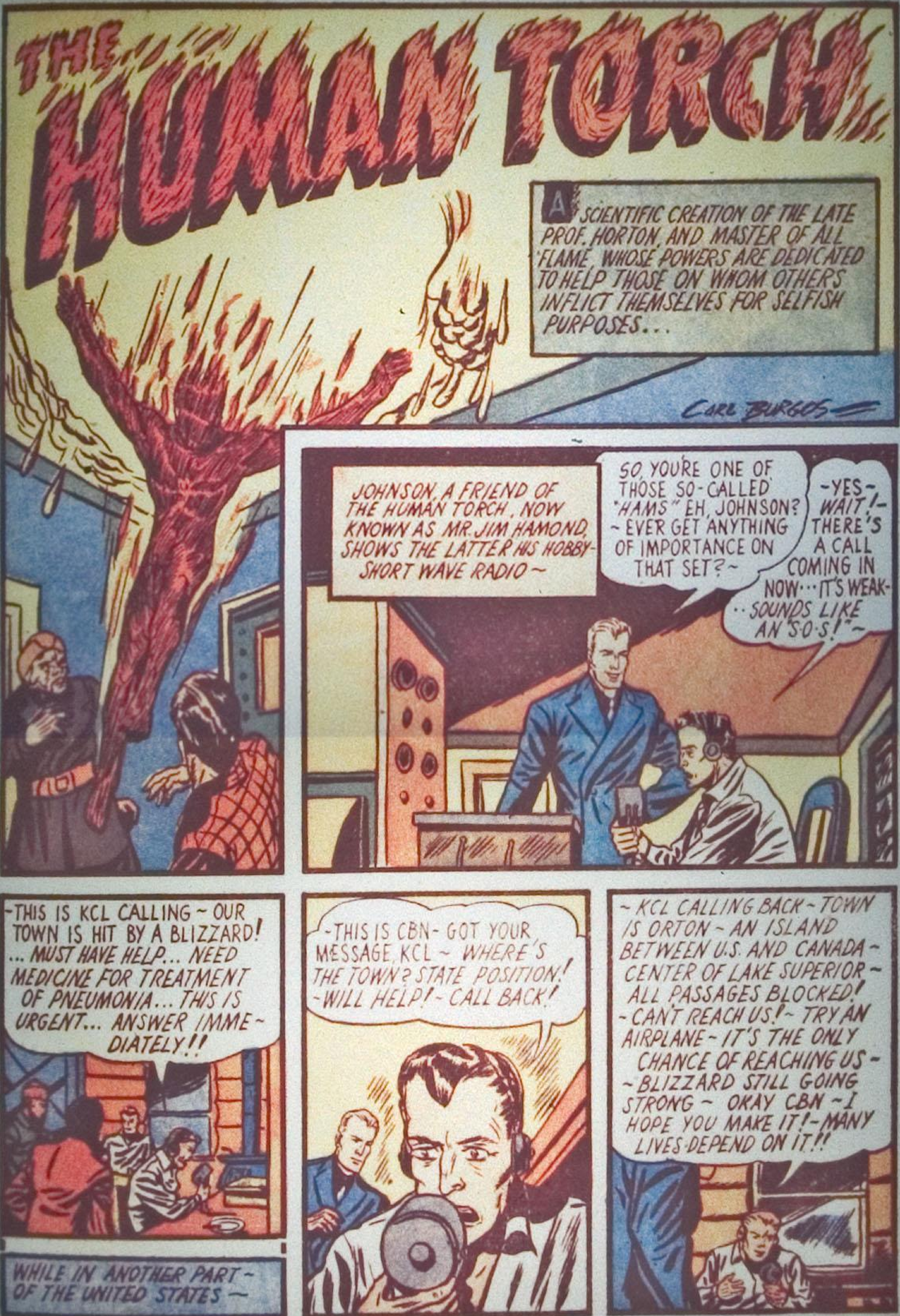
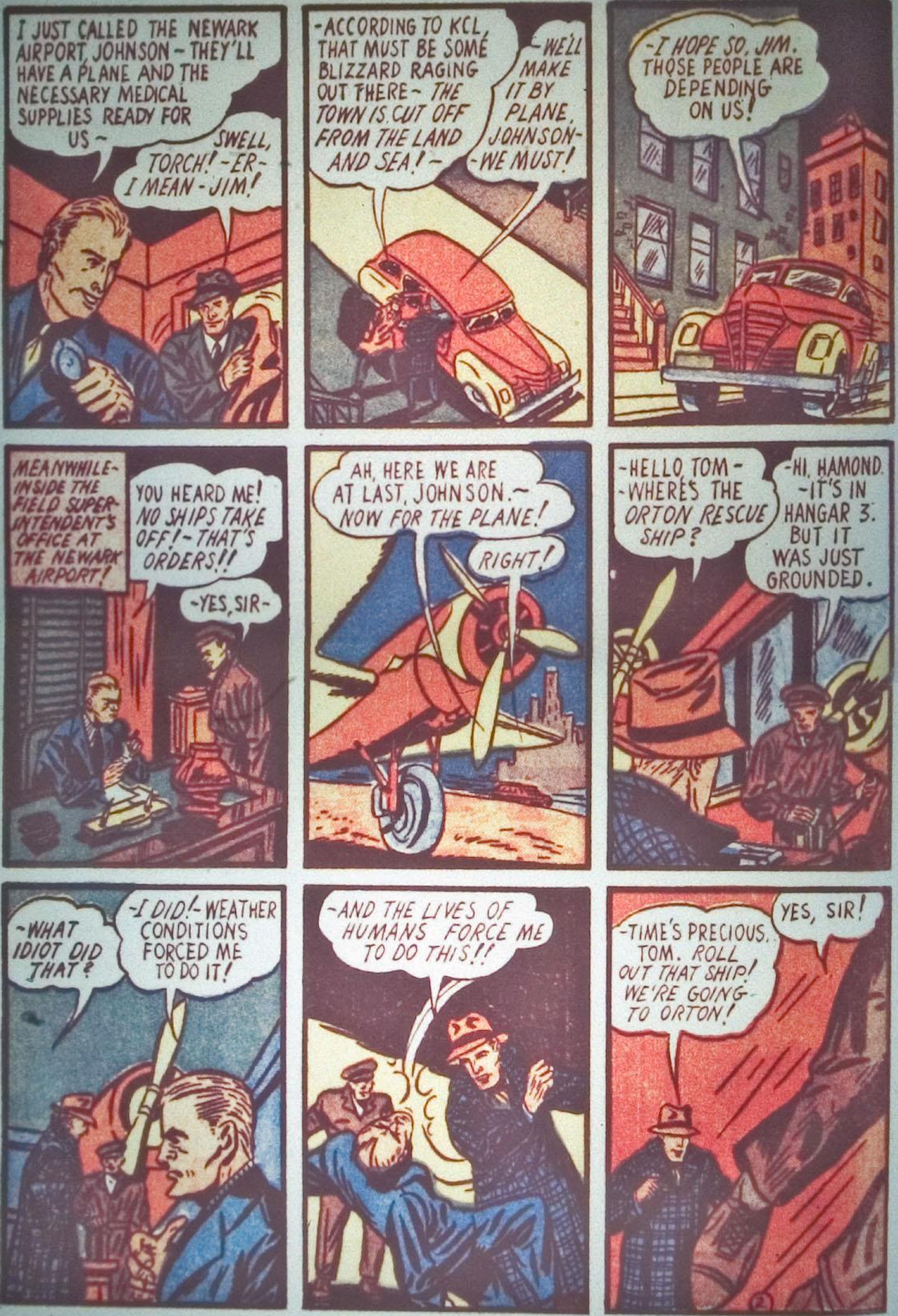
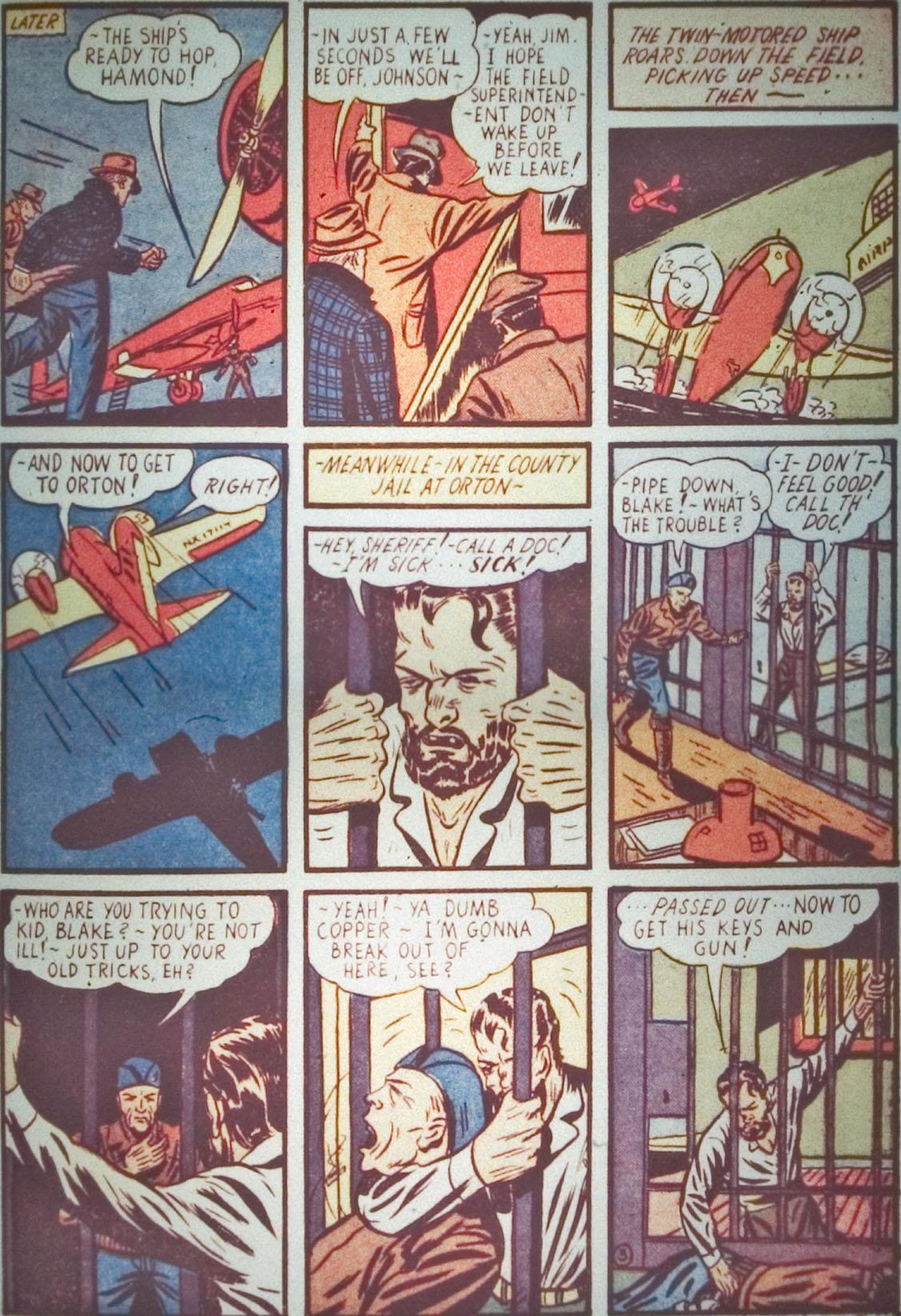
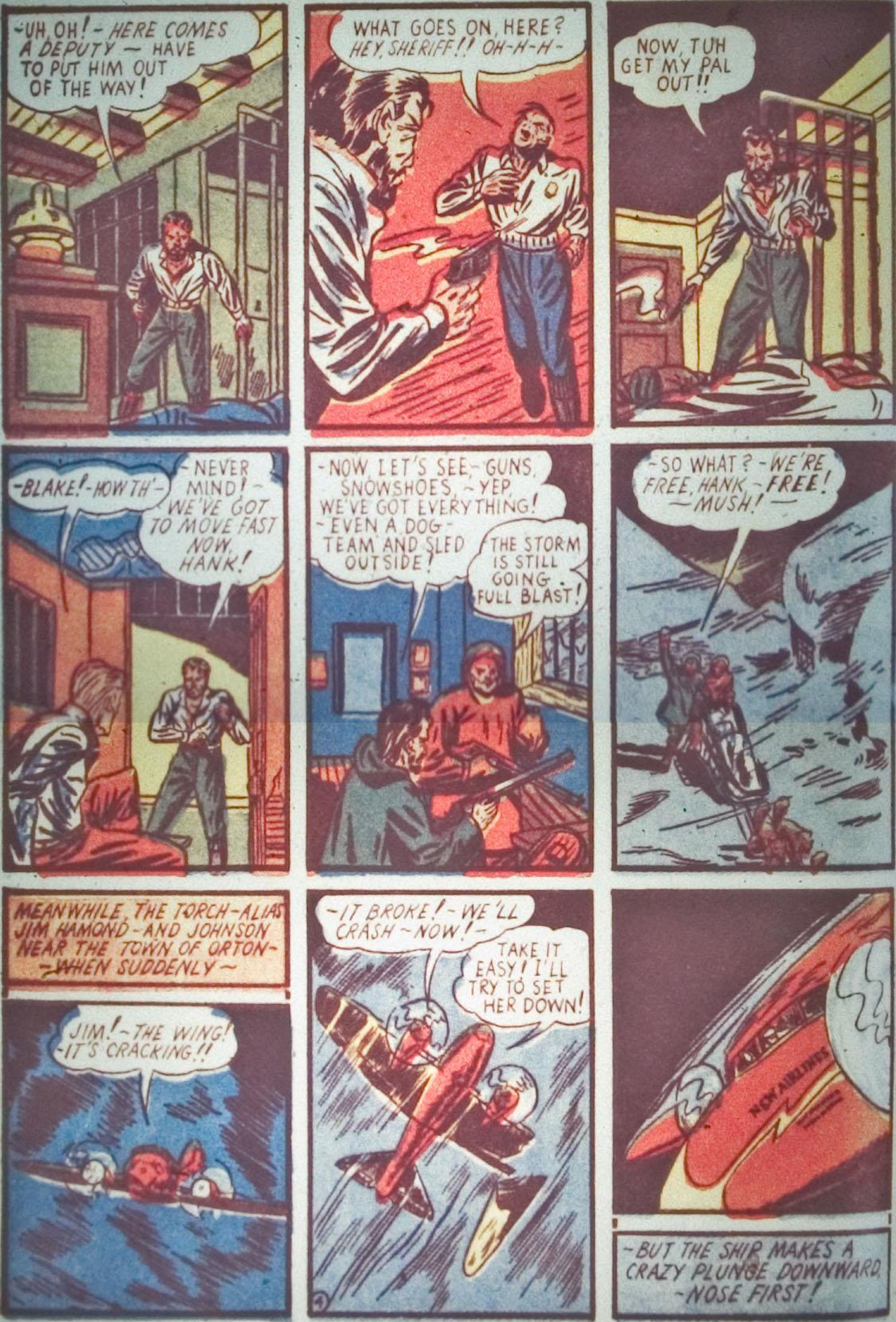
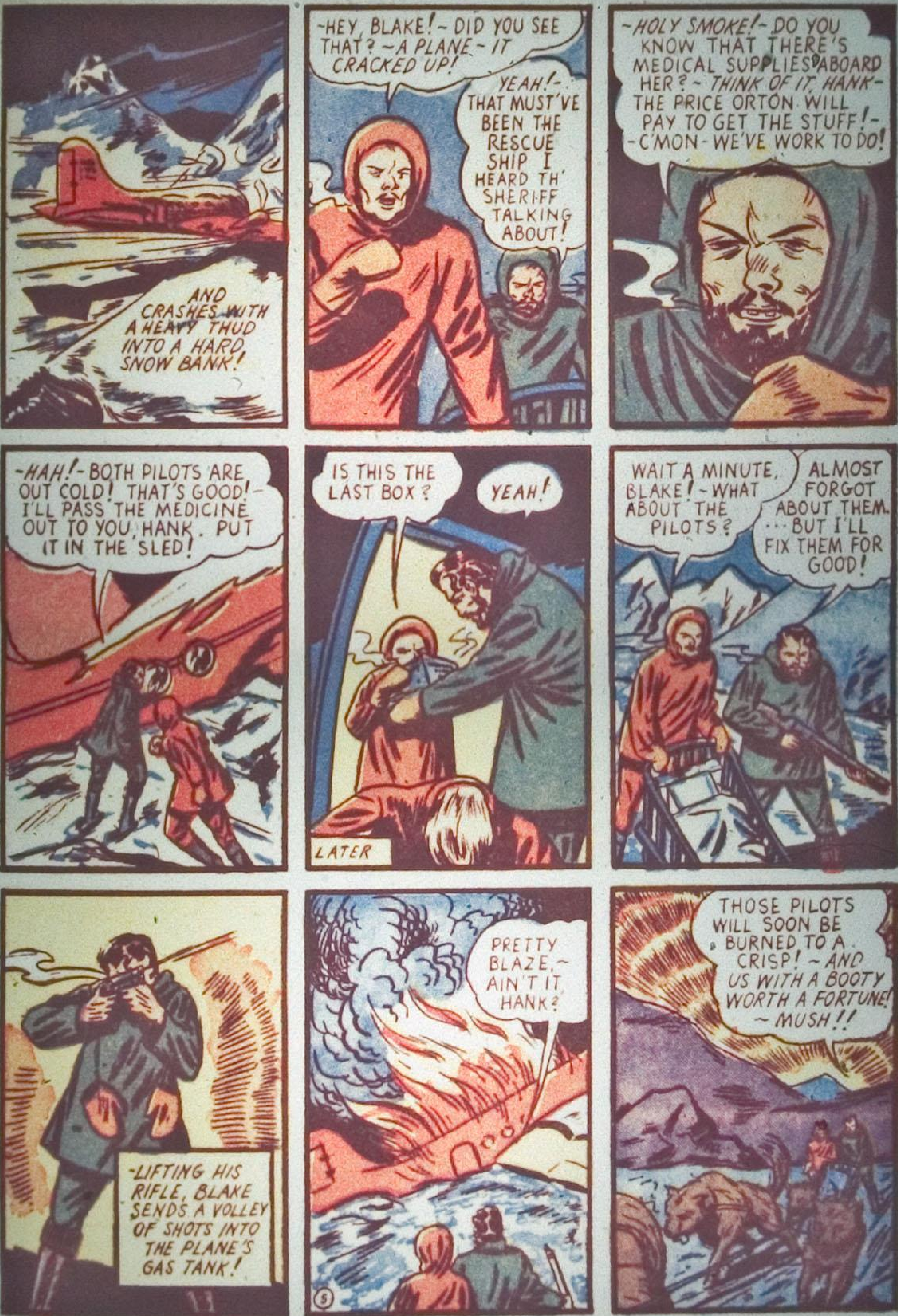
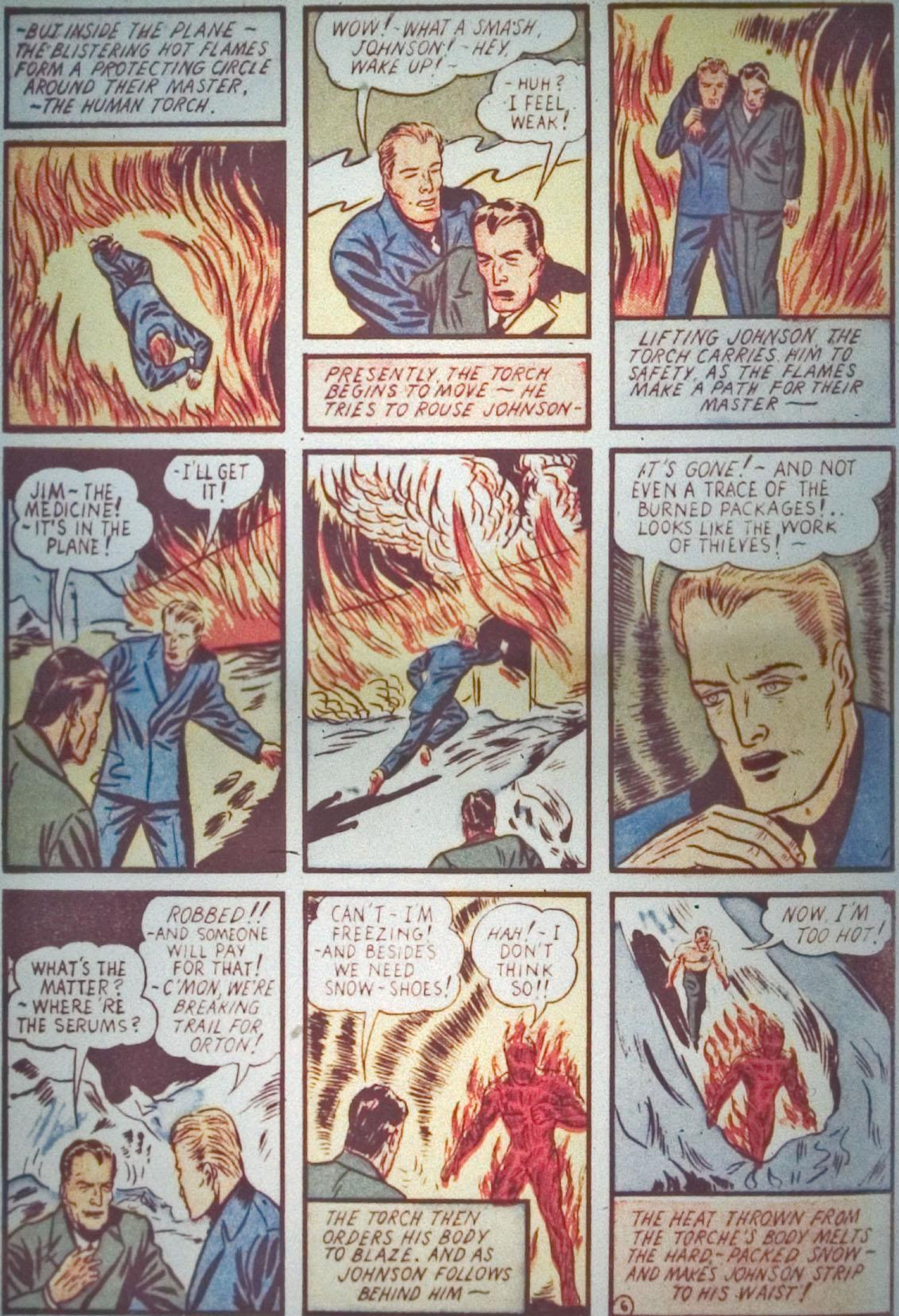

THE HUMAN TORCH
A SCIENTIFIC CREATION OF THE LATE PROF. HORTON, AND MASTER OF ALL FLAME, WHOSE POWERS ARE DEDICATED TO HELP THOSE ON WHOM OTHERS INFLICT THEMSELVES FOR SELFISH PURPOSES...
CARL BURGOS
JOHNSON, A FRIEND OF THE HUMAN TORCH, NOW KNOWN AS MR. JIM HAMOND, SHOWS THE LATTER HIS HOBBY-SHORT WAVE RADIO~
SO, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE SO-CALLED "HAMS" EH, JOHNSON? ~ EVER GET ANYTHING OF IMPORTANCE ON THAT SET?~
-YES- WAIT!- THERE'S A CALL COMING IN NOW··· IT'S WEAK- ··SOUNDS LIKE AN "S·O·S!"~
-THIS IS KCL CALLING ~ OUR TOWN IS HIT BY A BLIZZARD! ... MUST HAVE HELP... NEED MEDICINE FOR TREATMENT OF PNEUMONIA... THIS IS URGENT... ANSWER IMMEDIATELY!!
WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE UNITED STATES ~
-THIS IS CBN- GOT YOUR MESSAGE, KCL ~ WHERE'S THE TOWN? STATE POSITION! -WILL HELP! - CALL BACK!
~ KCL CALLING BACK ~ TOWN IS ORTON ~ AN ISLAND BETWEEN U.S. AND CANADA ~ CENTER OF LAKE SUPERIOR ~ ALL PASSAGES BLOCKED! ~ CAN'T REACH US! ~ TRY AN AIRPLANE ~ IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE OF REACHING US ~ ~ BLIZZARD STILL GOING STRONG ~ OKAY CBN ~ I HOPE YOU MAKE IT! ~ MANY LIVES DEPEND ON IT!!

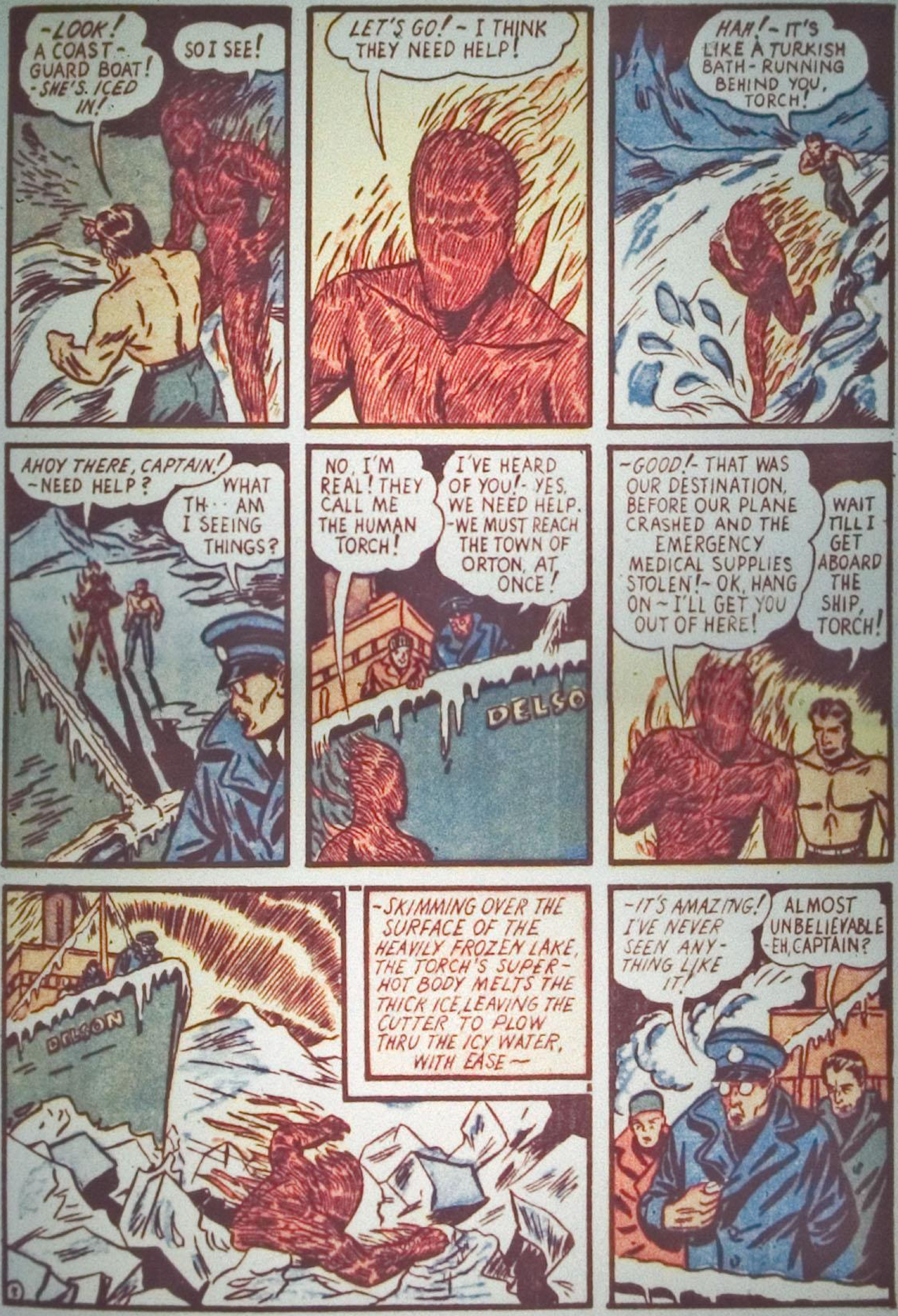

I JUST CALLED THE NEWARK AIRPORT, JOHNSON – THEY'LL HAVE A PLANE AND THE NECESSARY MEDICAL SUPPLIES READY FOR US ~
SWELL, TORCH! -ER- I MEAN -JIM!
-ACCORDING TO KCL, THAT MUST BE SOME BLIZZARD RAGING OUT THERE ~ THE TOWN IS CUT OFF FROM THE LAND AND SEA! ~
-WE'LL MAKE IT BY PLANE, JOHNSON- -WE MUST!
-I HOPE SO, JIM. THOSE PEOPLE ARE DEPENDING ON US!
MEANWHILE- INSIDE THE FIELD SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE AT THE NEWARK AIRPORT!
YOU HEARD ME! NO SHIPS TAKE OFF! – THAT'S ORDERS!!
-YES, SIR-
AH, HERE WE ARE AT LAST, JOHNSON. ~ NOW FOR THE PLANE!
RIGHT!
-HELLO TOM- -WHERE'S THE ORTON RESCUE SHIP?
-HI, HAMOND. -IT'S IN HANGAR 3. BUT IT WAS JUST GROUNDED.
-WHAT IDIOT DID THAT?
-I DID! -WEATHER CONDITIONS FORCED ME TO DO IT!
-AND THE LIVES OF HUMANS FORCE ME TO DO THIS!!
-TIME'S PRECIOUS, TOM. ROLL OUT THAT SHIP! WE'RE GOING TO ORTON!
YES, SIR!

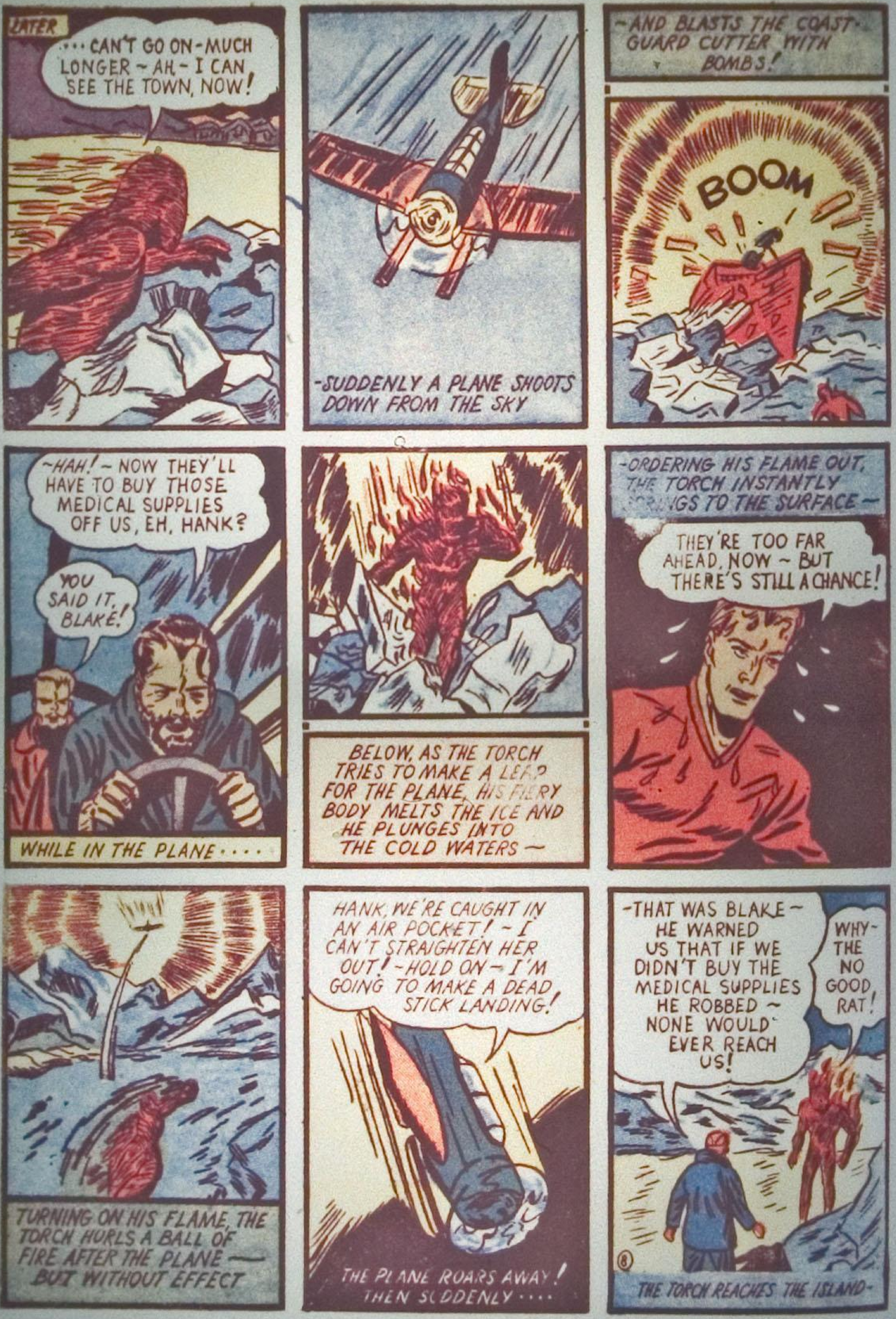

LATER
~THE SHIP'S READY TO HOP, HAMOND!
~IN JUST A FEW SECONDS WE'LL BE OFF, JOHNSON~
~YEAH, JIM. I HOPE THE FIELD SUPERINTENDENT DON'T WAKE UP BEFORE WE LEAVE!
THE TWIN-MOTORED SHIP ROARS DOWN THE FIELD, PICKING UP SPEED... THEN—
AIRP
-AND NOW TO GET TO ORTON!
RIGHT!
NX 17114
-MEANWHILE-IN THE COUNTY JAIL AT ORTON~
-HEY, SHERIFF!-CALL A DOC! -I'M SICK... SICK!
-PIPE DOWN, BLAKE!-WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
-I-DON'T-FEEL GOOD! CALL TH' DOC!
-WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID, BLAKE?~YOU'RE NOT ILL!~JUST UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH?
~YEAH!~YA DUMB COPPER~I'M GONNA BREAK OUT OF HERE, SEE?
...PASSED OUT...NOW TO GET HIS KEYS AND GUN!

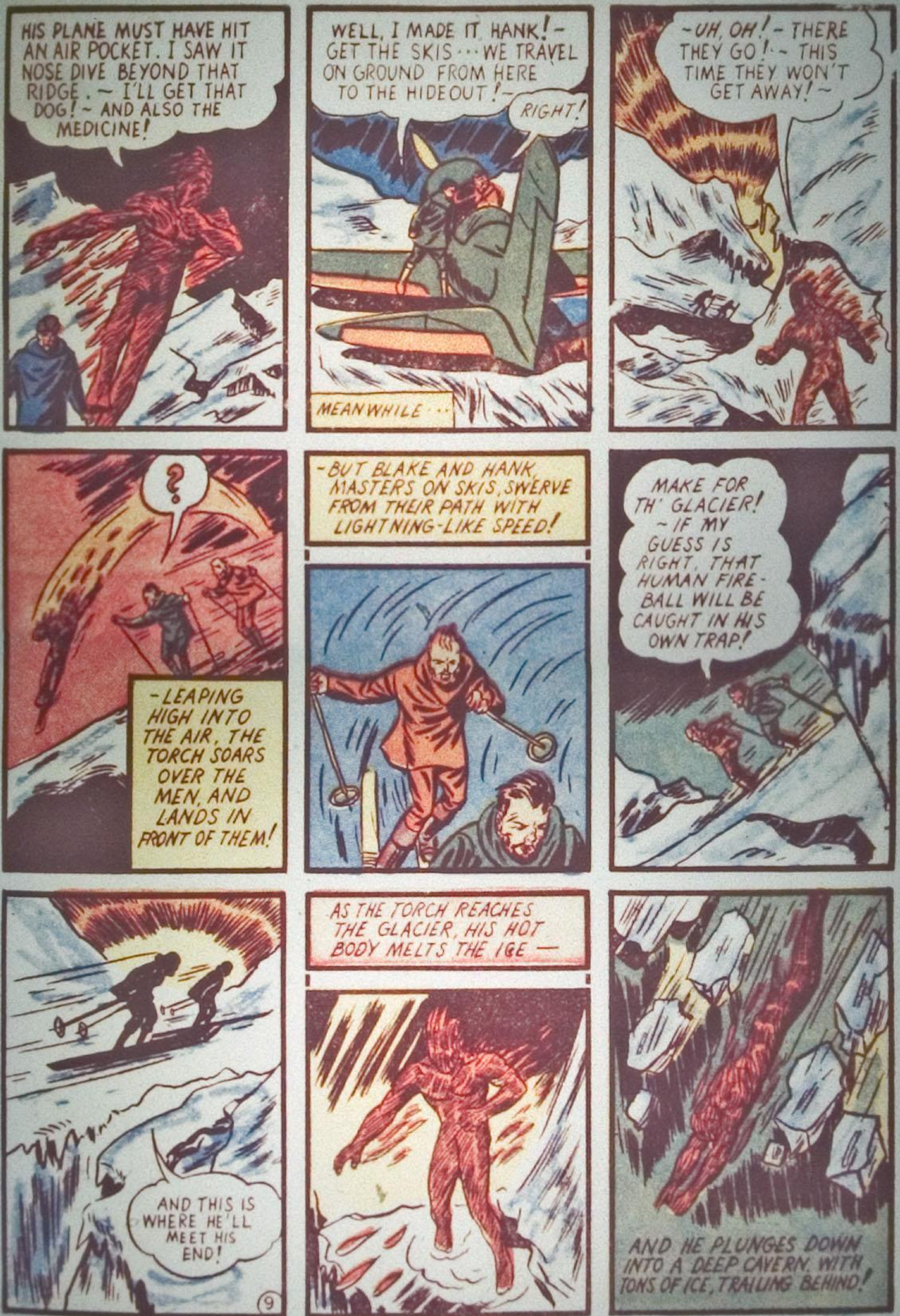

-UH, OH! - HERE COMES A DEPUTY — HAVE TO PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
WHAT GOES ON, HERE? HEY, SHERIFF!! OH-H-H-
NOW, TUH GET MY PAL OUT!!
-BLAKE! -HOW TH'-
-NEVER MIND! - WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST NOW, HANK!
-NOW LET'S SEE - GUNS, SNOWSHOES, - YEP, WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING! -EVEN A DOG-TEAM AND SLED OUTSIDE!
THE STORM IS STILL GOING FULL BLAST!
-SO WHAT? -WE'RE FREE, HANK -FREE! —MUSH!—
MEANWHILE, THE TORCH-ALIAS JIM HAMOND-AND JOHNSON NEAR THE TOWN OF ORTON- -WHEN SUDDENLY-
JIM! -THE WING! -IT'S CRACKING!!
-IT BROKE! -WE'LL CRASH -NOW!-
TAKE IT EASY! I'LL TRY TO SET HER DOWN!
NOW AIRLINES
-BUT THE SHIP MAKES A CRAZY PLUNGE DOWNWARD, -NOSE FIRST!

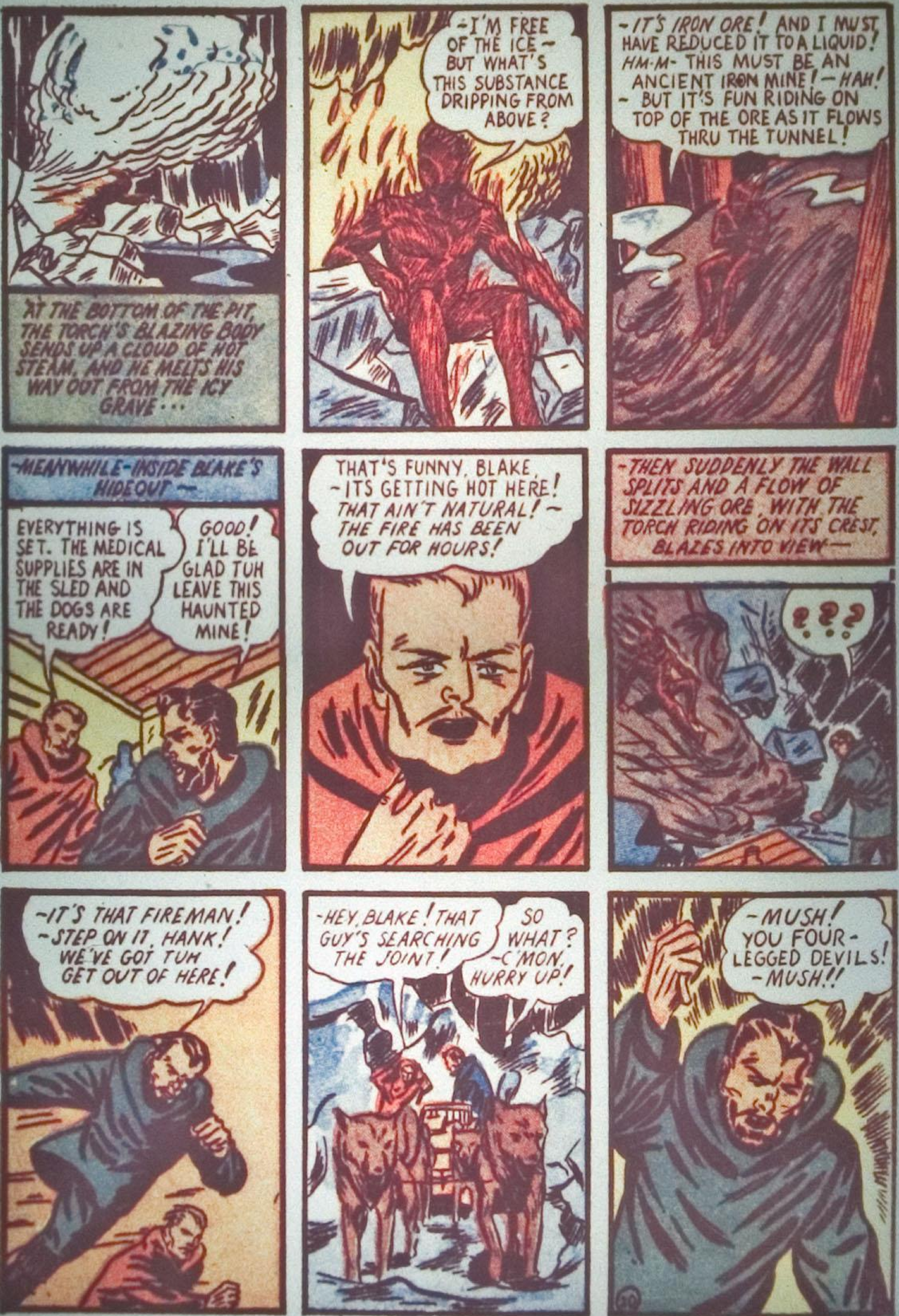

AND CRASHES WITH A HEAVY THUD INTO A HARD SNOW BANK!
~HEY, BLAKE!~ DID YOU SEE THAT? ~A PLANE~ IT CRACKED UP!
YEAH!~ THAT MUST'VE BEEN THE RESCUE SHIP I HEARD TH' SHERIFF TALKING ABOUT!
~HOLY SMOKE!~ DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE'S MEDICAL SUPPLIES ABOARD HER? ~ THINK OF IT, HANK~ THE PRICE ORTON WILL PAY TO GET THE STUFF!~ ~C'MON~ WE'VE WORK TO DO!
~HAH!~ BOTH PILOTS ARE OUT COLD! THAT'S GOOD!~ I'LL PASS THE MEDICINE OUT TO YOU, HANK. PUT IT IN THE SLED!
IS THIS THE LAST BOX?
YEAH!
LATER
WAIT A MINUTE, BLAKE! ~WHAT ABOUT THE PILOTS?
ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THEM. ...BUT I'LL FIX THEM FOR GOOD!
~LIFTING HIS RIFLE, BLAKE SENDS A VOLLEY OF SHOTS INTO THE PLANE'S GAS TANK!
PRETTY BLAZE,~ AIN'T IT, HANK?
THOSE PILOTS WILL SOON BE BURNED TO A CRISP! ~ AND US WITH A BOOTY WORTH A FORTUNE! ~ MUSH!!

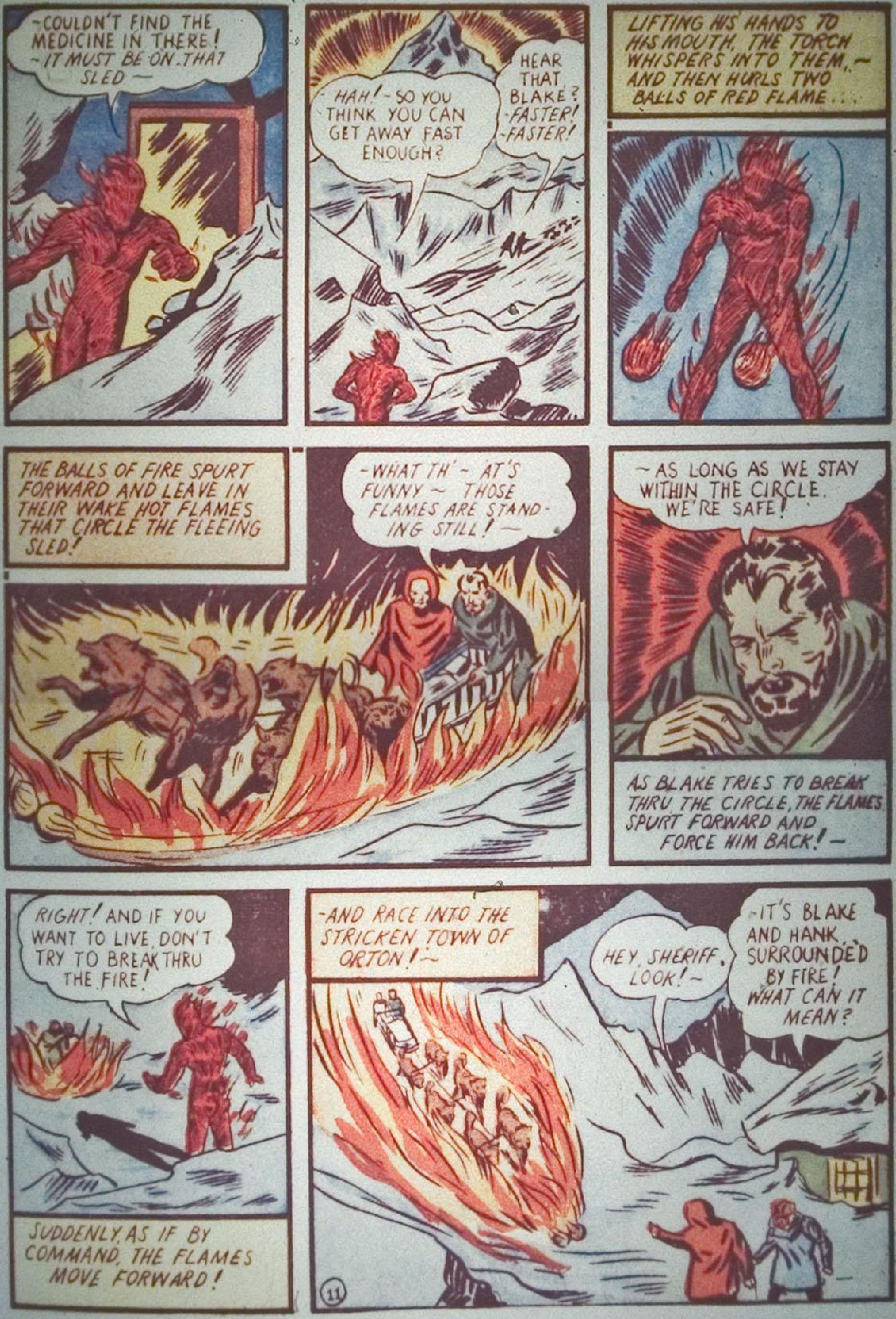

-BUT INSIDE THE PLANE - THE BLISTERING HOT FLAMES FORM A PROTECTING CIRCLE AROUND THEIR MASTER, -THE HUMAN TORCH.
PRESENTLY, THE TORCH BEGINS TO MOVE — HE TRIES TO ROUSE JOHNSON-
WOW! -WHAT A SMASH, JOHNSON! -HEY, WAKE UP! -
-HUH? I FEEL WEAK!
LIFTING JOHNSON, THE TORCH CARRIES HIM TO SAFETY, AS THE FLAMES MAKE A PATH FOR THEIR MASTER —
JIM - THE MEDICINE! -IT'S IN THE PLANE!
-I'LL GET IT!
IT'S GONE! - AND NOT EVEN A TRACE OF THE BURNED PACKAGES!.. LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF THIEVES! -
WHAT'S THE MATTER? - WHERE'RE THE SERUMS?
ROBBED!! -AND SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR THAT! -C'MON, WE'RE BREAKING TRAIL FOR ORTON!
CAN'T - I'M FREEZING! -AND BESIDES WE NEED SNOW-SHOES!
HAH! - I DON'T THINK SO!!
THE TORCH THEN ORDERS HIS BODY TO BLAZE. AND AS JOHNSON FOLLOWS BEHIND HIM —
NOW, I'M TOO HOT!
THE HEAT THROWN FROM THE TORCHE'S BODY MELTS THE HARD-PACKED SNOW - AND MAKES JOHNSON STRIP TO HIS WAIST!
6

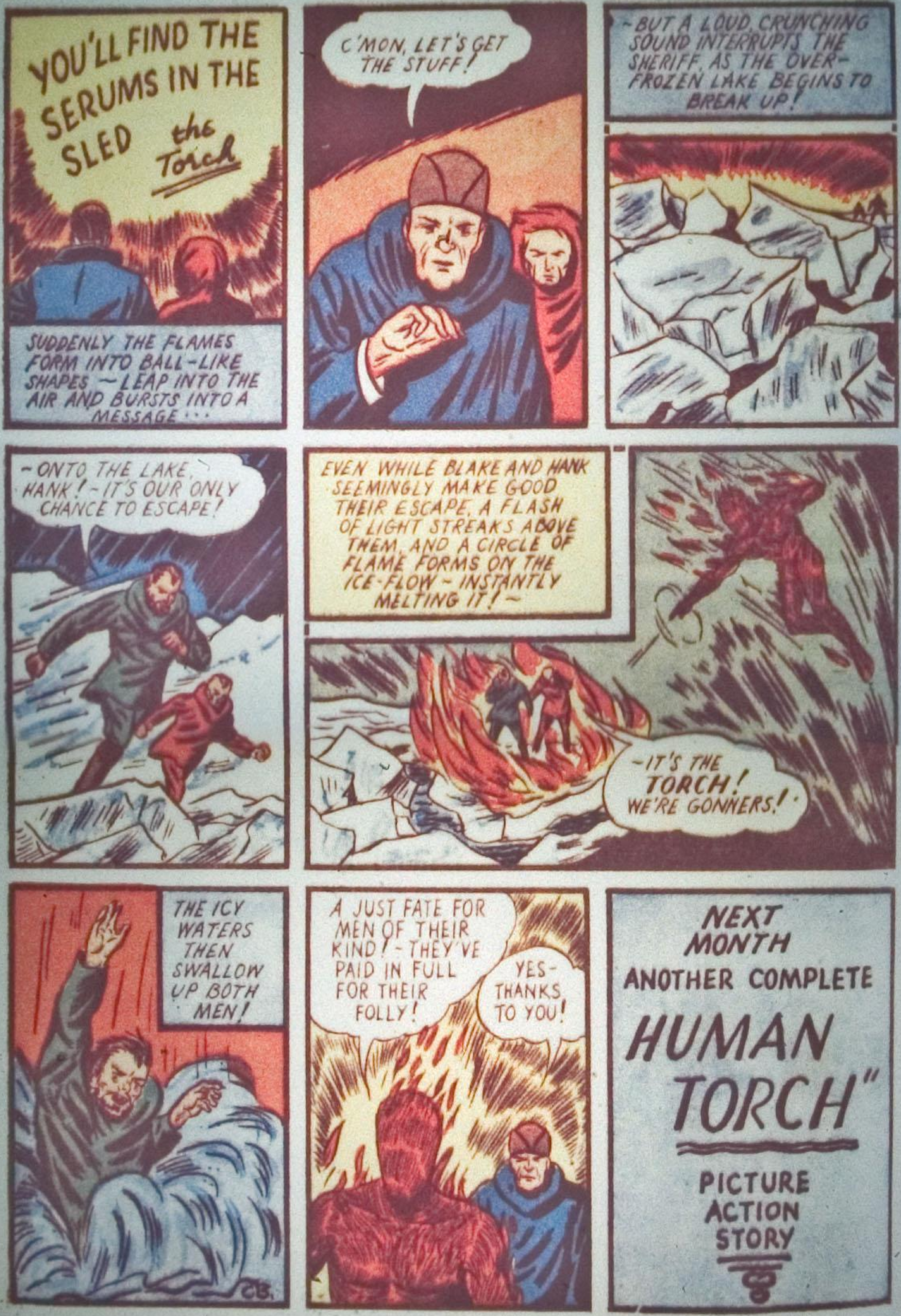

-LOOK! A COAST-GUARD BOAT! -SHE'S ICED IN!
SO I SEE!
LET'S GO! - I THINK THEY NEED HELP!
HAH! - IT'S LIKE A TURKISH BATH - RUNNING BEHIND YOU, TORCH!
AHOY THERE, CAPTAIN! -NEED HELP?
WHAT TH·· AM I SEEING THINGS?
NO, I'M REAL! THEY CALL ME THE HUMAN TORCH!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU! - YES, WE NEED HELP. -WE MUST REACH THE TOWN OF ORTON, AT ONCE!
DELSO
-GOOD! - THAT WAS OUR DESTINATION, BEFORE OUR PLANE CRASHED AND THE EMERGENCY MEDICAL SUPPLIES STOLEN! ~ OK, HANG ON ~ I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
WAIT TILL I GET ABOARD THE SHIP, TORCH!
DELSON
-SKIMMING OVER THE SURFACE OF THE HEAVILY FROZEN LAKE, THE TORCH'S SUPER-HOT BODY MELTS THE THICK ICE, LEAVING THE CUTTER TO PLOW THRU THE ICY WATER, WITH EASE~
-IT'S AMAZING! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE -EH, CAPTAIN?

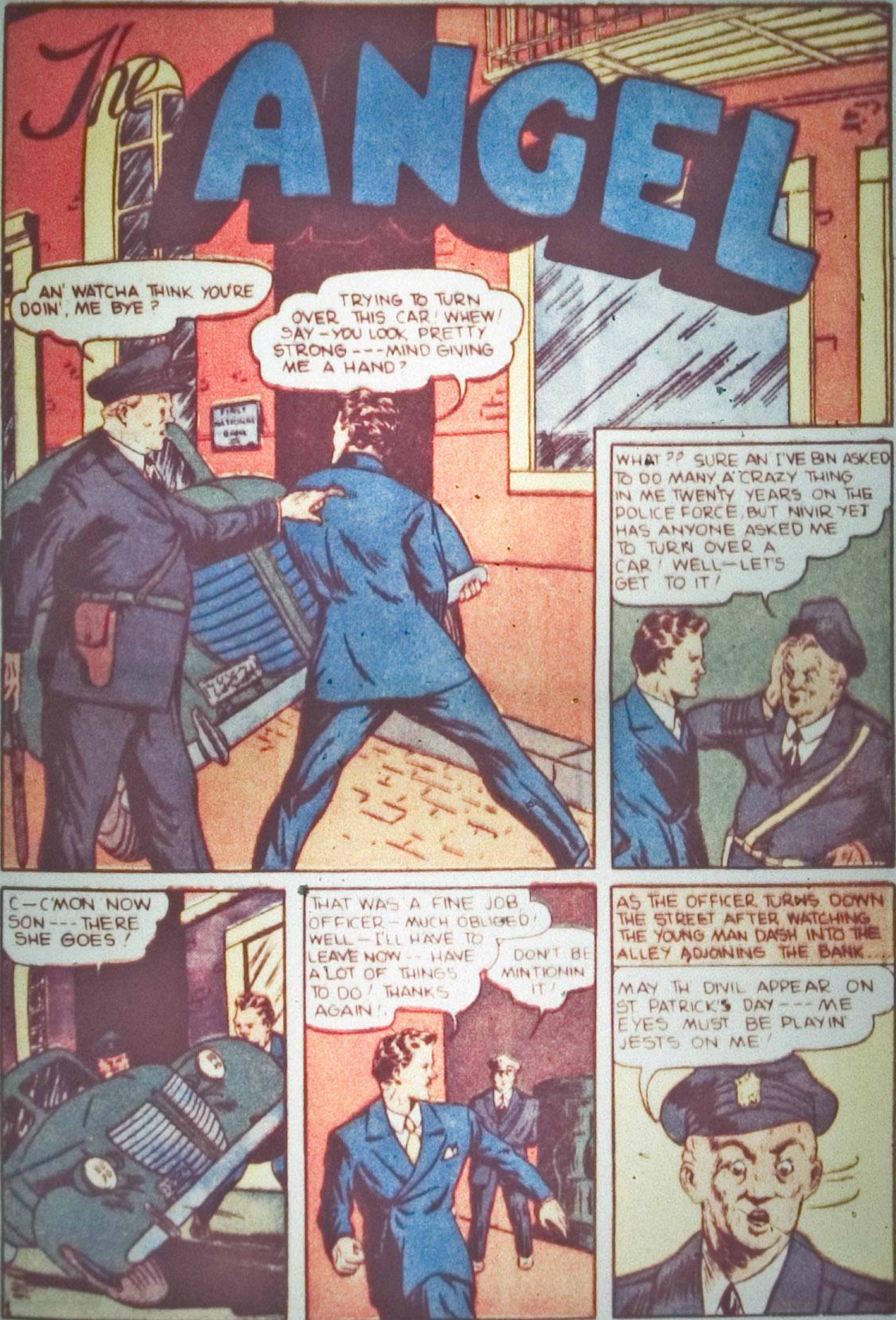

LATER
...CAN'T GO ON - MUCH LONGER ~ AH, ~ I CAN SEE THE TOWN, NOW!
-SUDDENLY A PLANE SHOOTS DOWN FROM THE SKY
~AND BLASTS THE COAST-GUARD CUTTER WITH BOMBS!
BOOM
~HAH! ~ NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO BUY THOSE MEDICAL SUPPLIES OFF US, EH, HANK?
YOU SAID IT, BLAKE!
WHILE IN THE PLANE....
BELOW, AS THE TORCH TRIES TO MAKE A LEAP FOR THE PLANE, HIS FIERY BODY MELTS THE ICE AND HE PLUNGES INTO THE COLD WATERS ~
-ORDERING HIS FLAME OUT, THE TORCH INSTANTLY SPRINGS TO THE SURFACE ~
THEY'RE TOO FAR AHEAD, NOW ~ BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
TURNING ON HIS FLAME, THE TORCH HURLS A BALL OF FIRE AFTER THE PLANE — BUT WITHOUT EFFECT
HANK, WE'RE CAUGHT IN AN AIR POCKET! ~ I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN HER OUT! ~ HOLD ON ~ I'M GOING TO MAKE A DEAD STICK LANDING!
THE PLANE ROARS AWAY! THEN SUDDENLY....
-THAT WAS BLAKE ~ HE WARNED US THAT IF WE DIDN'T BUY THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES HE ROBBED ~ NONE WOULD EVER REACH US!
WHY - THE NO GOOD RAT!
THE TORCH REACHES THE ISLAND-
8

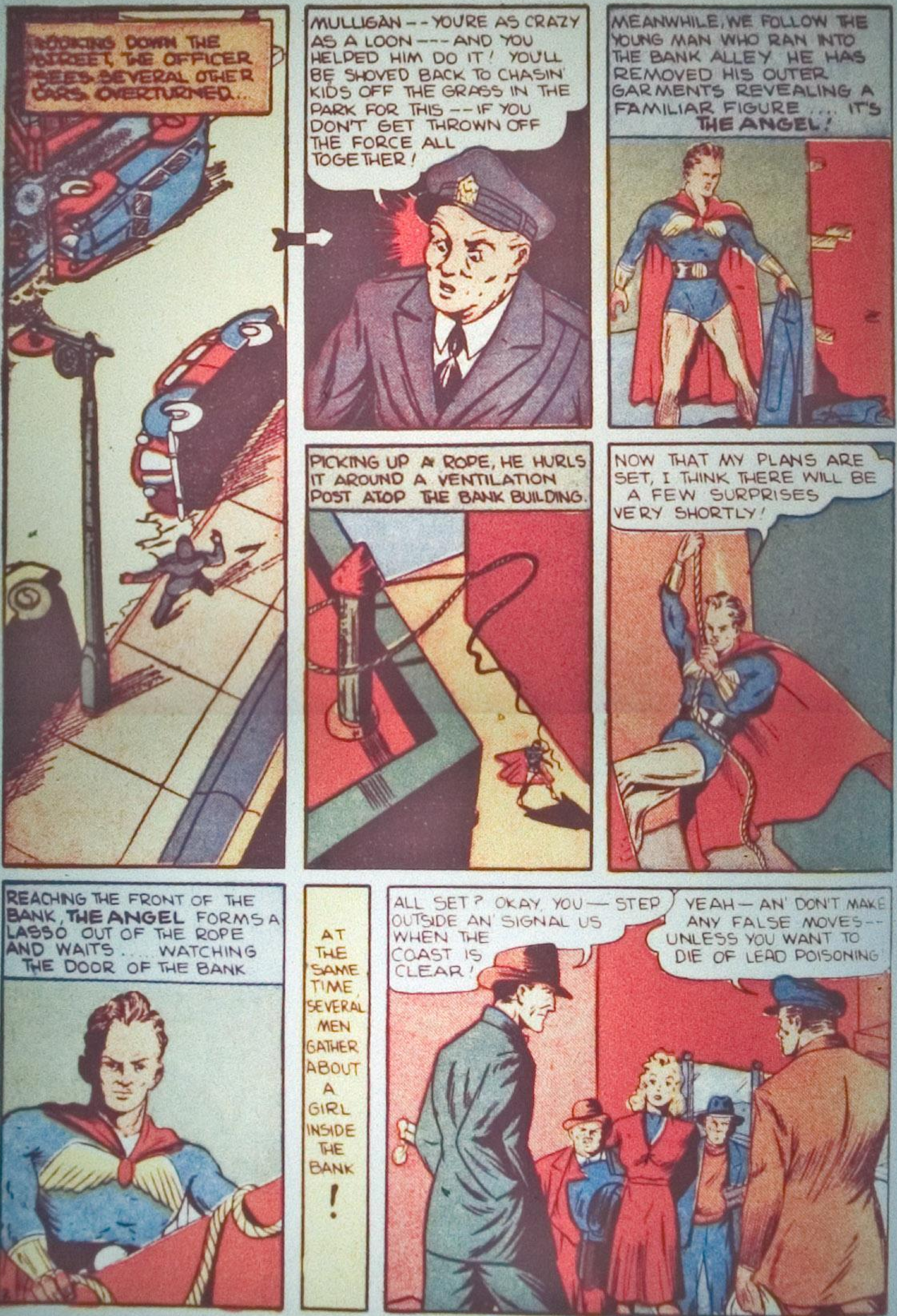

HIS PLANE MUST HAVE HIT AN AIR POCKET. I SAW IT NOSE DIVE BEYOND THAT RIDGE. ~ I'LL GET THAT DOG! ~ AND ALSO THE MEDICINE!
WELL, I MADE IT HANK! - GET THE SKIS ··· WE TRAVEL ON GROUND FROM HERE TO THE HIDEOUT! -
RIGHT!
MEANWHILE ···
- UH, OH! - THERE THEY GO! ~ THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY! ~
?
- LEAPING HIGH INTO THE AIR, THE TORCH SOARS OVER THE MEN, AND LANDS IN FRONT OF THEM!
- BUT BLAKE AND HANK, MASTERS ON SKIS, SWERVE FROM THEIR PATH WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED!
MAKE FOR TH' GLACIER! ~ IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT HUMAN FIRE-BALL WILL BE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP!
AND THIS IS WHERE HE'LL MEET HIS END!
AS THE TORCH REACHES THE GLACIER, HIS HOT BODY MELTS THE ICE —
AND HE PLUNGES DOWN INTO A DEEP CAVERN, WITH TONS OF ICE, TRAILING BEHIND!

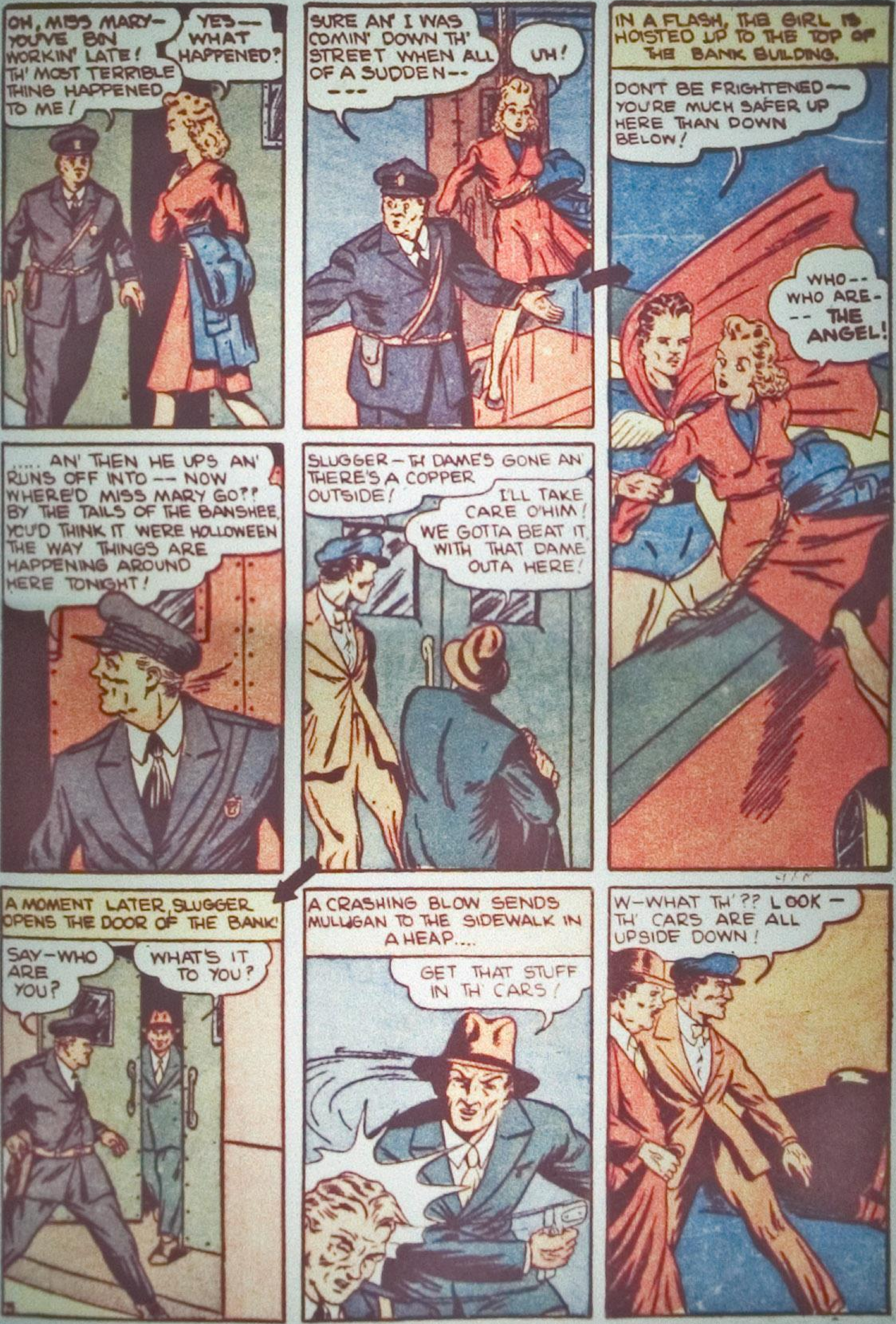

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT, THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY SENDS UP A CLOUD OF HOT STEAM, AND HE MELTS HIS WAY OUT FROM THE ICY GRAVE . . .
-I'M FREE OF THE ICE - BUT WHAT'S THIS SUBSTANCE DRIPPING FROM ABOVE?
-IT'S IRON ORE! AND I MUST HAVE REDUCED IT TO A LIQUID! HM-M- THIS MUST BE AN ANCIENT IRON MINE! -HAH! - BUT IT'S FUN RIDING ON TOP OF THE ORE AS IT FLOWS THRU THE TUNNEL!
-MEANWHILE-INSIDE BLAKE'S HIDEOUT-
EVERYTHING IS SET. THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES ARE IN THE SLED AND THE DOGS ARE READY!
GOOD! I'LL BE GLAD TUH LEAVE THIS HAUNTED MINE!
THAT'S FUNNY, BLAKE, -ITS GETTING HOT HERE! THAT AIN'T NATURAL! - THE FIRE HAS BEEN OUT FOR HOURS!
-THEN SUDDENLY THE WALL SPLITS AND A FLOW OF SIZZLING ORE, WITH THE TORCH RIDING ON ITS CREST, BLAZES INTO VIEW-
???
-IT'S THAT FIREMAN! -STEP ON IT, HANK! WE'VE GOT TUH GET OUT OF HERE!
-HEY, BLAKE! THAT GUY'S SEARCHING THE JOINT!
SO WHAT? -C'MON, HURRY UP!
-MUSH! YOU FOUR-LEGGED DEVILS! -MUSH!!

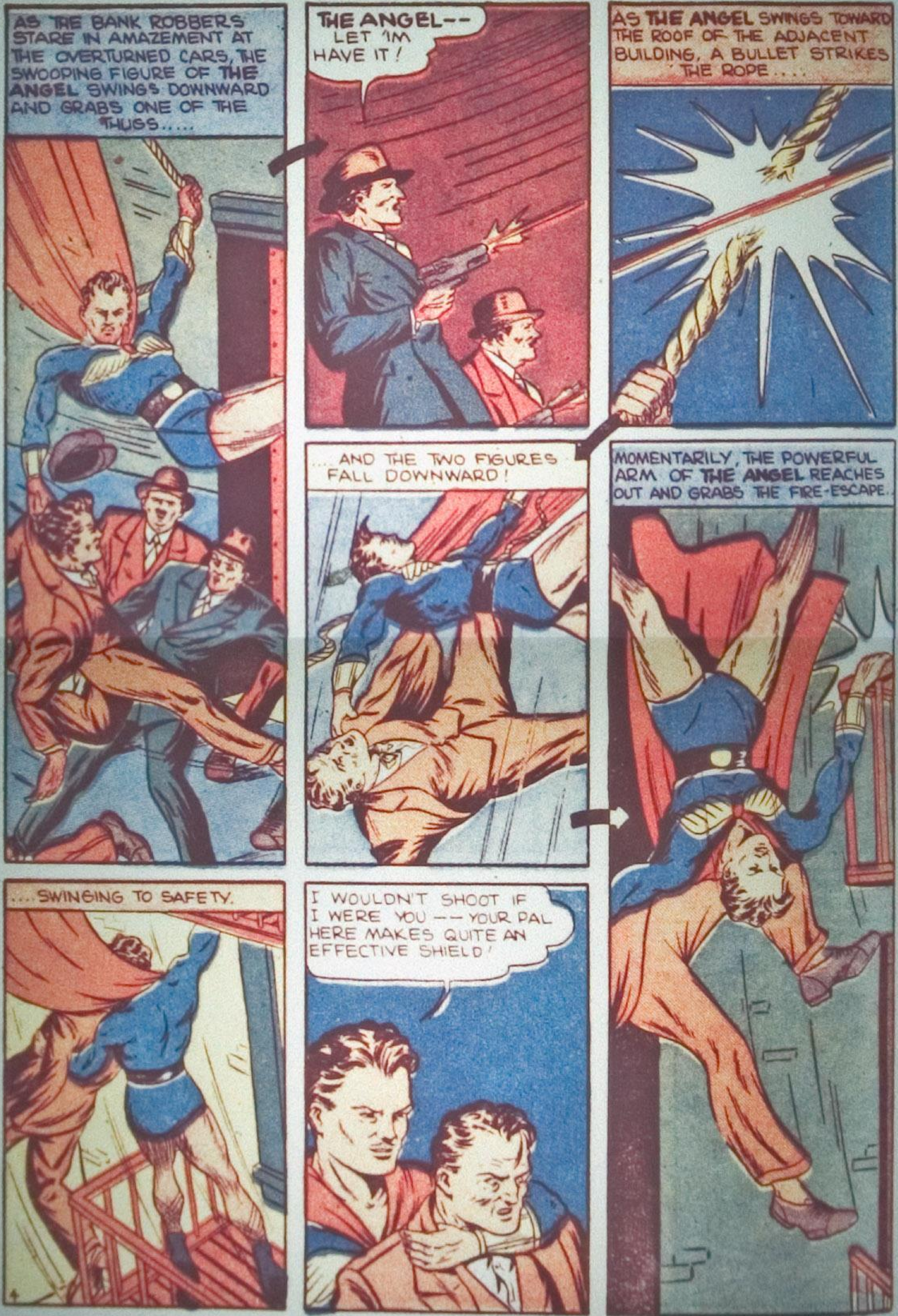

~COULDN'T FIND THE MEDICINE IN THERE! ~IT MUST BE ON THAT SLED ~
HAH! ~ SO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY FAST ENOUGH?
HEAR THAT, BLAKE? ~FASTER! ~FASTER!
LIFTING HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH, THE TORCH WHISPERS INTO THEM,~ AND THEN HURLS TWO BALLS OF RED FLAME . . .
THE BALLS OF FIRE SPURT FORWARD AND LEAVE IN THEIR WAKE HOT FLAMES THAT CIRCLE THE FLEEING SLED!
~WHAT TH' ~ 'AT'S FUNNY ~ THOSE FLAMES ARE STANDING STILL! ~
~ AS LONG AS WE STAY WITHIN THE CIRCLE, WE'RE SAFE!
AS BLAKE TRIES TO BREAK THRU THE CIRCLE, THE FLAMES SPURT FORWARD AND FORCE HIM BACK! ~
RIGHT! AND IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, DON'T TRY TO BREAK THRU THE FIRE!
SUDDENLY, AS IF BY COMMAND, THE FLAMES MOVE FORWARD!
~AND RACE INTO THE STRICKEN TOWN OF ORTON! ~
HEY, SHERIFF, LOOK! ~
~IT'S BLAKE AND HANK, SURROUNDED BY FIRE! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

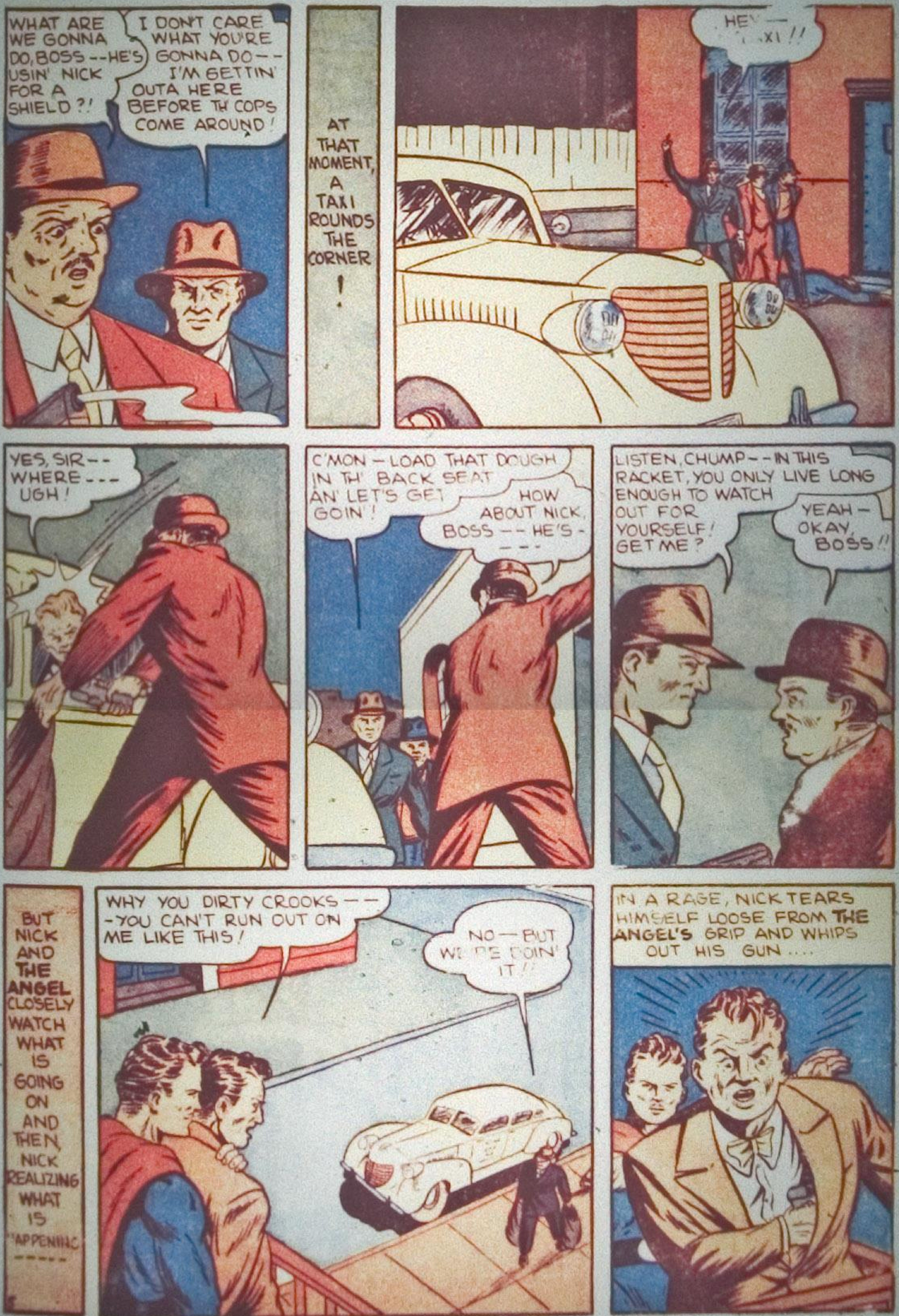

YOU'LL FIND THE SERUMS IN THE SLED
the Torch
SUDDENLY THE FLAMES FORM INTO BALL-LIKE SHAPES ~ LEAP INTO THE AIR AND BURSTS INTO A MESSAGE...
C'MON, LET'S GET THE STUFF!
~BUT A LOUD, CRUNCHING SOUND INTERRUPTS THE SHERIFF, AS THE OVER-FROZEN LAKE BEGINS TO BREAK UP!
~ONTO THE LAKE, HANK! ~ IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
EVEN WHILE BLAKE AND HANK SEEMINGLY MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE, A FLASH OF LIGHT STREAKS ABOVE THEM, AND A CIRCLE OF FLAME FORMS ON THE ICE-FLOW ~ INSTANTLY MELTING IT! ~
~IT'S THE TORCH! WE'RE GONNERS!
THE ICY WATERS THEN SWALLOW UP BOTH MEN!
A JUST FATE FOR MEN OF THEIR KIND! ~ THEY'VE PAID IN FULL FOR THEIR FOLLY!
YES ~ THANKS TO YOU!
NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER COMPLETE
"HUMAN TORCH"
PICTURE ACTION STORY

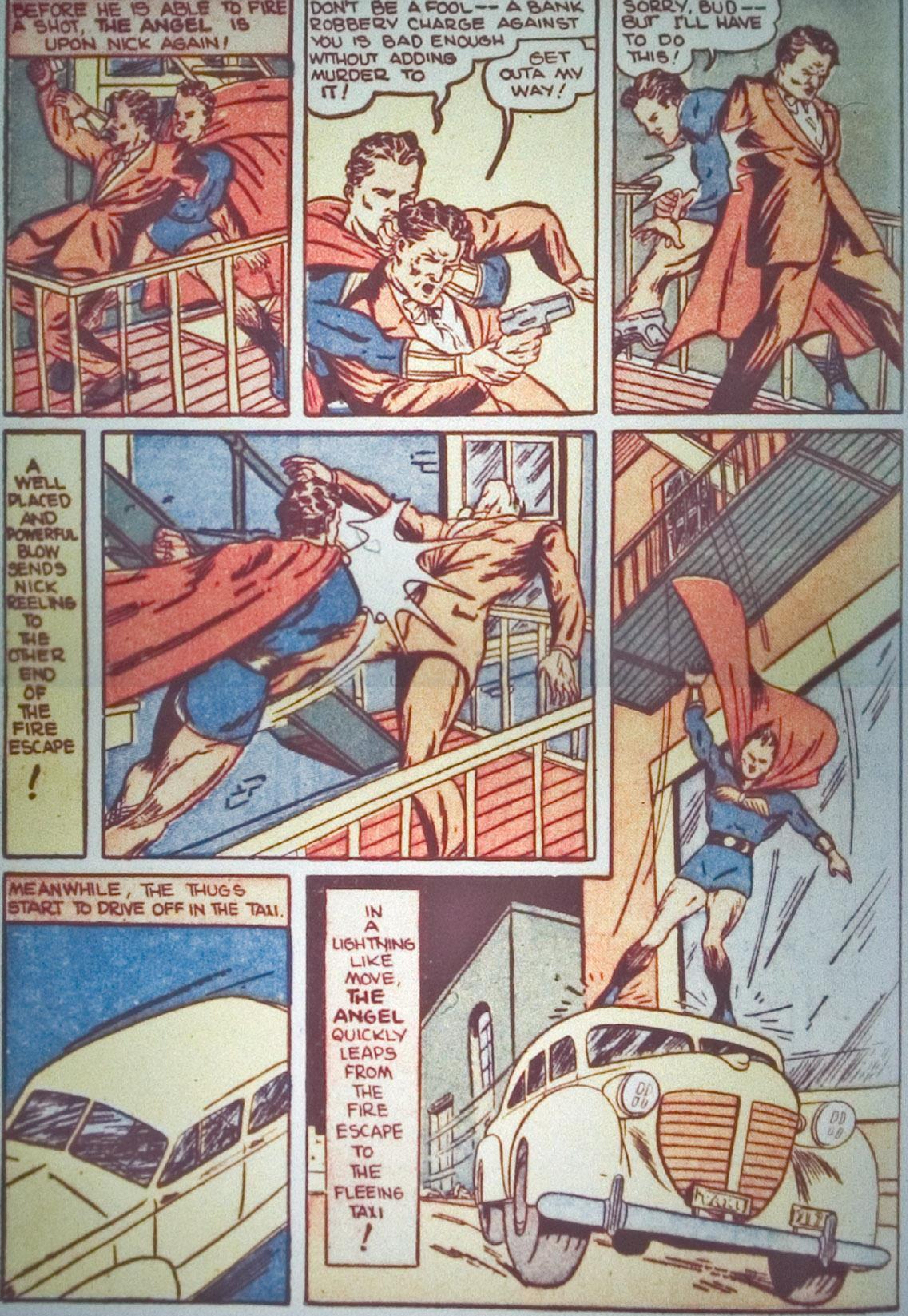

The ANGEL
AN' WATCHA THINK YOU'RE DOIN', ME BYE?
TRYING TO TURN OVER THIS CAR! WHEW! SAY—YOU LOOK PRETTY STRONG---MIND GIVING ME A HAND?
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
WHAT?? SURE AN I'VE BIN ASKED TO DO MANY A CRAZY THING IN ME TWENTY YEARS ON THE POLICE FORCE, BUT NIVIR YET HAS ANYONE ASKED ME TO TURN OVER A CAR! WELL—LET'S GET TO IT!
C—C'MON NOW SON---THERE SHE GOES!
THAT WAS A FINE JOB OFFICER—MUCH OBLIGED! WELL—I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW--HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO DO! THANKS AGAIN!
DON'T BE MINTIONIN IT!
AS THE OFFICER TURNS DOWN THE STREET AFTER WATCHING THE YOUNG MAN DASH INTO THE ALLEY ADJOINING THE BANK...
MAY TH DIVIL APPEAR ON ST PATRICK'S DAY---ME EYES MUST BE PLAYIN' JESTS ON ME!

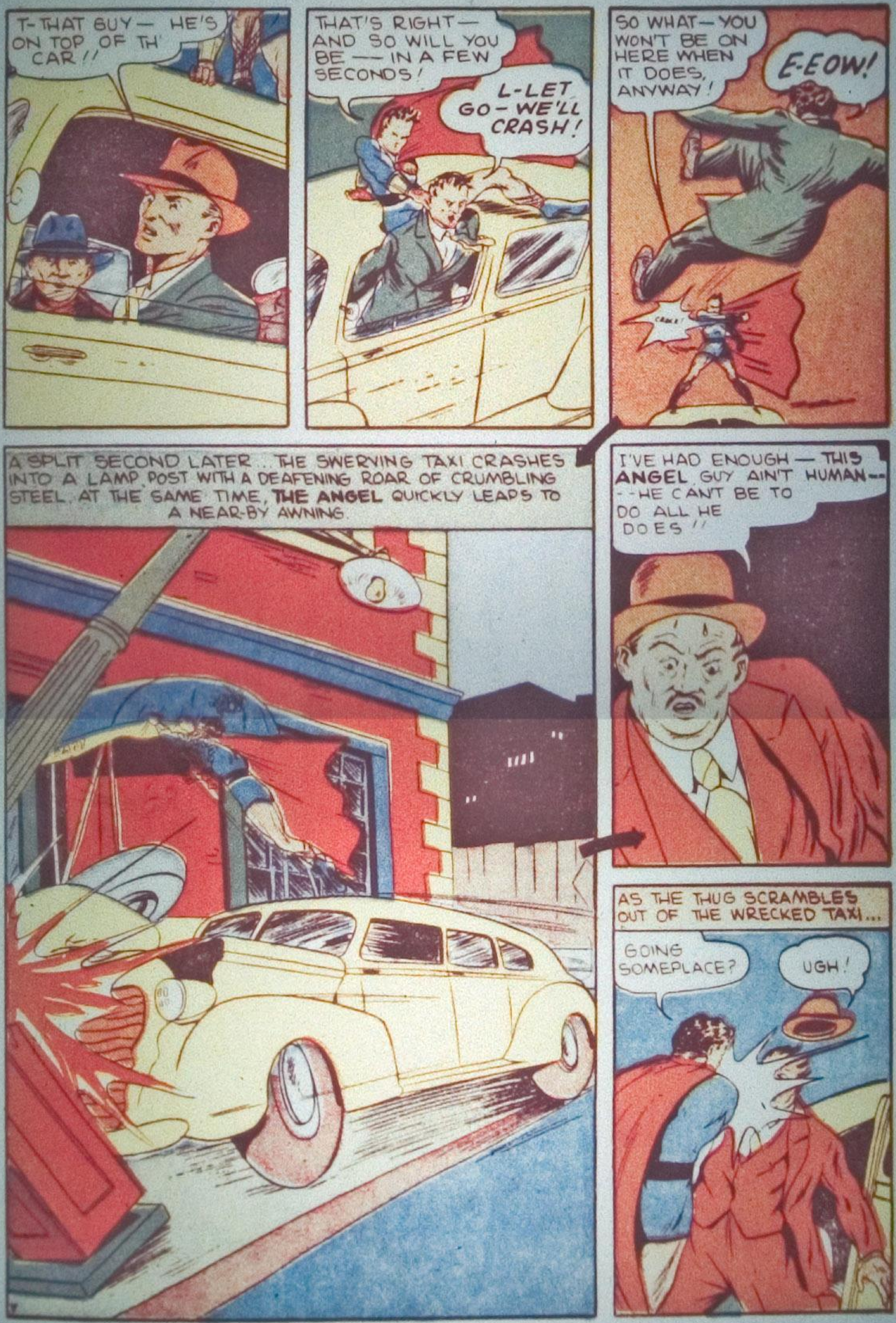

LOOKING DOWN THE STREET, THE OFFICER SEES SEVERAL OTHER CARS OVERTURNED...
MULLIGAN -- YOU'RE AS CRAZY AS A LOON --- AND YOU HELPED HIM DO IT! YOU'LL BE SHOVED BACK TO CHASIN' KIDS OFF THE GRASS IN THE PARK FOR THIS -- IF YOU DON'T GET THROWN OFF THE FORCE ALL TOGETHER!
MEANWHILE, WE FOLLOW THE YOUNG MAN WHO RAN INTO THE BANK ALLEY. HE HAS REMOVED HIS OUTER GARMENTS REVEALING A FAMILIAR FIGURE .... IT'S **THE ANGEL**!
PICKING UP A ROPE, HE HURLS IT AROUND A VENTILATION POST ATOP THE BANK BUILDING.
NOW THAT MY PLANS ARE SET, I THINK THERE WILL BE A FEW SURPRISES VERY SHORTLY!
REACHING THE FRONT OF THE BANK, **THE ANGEL** FORMS A LASSO OUT OF THE ROPE AND WAITS..... WATCHING THE DOOR OF THE BANK
AT THE SAME TIME, SEVERAL MEN GATHER ABOUT A GIRL INSIDE THE BANK!
ALL SET? OKAY, YOU — STEP OUTSIDE AN' SIGNAL US WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR!
YEAH — AN' DON'T MAKE ANY FALSE MOVES -- UNLESS YOU WANT TO DIE OF LEAD POISONING!

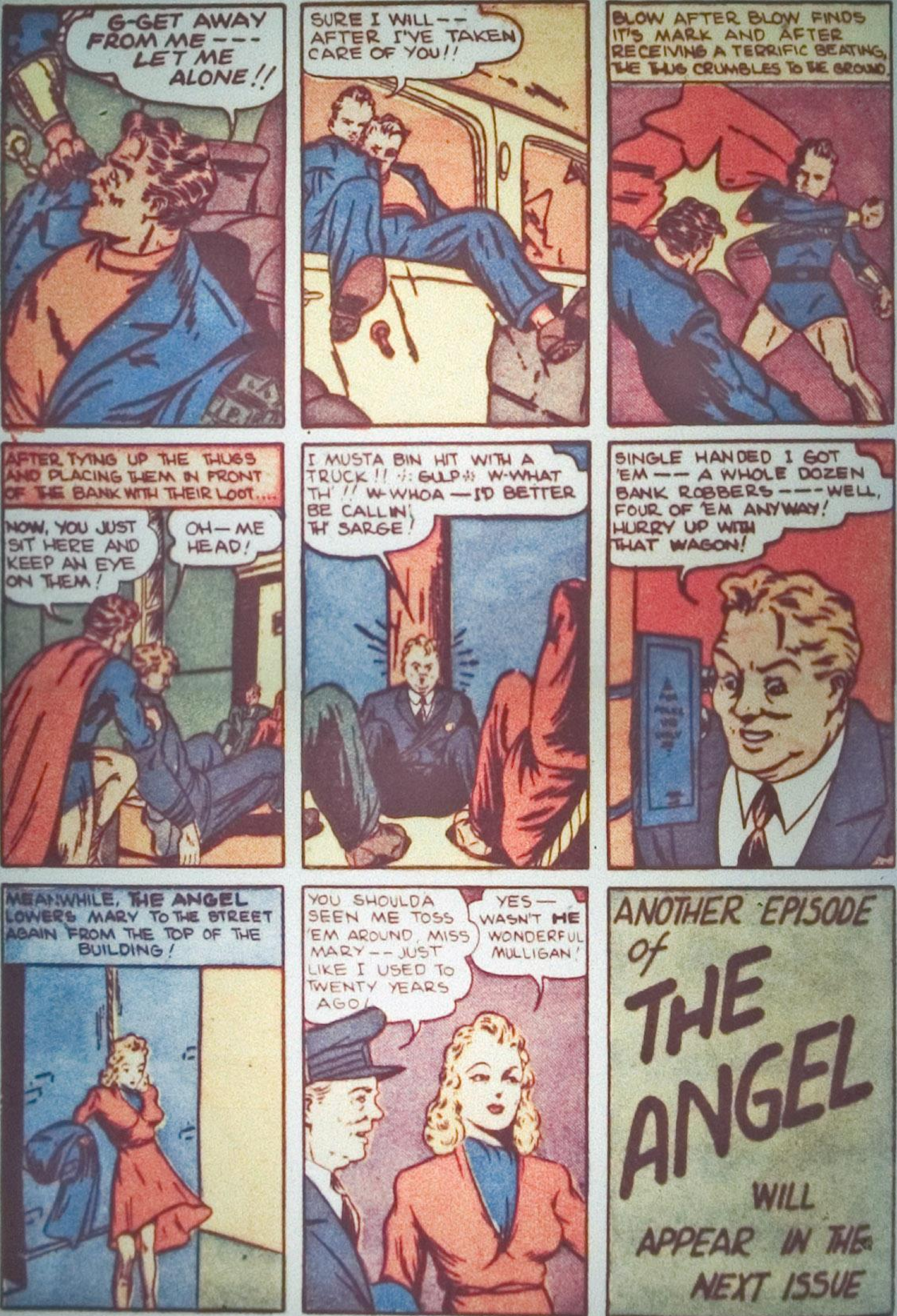

OH, MISS MARY—YOU'VE BIN WORKIN' LATE! TH' MOST TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED TO ME!
YES— WHAT HAPPENED?
SURE AN' I WAS COMIN' DOWN TH' STREET WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN-- ---
UH!
IN A FLASH, THE GIRL IS HOISTED UP TO THE TOP OF THE BANK BUILDING.
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED— YOU'RE MUCH SAFER UP HERE THAN DOWN BELOW!
WHO-- WHO ARE- -- THE ANGEL!
..... AN' THEN HE UPS AN' RUNS OFF INTO -- NOW WHERE'D MISS MARY GO?? BY THE TAILS OF THE BANSHEE, YOU'D THINK IT WERE HOLLOWEEN THE WAY THINGS ARE HAPPENING AROUND HERE TONIGHT!
SLUGGER—TH' DAME'S GONE AN' THERE'S A COPPER OUTSIDE!
I'LL TAKE CARE O'HIM! WE GOTTA BEAT IT WITH THAT DAME OUTA HERE!
A MOMENT LATER SLUGGER OPENS THE DOOR OF THE BANK!
SAY—WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
A CRASHING BLOW SENDS MULLIGAN TO THE SIDEWALK IN A HEAP....
GET THAT STUFF IN TH' CARS!
W—WHAT TH'?? LOOK— TH' CARS ARE ALL UPSIDE DOWN!

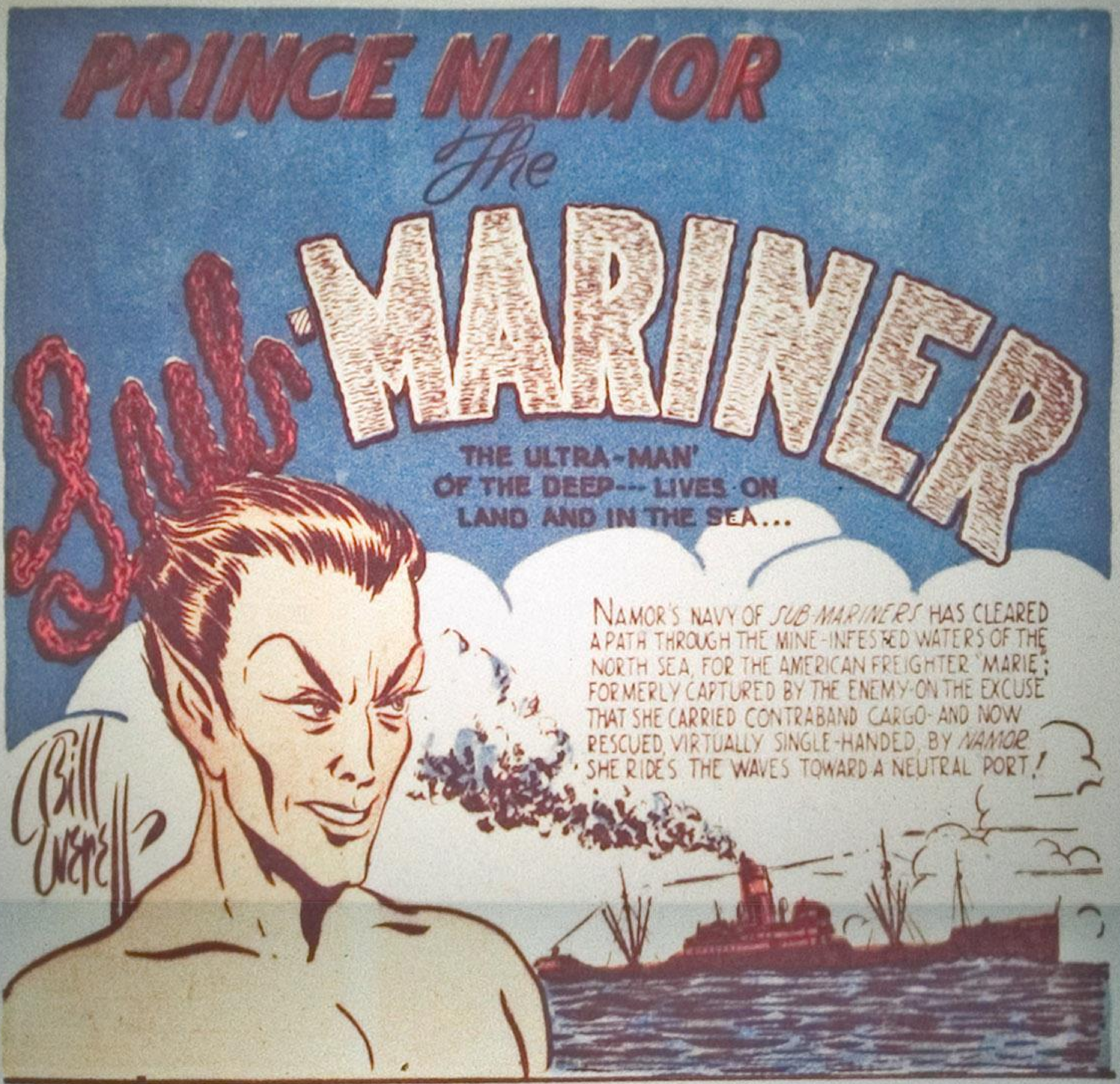

AS THE BANK ROBBERS STARE IN AMAZEMENT AT THE OVERTURNED CARS, THE SWOOPING FIGURE OF THE ANGEL SWINGS DOWNWARD AND GRABS ONE OF THE THUGS.....
THE ANGEL-- LET 'IM HAVE IT!
AS THE ANGEL SWINGS TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE ADJACENT BUILDING, A BULLET STRIKES THE ROPE....
... AND THE TWO FIGURES FALL DOWNWARD!
MOMENTARILY, THE POWERFUL ARM OF THE ANGEL REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE FIRE-ESCAPE.
....SWINGING TO SAFETY.
I WOULDN'T SHOOT IF I WERE YOU -- YOUR PAL HERE MAKES QUITE AN EFFECTIVE SHIELD!

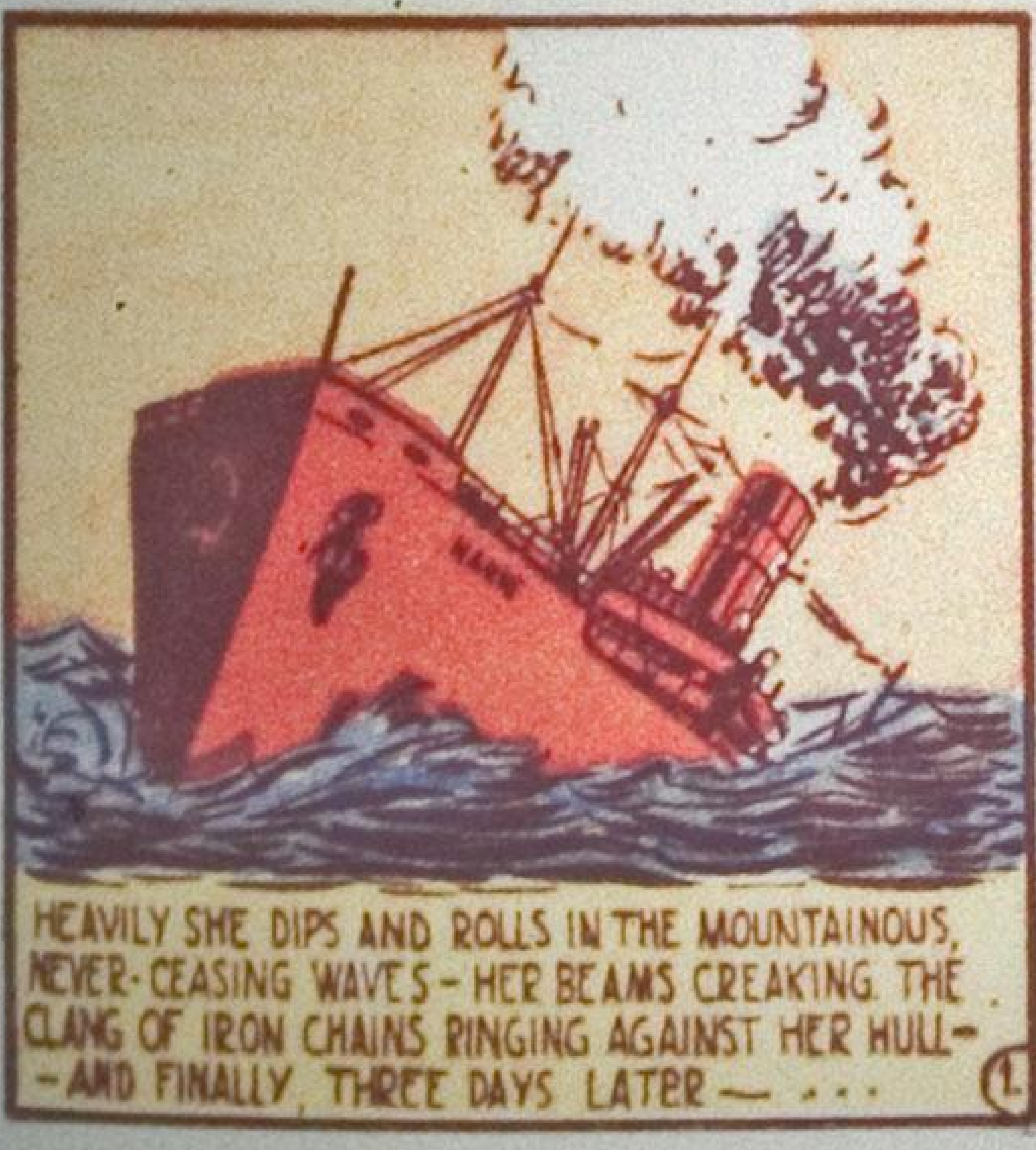

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, BOSS --HE'S USIN' NICK FOR A SHIELD?!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO-- I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE BEFORE TH' COPS COME AROUND!
AT THAT MOMENT, A TAXI ROUNDS THE CORNER!
HEY— TAXI!!
YES, SIR-- WHERE--- UGH!
C'MON — LOAD THAT DOUGH IN TH' BACK SEAT AN' LET'S GET GOIN'!
HOW ABOUT NICK, BOSS -- HE'S ---
LISTEN, CHUMP--IN THIS RACKET, YOU ONLY LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF! GET ME?
YEAH — OKAY, BOSS!!
BUT NICK AND THE ANGEL CLOSELY WATCH WHAT IS GOING ON AND THEN, NICK REALIZING WHAT IS HAPPENING ----
WHY YOU DIRTY CROOKS--- -YOU CAN'T RUN OUT ON ME LIKE THIS!
NO — BUT WE'RE DOIN' IT!!
IN A RAGE, NICK TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE FROM THE ANGEL'S GRIP AND WHIPS OUT HIS GUN....

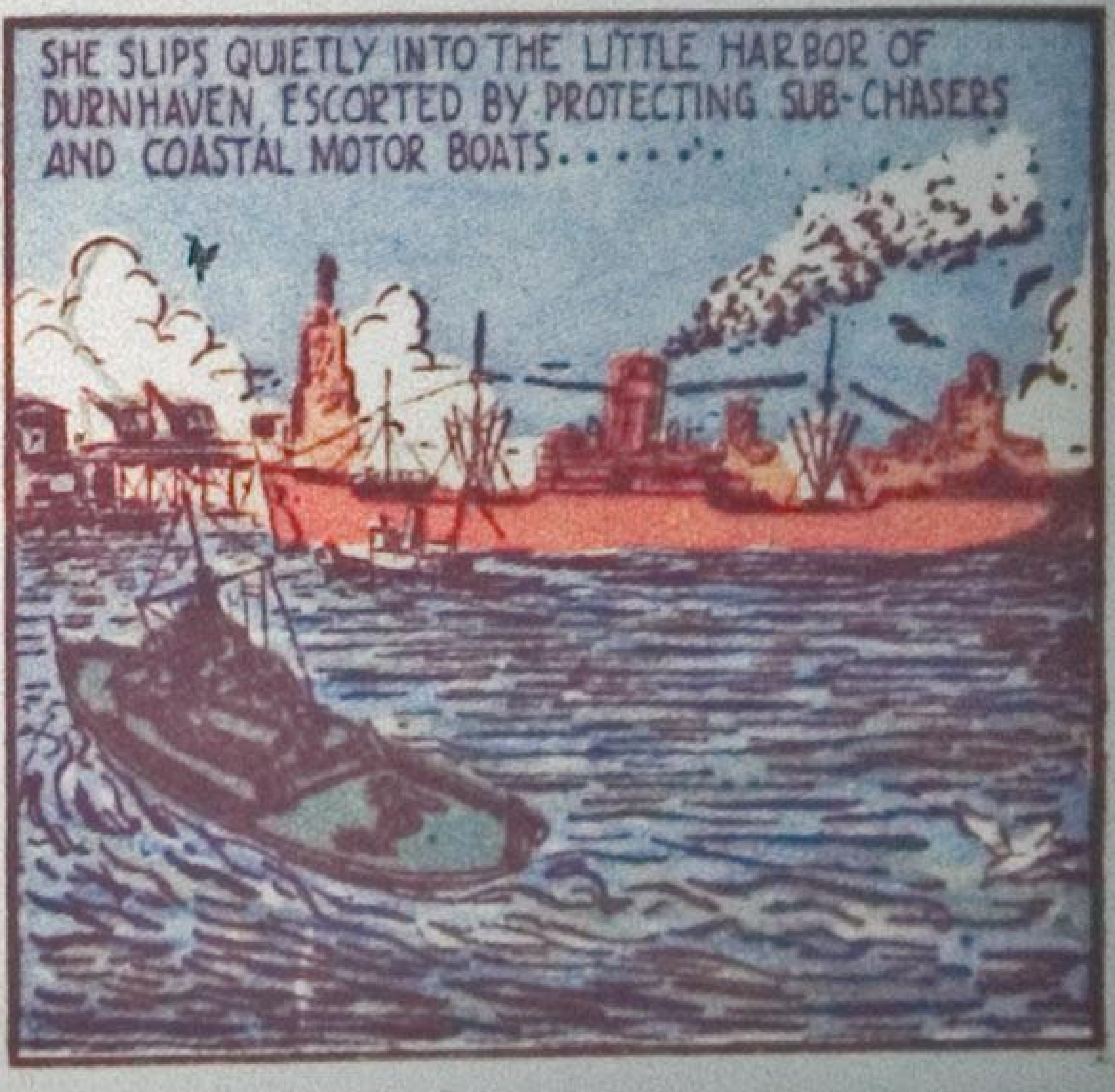

BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FIRE A SHOT, THE ANGEL IS UPON NICK AGAIN!
DON'T BE A FOOL-- A BANK ROBBERY CHARGE AGAINST YOU IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT ADDING MURDER TO IT!
GET OUTA MY WAY!
SORRY, BUD-- BUT I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS!
A WELL PLACED AND POWERFUL BLOW SENDS NICK REELING TO THE OTHER END OF THE FIRE ESCAPE!
MEANWHILE, THE THUGS START TO DRIVE OFF IN THE TAXI.
IN A LIGHTNING LIKE MOVE, THE ANGEL QUICKLY LEAPS FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE TO THE FLEEING TAXI!
TAXI

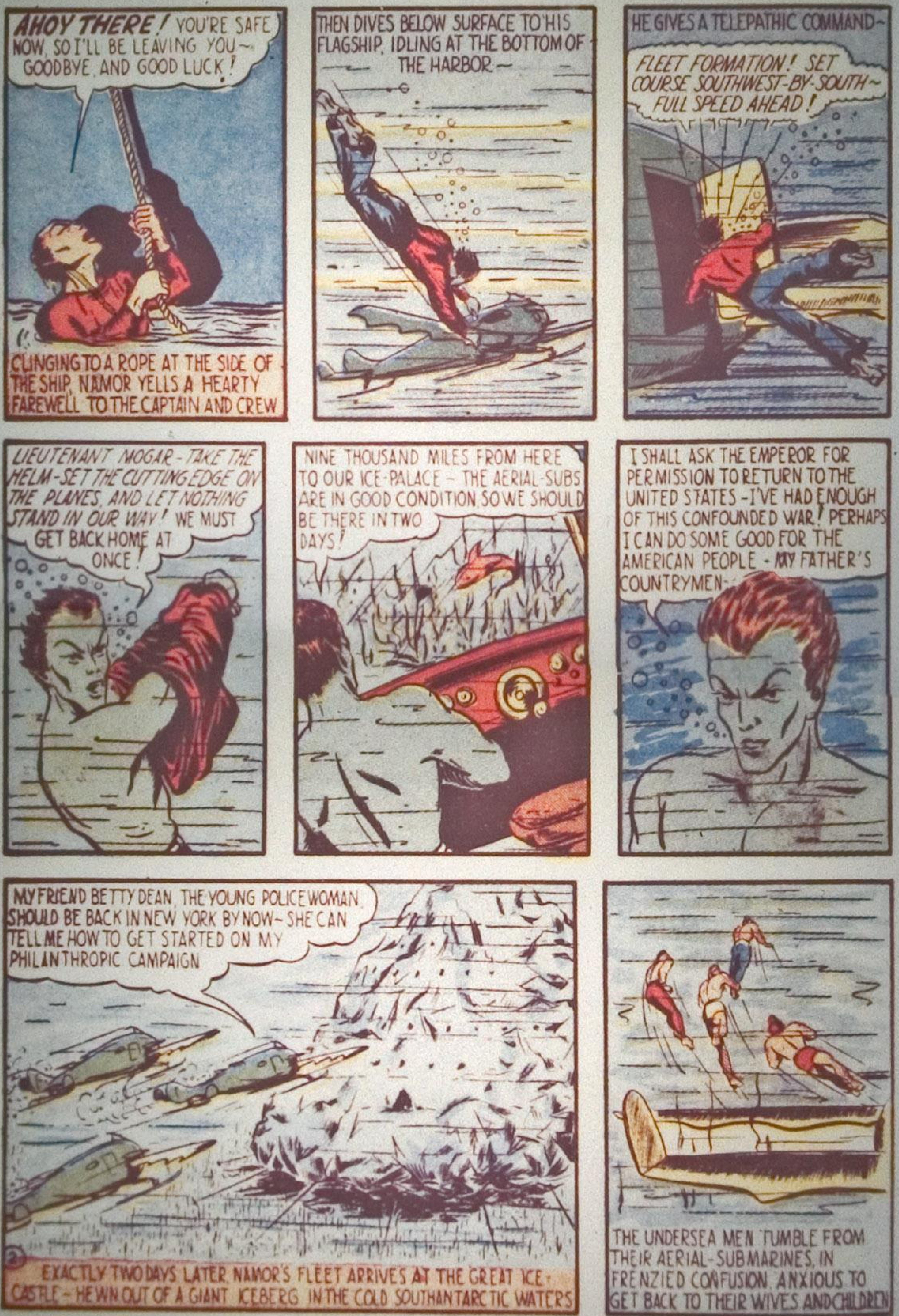

T-THAT GUY— HE'S ON TOP OF TH' CAR!!
THAT'S RIGHT— AND SO WILL YOU BE—— IN A FEW SECONDS!
L-LET GO—WE'LL CRASH!
SO WHAT—YOU WON'T BE ON HERE WHEN IT DOES, ANYWAY!
E-EOW!
CRACK!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER.. THE SWERVING TAXI CRASHES INTO A LAMP POST WITH A DEAFENING ROAR OF CRUMBLING STEEL. AT THE SAME TIME, THE ANGEL QUICKLY LEAPS TO A NEAR-BY AWNING.
TAXI
I'VE HAD ENOUGH— THIS ANGEL GUY AIN'T HUMAN—— ——HE CAN'T BE TO DO ALL HE DOES!!
AS THE THUG SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE WRECKED TAXI...
GOING SOMEPLACE?
UGH!

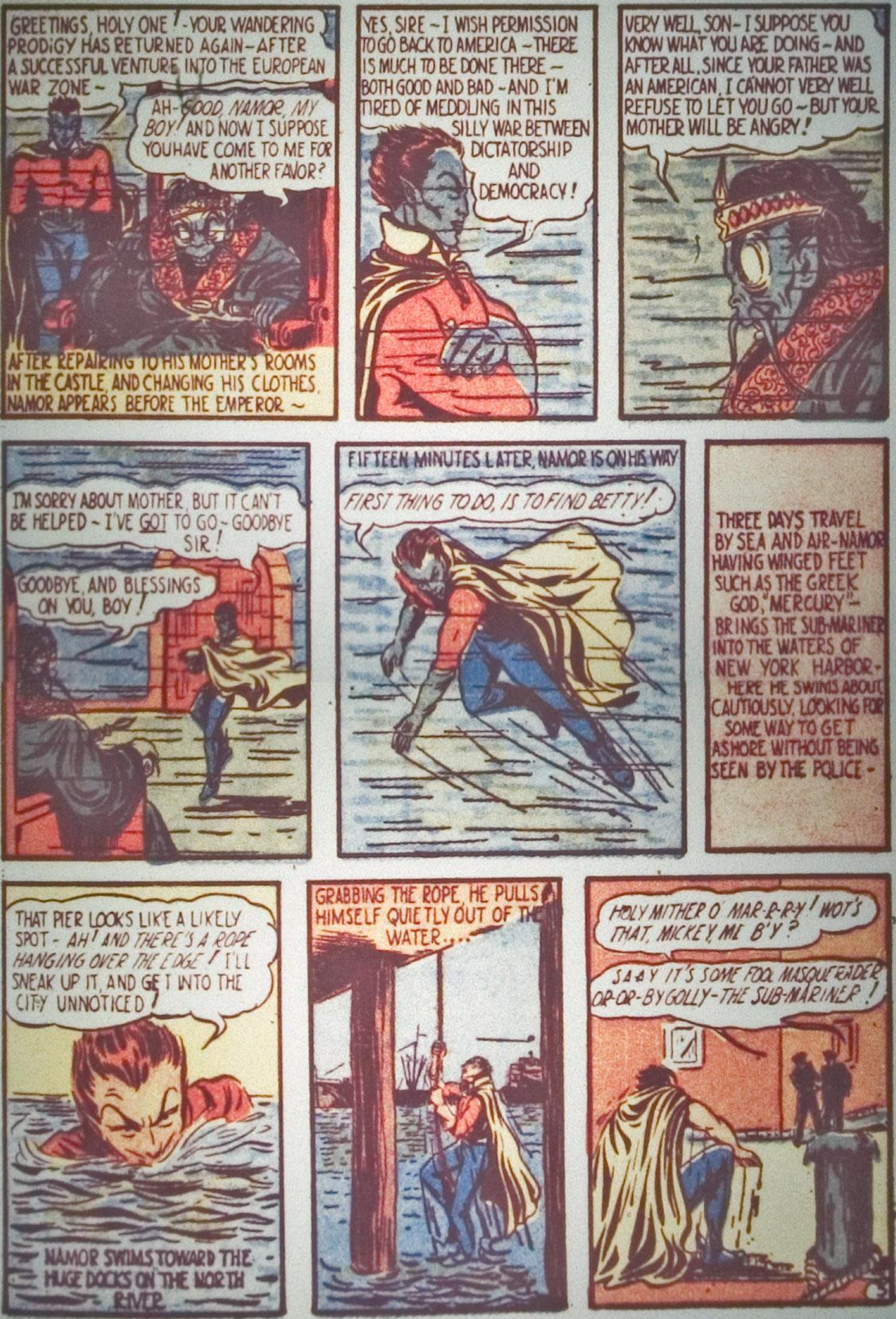

G-GET AWAY FROM ME--- LET ME ALONE!!
SURE I WILL-- AFTER I'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU!!
BLOW AFTER BLOW FINDS IT'S MARK AND AFTER RECEIVING A TERRIFIC BEATING, THE THUG CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND.
AFTER TYING UP THE THUGS AND PLACING THEM IN FRONT OF THE BANK WITH THEIR LOOT....
NOW, YOU JUST SIT HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!
OH—ME HEAD!
I MUSTA BIN HIT WITH A TRUCK!! -:- GULP -:- W-WHAT TH' !! W-WHOA —I'D BETTER BE CALLIN' TH' SARGE!
SINGLE HANDED I GOT 'EM — A WHOLE DOZEN BANK ROBBERS ---- WELL, FOUR OF 'EM ANYWAY! HURRY UP WITH THAT WAGON!
MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL LOWERS MARY TO THE STREET AGAIN FROM THE TOP OF THE BUILDING!
YOU SHOULDA SEEN ME TOSS 'EM AROUND, MISS MARY -- JUST LIKE I USED TO TWENTY YEARS AGO!
YES— WASN'T HE WONDERFUL MULLIGAN!
ANOTHER EPISODE of THE ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE

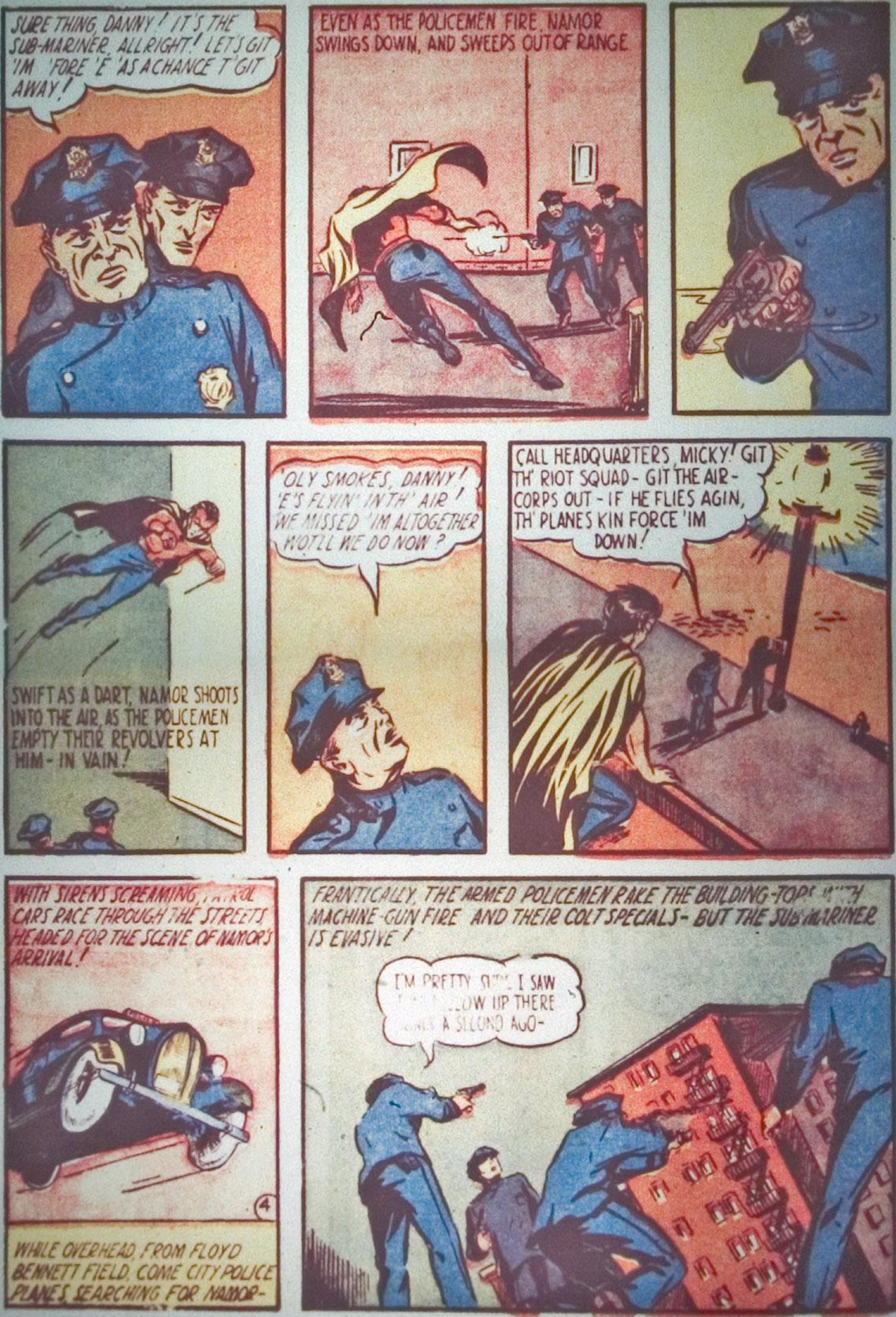

PRINCE NAMOR
the
Sub-MARINER
THE ULTRA-MAN' OF THE DEEP--- LIVES ON LAND AND IN THE SEA...
NAMOR'S NAVY OF SUB-MARINERS HAS CLEARED A PATH THROUGH THE MINE-INFESTED WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA, FOR THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER "MARIE", FORMERLY CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY-ON THE EXCUSE THAT SHE CARRIED CONTRABAND CARGO-AND NOW RESCUED, VIRTUALLY SINGLE-HANDED, BY NAMOR. SHE RIDES THE WAVES TOWARD A NEUTRAL PORT!
Bill Everett

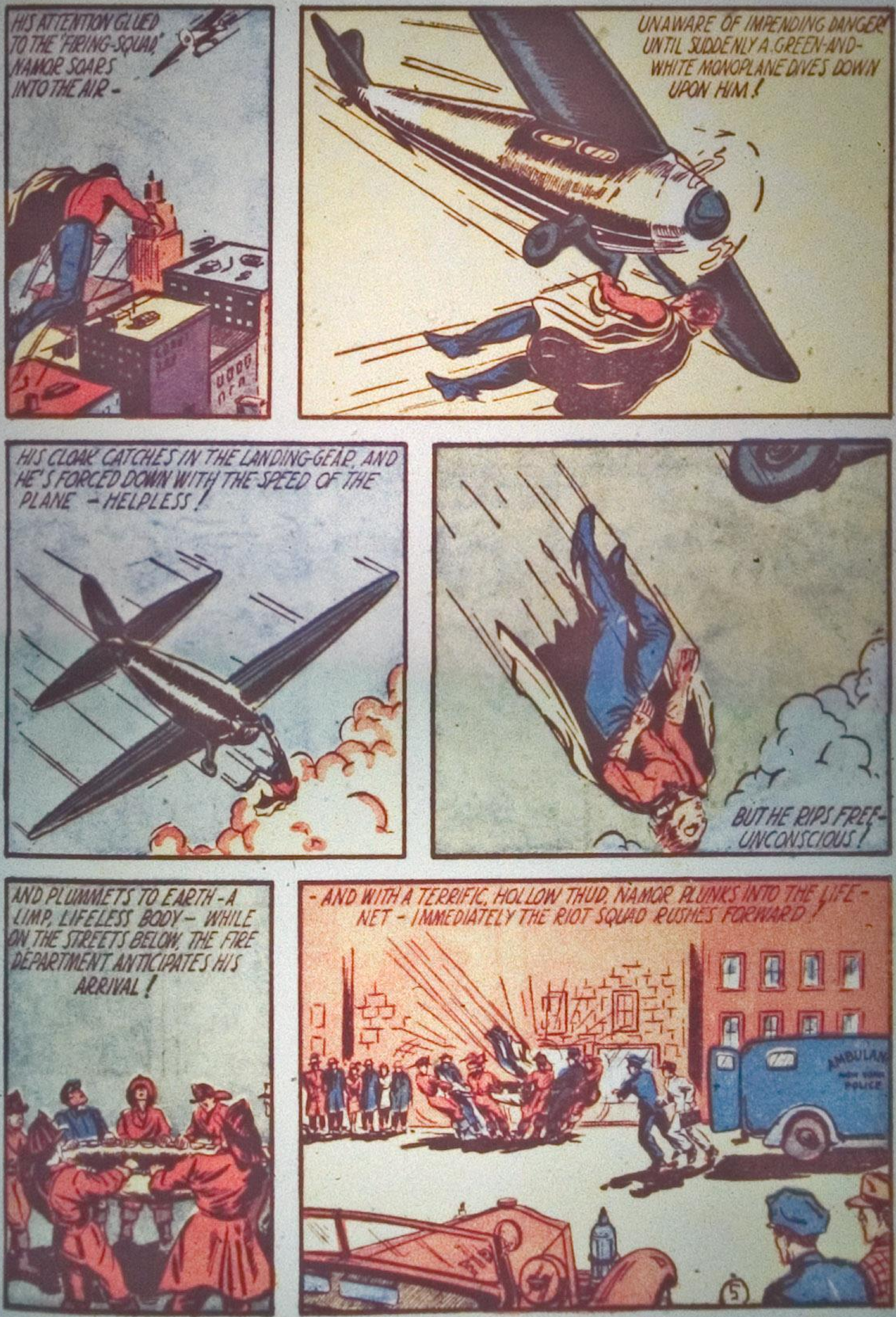

HEAVILY SHE DIPS AND ROLLS IN THE MOUNTAINOUS, NEVER-CEASING WAVES - HER BEAMS CREAKING. THE CLANG OF IRON CHAINS RINGING AGAINST HER HULL--AND FINALLY, THREE DAYS LATER-...
1

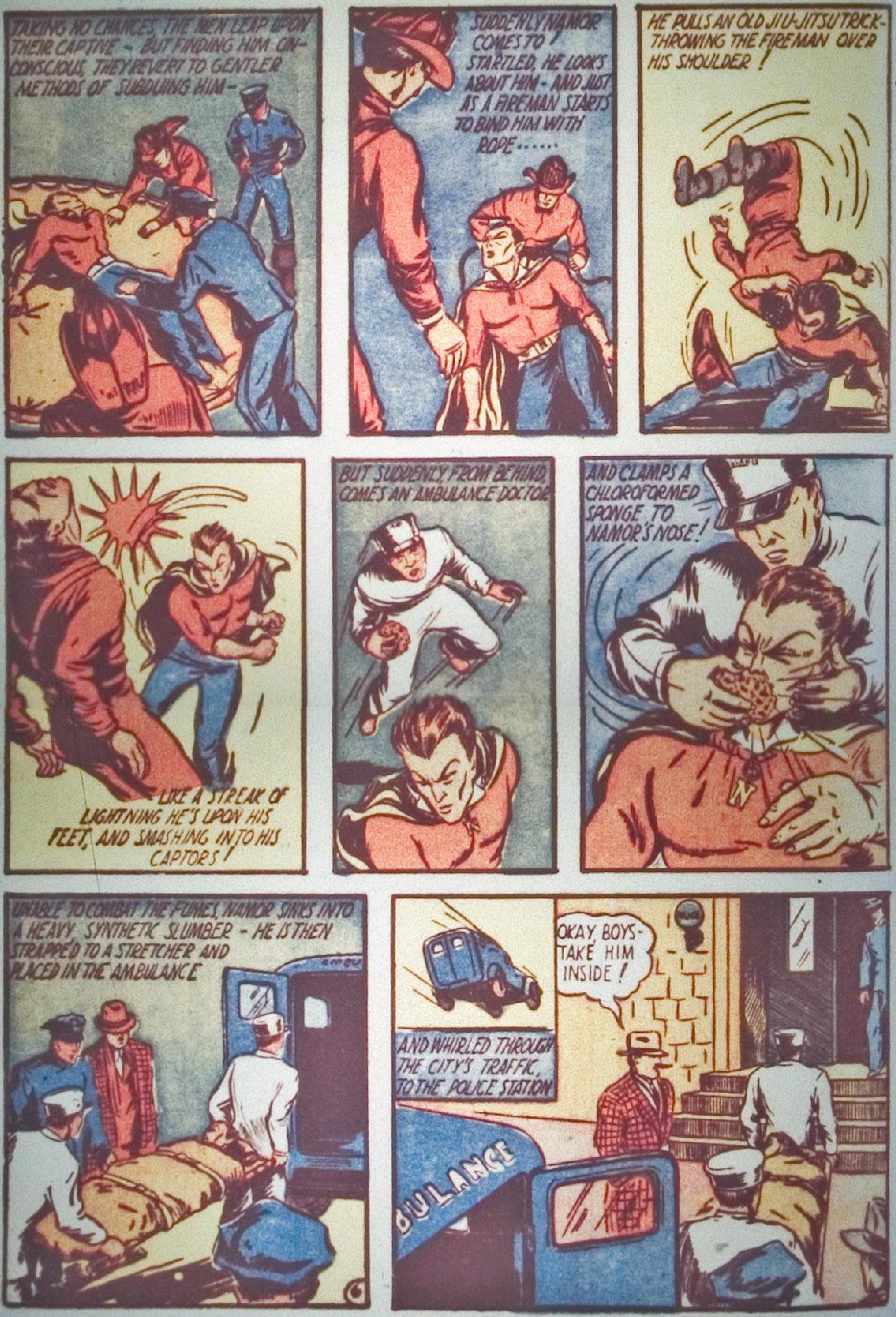

SHE SLIPS QUIETLY INTO THE LITTLE HARBOR OF DURNHAVEN, ESCORTED BY PROTECTING SUB-CHASERS AND COASTAL MOTOR BOATS......

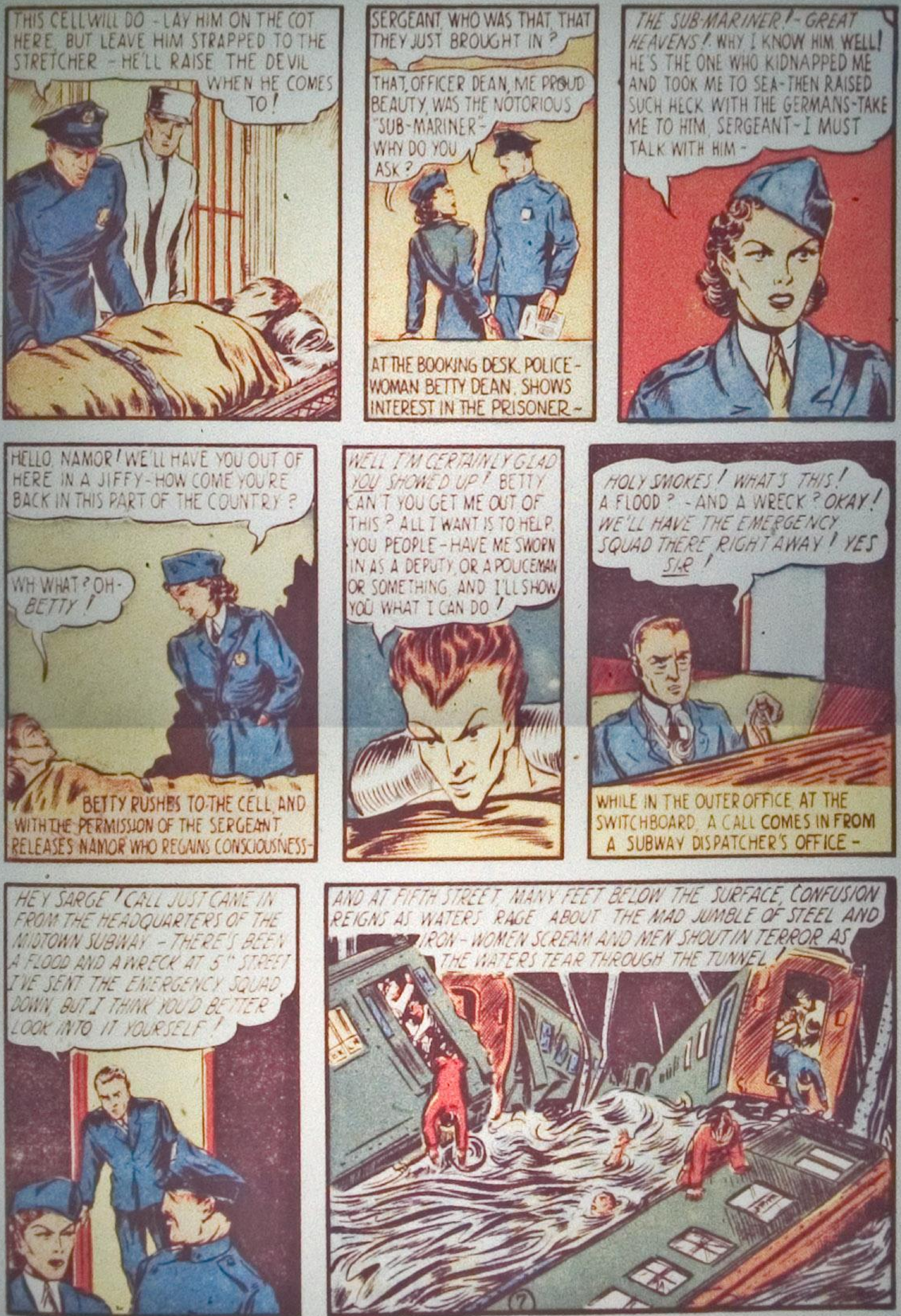

AHOY THERE! YOU'RE SAFE NOW, SO I'LL BE LEAVING YOU~ GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!
CLINGING TO A ROPE AT THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, NAMOR YELLS A HEARTY FAREWELL TO THE CAPTAIN AND CREW
THEN DIVES BELOW SURFACE TO HIS FLAGSHIP, IDLING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR~
HE GIVES A TELEPATHIC COMMAND~
FLEET FORMATION! SET COURSE SOUTHWEST-BY-SOUTH~ FULL SPEED AHEAD!
LIEUTENANT MOGAR-TAKE THE HELM-SET THE CUTTING EDGE ON THE PLANES, AND LET NOTHING STAND IN OUR WAY! WE MUST GET BACK HOME AT ONCE!
NINE THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE TO OUR ICE-PALACE - THE AERIAL-SUBS ARE IN GOOD CONDITION SO WE SHOULD BE THERE IN TWO DAYS!
I SHALL ASK THE EMPEROR FOR PERMISSION TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES -I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CONFOUNDED WAR! PERHAPS I CAN DO SOME GOOD FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE - MY FATHER'S COUNTRYMEN-
MY FRIEND BETTY DEAN, THE YOUNG POLICEWOMAN SHOULD BE BACK IN NEW YORK BY NOW~ SHE CAN TELL ME HOW TO GET STARTED ON MY PHILANTHROPIC CAMPAIGN
EXACTLY TWO DAYS LATER NAMOR'S FLEET ARRIVES AT THE GREAT ICE-CASTLE - HEWN OUT OF A GIANT ICEBERG IN THE COLD SOUTH ANTARCTIC WATERS
THE UNDERSEA MEN TUMBLE FROM THEIR AERIAL-SUBMARINES, IN FRENZIED CONFUSION, ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN

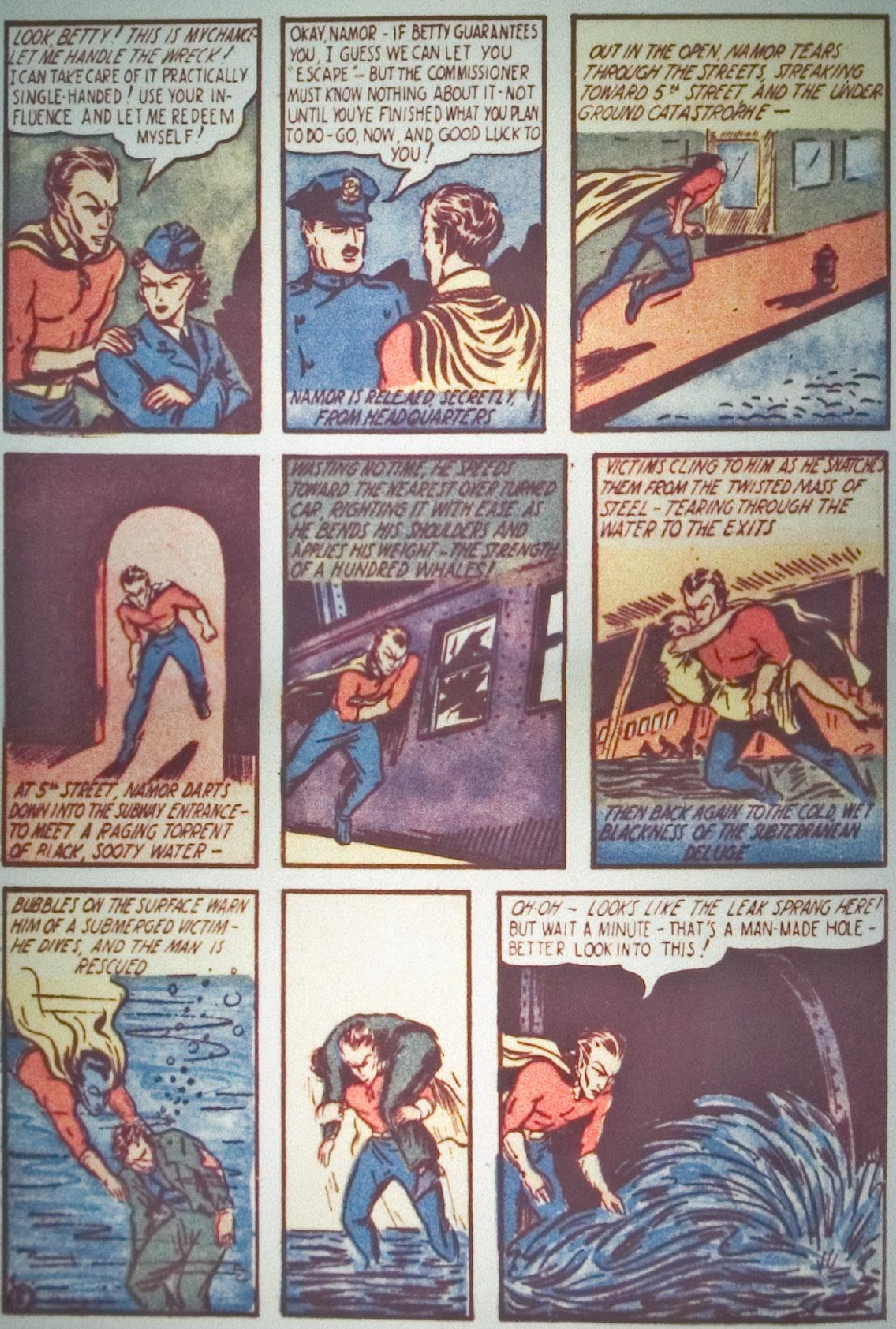

AFTER REPAIRING TO HIS MOTHER'S ROOMS IN THE CASTLE, AND CHANGING HIS CLOTHES, NAMOR APPEARS BEFORE THE EMPEROR ~
GREETINGS, HOLY ONE! - YOUR WANDERING PRODIGY HAS RETURNED AGAIN - AFTER A SUCCESSFUL VENTURE INTO THE EUROPEAN WAR ZONE ~
AH- GOOD, NAMOR, MY BOY! AND NOW I SUPPOSE YOUHAVE COME TO ME FOR ANOTHER FAVOR?
YES, SIRE ~ I WISH PERMISSION TO GO BACK TO AMERICA ~ THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE THERE - BOTH GOOD AND BAD ~ AND I'M TIRED OF MEDDLING IN THIS SILLY WAR BETWEEN DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY!
VERY WELL, SON- I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING ~ AND AFTER ALL, SINCE YOUR FATHER WAS AN AMERICAN, I CANNOT VERY WELL REFUSE TO LET YOU GO ~ BUT YOUR MOTHER WILL BE ANGRY!
I'M SORRY ABOUT MOTHER, BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED ~ I'VE GOT TO GO ~ GOODBYE SIR!
GOODBYE, AND BLESSINGS ON YOU, BOY!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, NAMOR IS ON HIS WAY
FIRST THING TO DO, IS TO FIND BETTY!
THREE DAYS TRAVEL BY SEA AND AIR - NAMOR HAVING WINGED FEET SUCH AS THE GREEK GOD, "MERCURY" - BRINGS THE SUB-MARINER INTO THE WATERS OF NEW YORK HARBOR - HERE HE SWIMS ABOUT CAUTIOUSLY, LOOKING FOR SOME WAY TO GET ASHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY THE POLICE -
THAT PIER LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY SPOT - AH! AND THERE'S A ROPE HANGING OVER THE EDGE! I'LL SNEAK UP IT, AND GET INTO THE CITY UNNOTICED!
NAMOR SWIMS TOWARD THE HUGE DOCKS ON THE NORTH RIVER
GRABBING THE ROPE, HE PULLS HIMSELF QUIETLY OUT OF THE WATER...
HOLY MITHER O' MAR-R-R-Y! WOT'S THAT, MICKEY, ME B'Y?
SAAY IT'S SOME FOOL MASQUERADER OR-OR-BY GOLLY-THE SUB-MARINER!

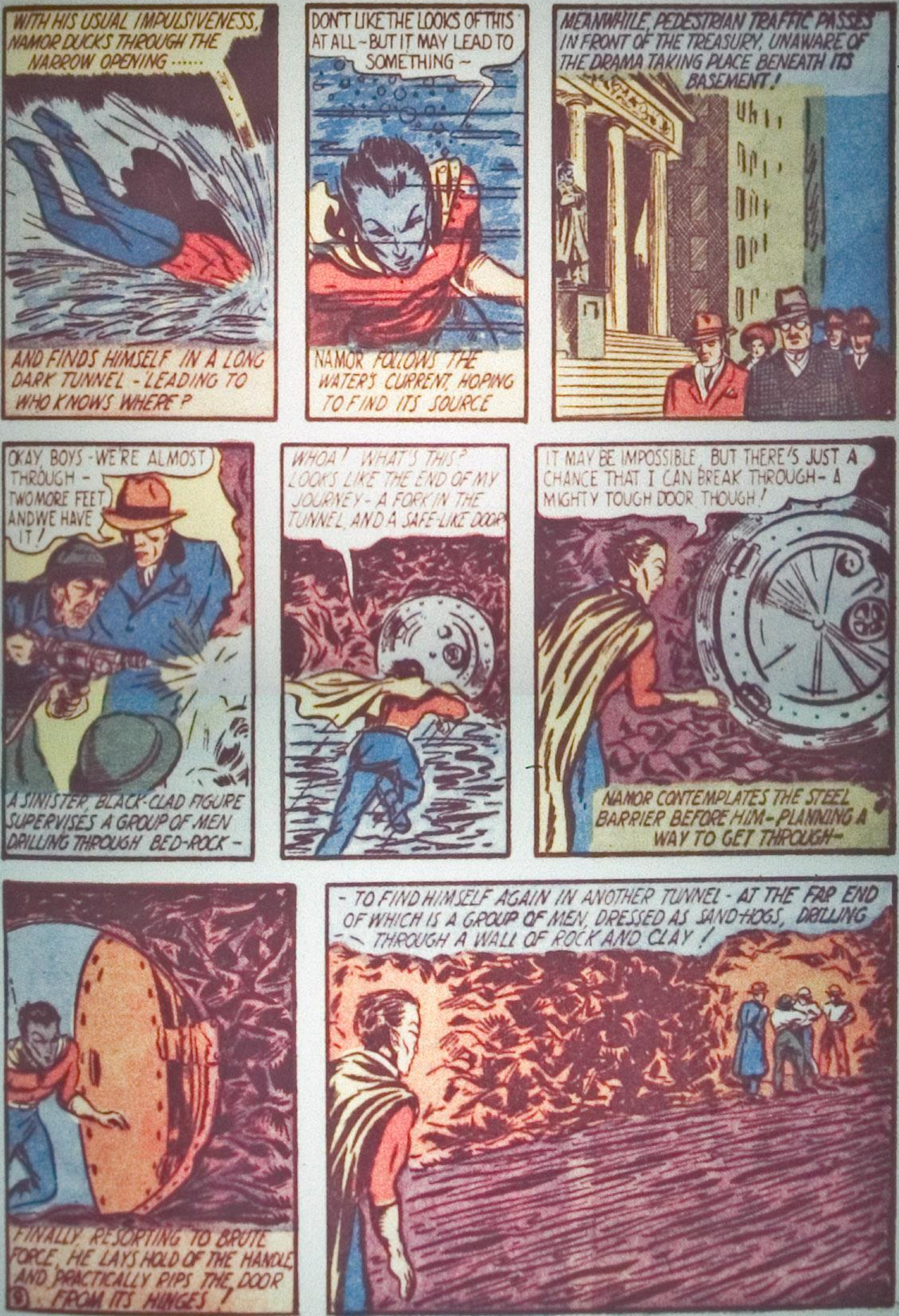

SURE THING, DANNY! IT'S THE SUB-MARINER, ALLRIGHT! LET'S GIT 'IM 'FORE 'E 'AS A CHANCE T' GIT AWAY!
EVEN AS THE POLICEMEN FIRE, NAMOR SWINGS DOWN, AND SWEEPS OUT OF RANGE
SWIFT AS A DART, NAMOR SHOOTS INTO THE AIR, AS THE POLICEMEN EMPTY THEIR REVOLVERS AT HIM - IN VAIN!
'OLY SMOKES, DANNY! 'E'S FLYIN' IN TH' AIR! WE MISSED 'IM ALTOGETHER WOT'LL WE DO NOW?
CALL HEADQUARTERS, MICKY! GIT TH' RIOT SQUAD - GIT THE AIR-CORPS OUT - IF HE FLIES AGIN, TH' PLANES KIN FORCE 'IM DOWN!
WITH SIRENS SCREAMING, PATROL CARS RACE THROUGH THE STREETS, HEADED FOR THE SCENE OF NAMOR'S ARRIVAL!
4
WHILE OVERHEAD, FROM FLOYD BENNETT FIELD, COME CITY POLICE PLANES SEARCHING FOR NAMOR-
FRANTICALLY, THE ARMED POLICEMEN RAKE THE BUILDING-TOPS WITH MACHINE-GUN FIRE AND THEIR COLT SPECIALS - BUT THE SUB-MARINER IS EVASIVE!
I'M PRETTY SURE I SAW [illegible] FELLOW UP THERE [illegible] A SECOND AGO-

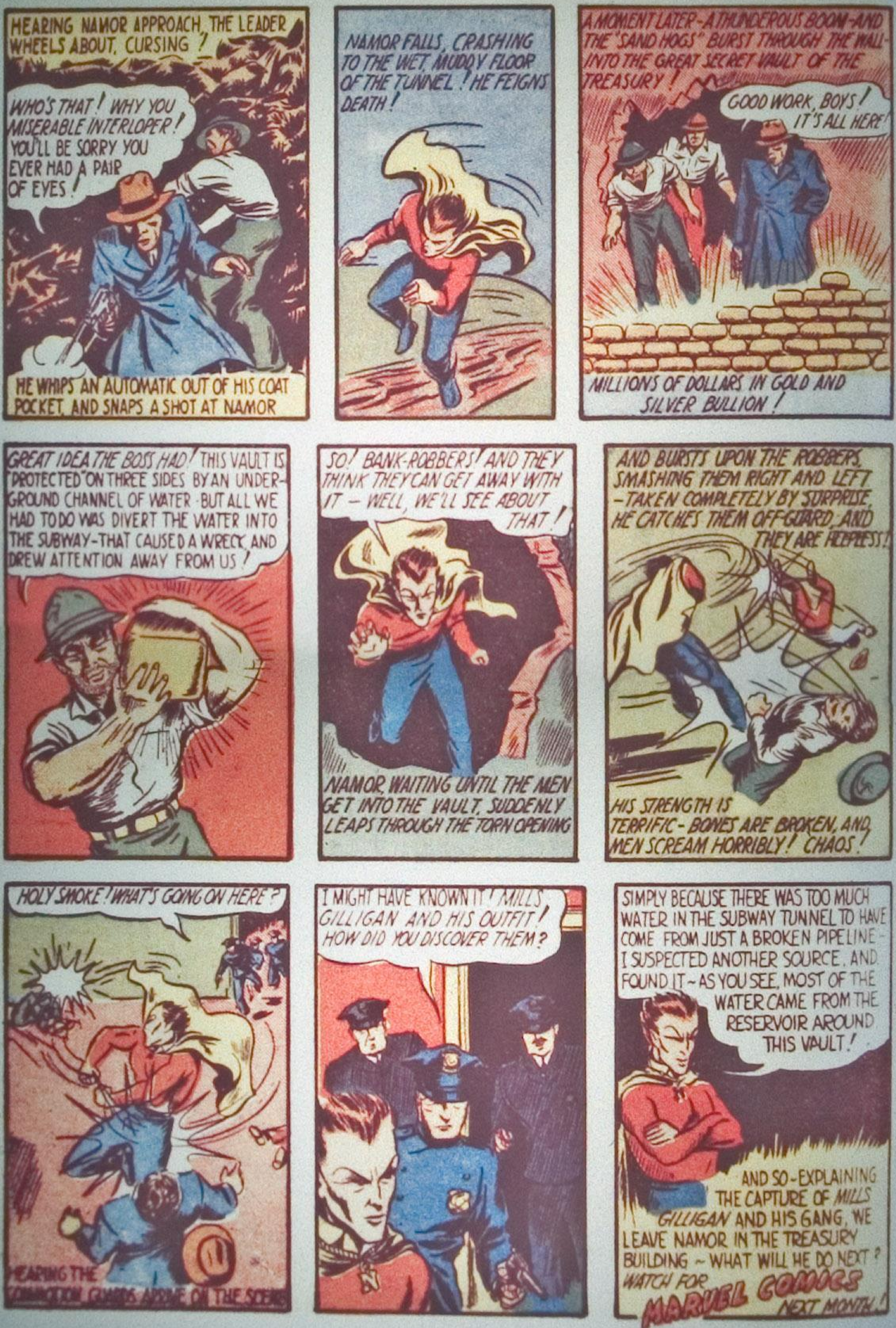

HIS ATTENTION GLUED TO THE "FIRING-SQUAD," NAMOR SOARS INTO THE AIR -
UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DANGER! UNTIL SUDDENLY A GREEN-AND-WHITE MONOPLANE DIVES DOWN UPON HIM!
HIS CLOAK CATCHES IN THE LANDING-GEAR, AND HE'S FORCED DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF THE PLANE - HELPLESS!
BUT HE RIPS FREE - UNCONSCIOUS!
AND PLUMMETS TO EARTH - A LIMP, LIFELESS BODY - WHILE ON THE STREETS BELOW, THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ANTICIPATES HIS ARRIVAL!
- AND WITH A TERRIFIC, HOLLOW THUD, NAMOR PLUNKS INTO THE LIFE-NET - IMMEDIATELY THE RIOT SQUAD RUSHES FORWARD!
AMBULAN
NEW YORK
POLICE

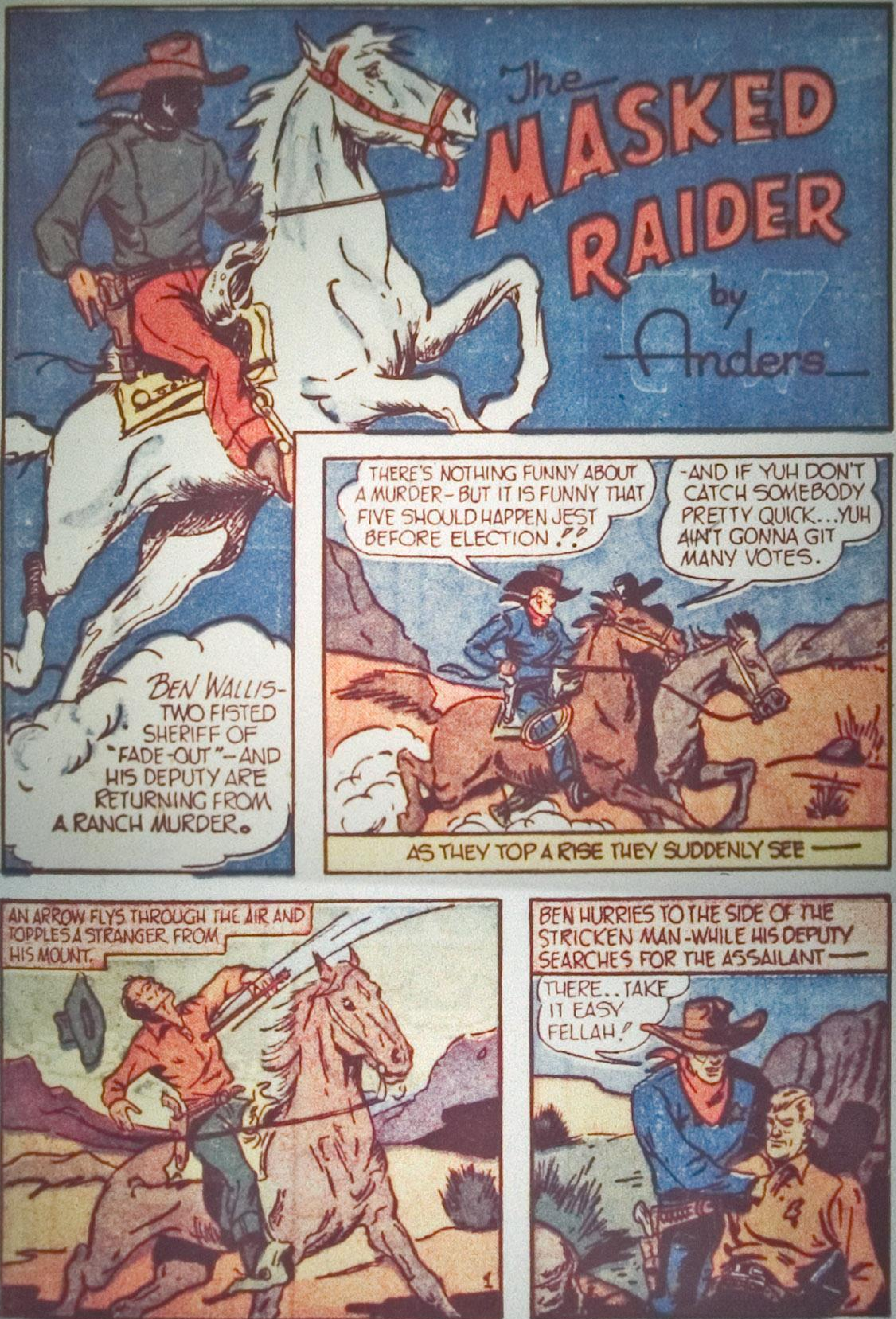

TAKING NO CHANCES, THE MEN LEAP UPON THEIR CAPTIVE - BUT FINDING HIM UNCONSCIOUS, THEY REVERT TO GENTLER METHODS OF SUBDUING HIM-
SUDDENLY NAMOR COMES TO STARTLED, HE LOOKS ABOUT HIM - AND JUST AS A FIREMAN STARTS TO BIND HIM WITH ROPE......
HE PULLS AN OLD JIU-JITSU TRICK- THROWING THE FIREMAN OVER HIS SHOULDER!
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING HE'S UPON HIS FEET, AND SMASHING INTO HIS CAPTORS!
BUT SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND, COMES AN AMBULANCE DOCTOR
AND CLAMPS A CHLOROFORMED SPONGE TO NAMOR'S NOSE!
N
UNABLE TO COMBAT THE FUMES, NAMOR SINKS INTO A HEAVY SYNTHETIC SLUMBER - HE IS THEN STRAPPED TO A STRETCHER AND PLACED IN THE AMBULANCE
AND WHIRLED THROUGH THE CITY'S TRAFFIC, TO THE POLICE STATION
OKAY, BOYS- TAKE HIM INSIDE!
BULANCE

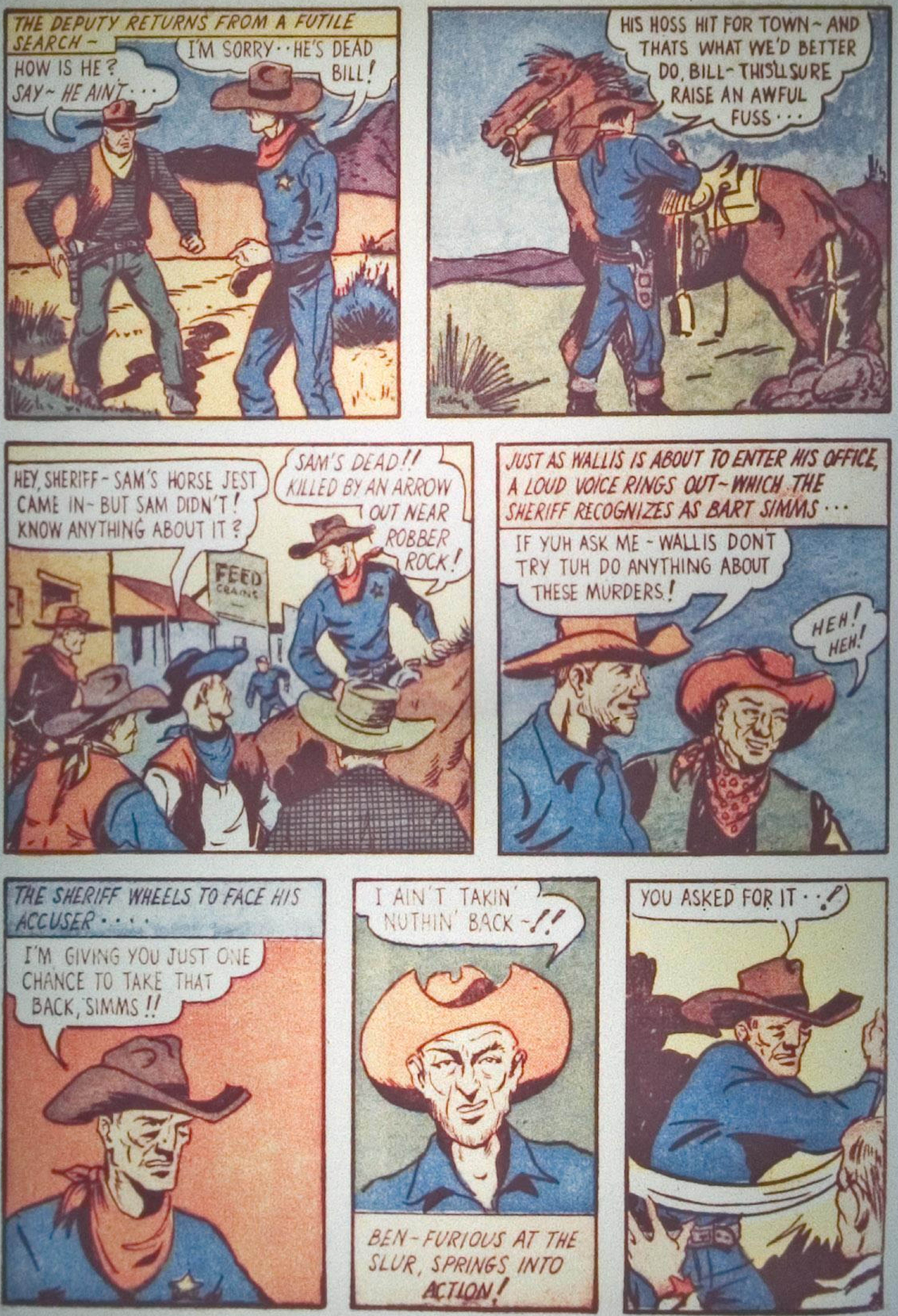

THIS CELL WILL DO - LAY HIM ON THE COT HERE, BUT LEAVE HIM STRAPPED TO THE STRETCHER - HE'LL RAISE THE DEVIL WHEN HE COMES TO!
SERGEANT, WHO WAS THAT, THAT THEY JUST BROUGHT IN?
THAT, OFFICER DEAN, ME PROUD BEAUTY, WAS THE NOTORIOUS "SUB-MARINER" - WHY DO YOU ASK?
AT THE BOOKING DESK, POLICE-WOMAN BETTY DEAN, SHOWS INTEREST IN THE PRISONER -
THE SUB-MARINER! - GREAT HEAVENS! WHY I KNOW HIM WELL! HE'S THE ONE WHO KIDNAPPED ME AND TOOK ME TO SEA - THEN RAISED SUCH HECK WITH THE GERMANS - TAKE ME TO HIM, SERGEANT - I MUST TALK WITH HIM -
HELLO, NAMOR! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY - HOW COME YOU'RE BACK IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY?
WH-WHAT? OH - BETTY!
BETTY RUSHES TO THE CELL, AND WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE SERGEANT, RELEASES NAMOR WHO REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS -
WELL I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU SHOWED UP! BETTY CAN'T YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS? ALL I WANT IS TO HELP YOU PEOPLE - HAVE ME SWORN IN AS A DEPUTY, OR A POLICEMAN OR SOMETHING, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO!
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S THIS! A FLOOD? - AND A WRECK? OKAY! WE'LL HAVE THE EMERGENCY SQUAD THERE RIGHT AWAY! YES SIR!
WHILE IN THE OUTER OFFICE, AT THE SWITCHBOARD, A CALL COMES IN FROM A SUBWAY DISPATCHER'S OFFICE -
HEY SARGE! CALL JUST CAME IN FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MIDTOWN SUBWAY - THERE'S BEEN A FLOOD AND A WRECK AT 5th STREET I'VE SENT THE EMERGENCY SQUAD DOWN, BUT I THINK YOU'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT YOURSELF!
AND AT FIFTH STREET, MANY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, CONFUSION REIGNS AS WATERS RAGE ABOUT THE MAD JUMBLE OF STEEL AND IRON - WOMEN SCREAM AND MEN SHOUT IN TERROR AS THE WATERS TEAR THROUGH THE TUNNEL!

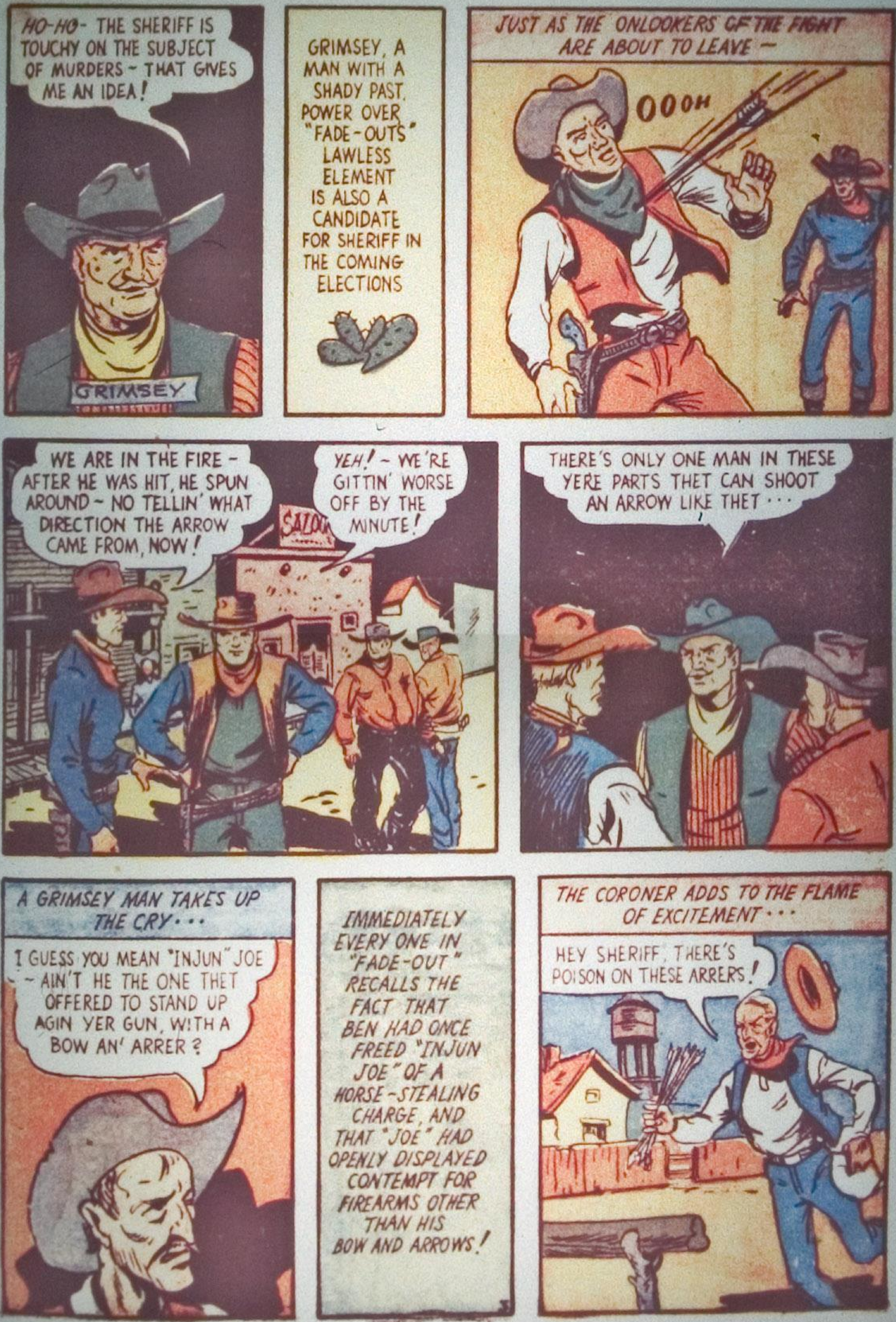

LOOK, BETTY! THIS IS MY CHANCE! LET ME HANDLE THE WRECK! I CAN TAKE CARE OF IT PRACTICALLY SINGLE-HANDED! USE YOUR INFLUENCE AND LET ME REDEEM MYSELF!
OKAY, NAMOR - IF BETTY GUARANTEES YOU, I GUESS WE CAN LET YOU "ESCAPE" - BUT THE COMMISSIONER MUST KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT - NOT UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO - GO, NOW, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!
NAMOR IS RELEAED, SECRETLY, FROM HEADQUARTERS
OUT IN THE OPEN, NAMOR TEARS THROUGH THE STREETS, STREAKING TOWARD 5th STREET AND THE UNDERGROUND CATASTROPHE -
AT 5th STREET, NAMOR DARTS DOWN INTO THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - TO MEET A RAGING TORRENT OF BLACK, SOOTY WATER -
WASTING NO TIME, HE SPEEDS TOWARD THE NEAREST OVER TURNED CAR, RIGHTING IT WITH EASE AS HE BENDS HIS SHOULDERS AND APPLIES HIS WEIGHT - THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED WHALES!
VICTIMS CLING TO HIM AS HE SNATCHES THEM FROM THE TWISTED MASS OF STEEL - TEARING THROUGH THE WATER TO THE EXITS
THEN BACK AGAIN TO THE COLD, WET BLACKNESS OF THE SUBTERRANEAN DELUGE
BUBBLES ON THE SURFACE WARN HIM OF A SUBMERGED VICTIM - HE DIVES, AND THE MAN IS RESCUED
OH-OH - LOOKS LIKE THE LEAK SPRANG HERE! BUT WAIT A MINUTE - THAT'S A MAN-MADE HOLE - BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

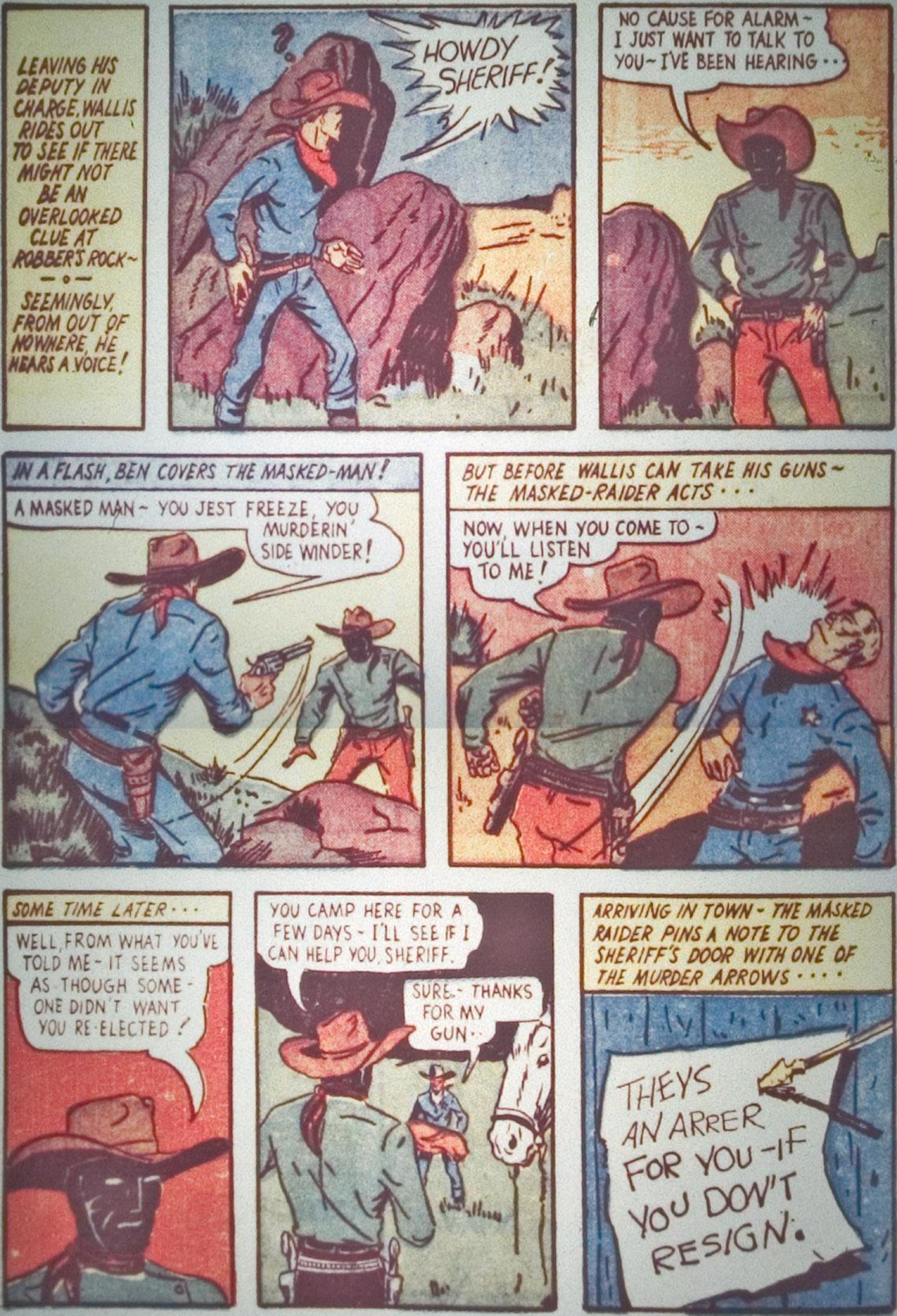

WITH HIS USUAL IMPULSIVENESS, NAMOR DUCKS THROUGH THE NARROW OPENING ......
AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A LONG DARK TUNNEL - LEADING TO WHO KNOWS WHERE?
DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS AT ALL - BUT IT MAY LEAD TO SOMETHING ~
NAMOR FOLLOWS THE WATER'S CURRENT, HOPING TO FIND ITS SOURCE
MEANWHILE, PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC PASSES IN FRONT OF THE TREASURY, UNAWARE OF THE DRAMA TAKING PLACE BENEATH ITS BASEMENT!
OKAY, BOYS - WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH - TWO MORE FEET AND WE HAVE IT!
A SINISTER, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE SUPERVISES A GROUP OF MEN DRILLING THROUGH BED-ROCK -
WHOA! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE THE END OF MY JOURNEY - A FORK IN THE TUNNEL AND A SAFE-LIKE DOOR
IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THAT I CAN BREAK THROUGH - A MIGHTY TOUGH DOOR THOUGH!
NAMOR CONTEMPLATES THE STEEL BARRIER BEFORE HIM - PLANNING A WAY TO GET THROUGH -
FINALLY RESORTING TO BRUTE FORCE, HE LAYS HOLD OF THE HANDLE AND PRACTICALLY RIPS THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES!
- TO FIND HIMSELF AGAIN IN ANOTHER TUNNEL - AT THE FAR END OF WHICH IS A GROUP OF MEN, DRESSED AS SAND-HOGS, DRILLING THROUGH A WALL OF ROCK AND CLAY!

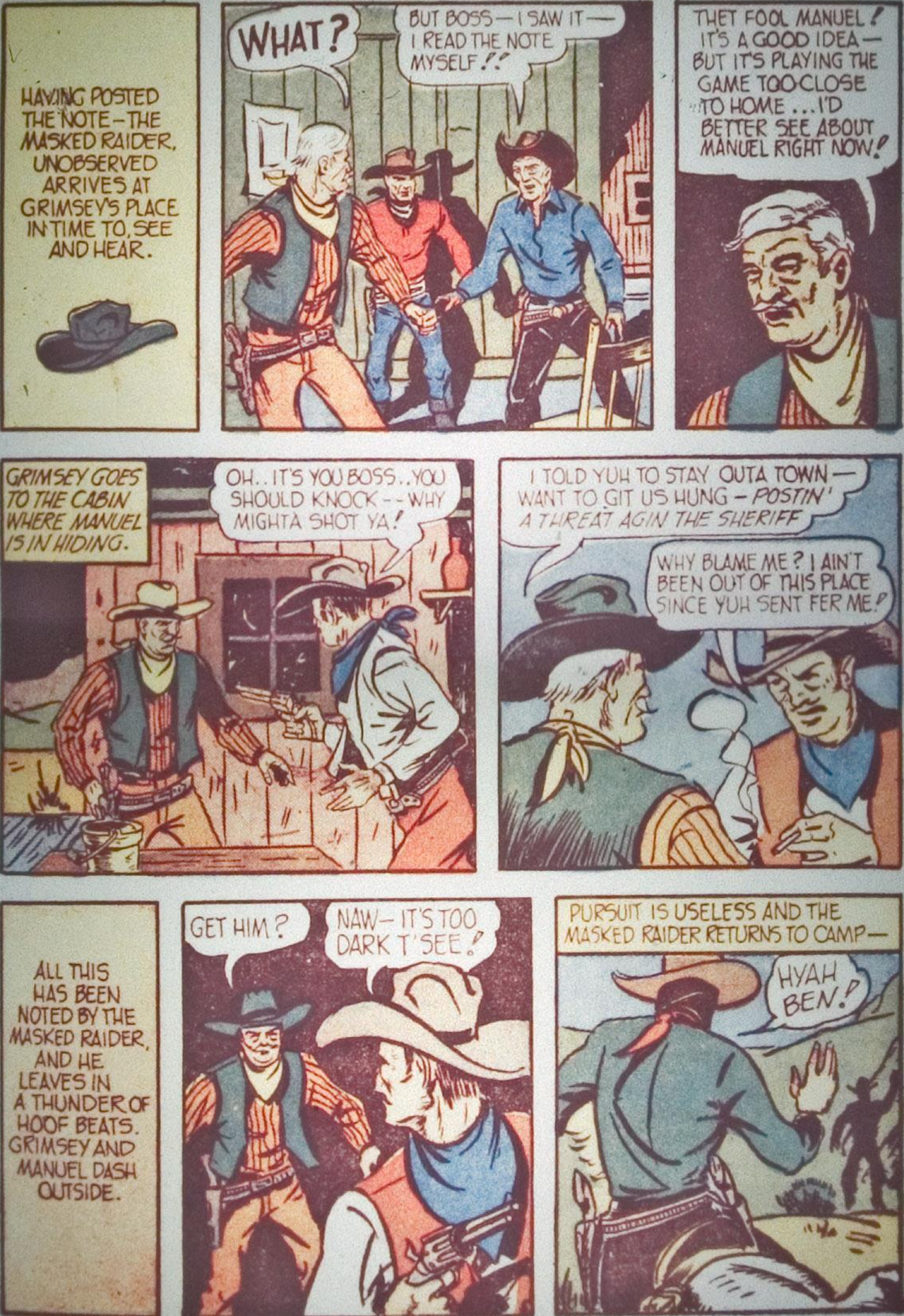

HEARING NAMOR APPROACH, THE LEADER WHEELS ABOUT, CURSING!
WHO'S THAT! WHY YOU MISERABLE INTERLOPER! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU EVER HAD A PAIR OF EYES!
HE WHIPS AN AUTOMATIC OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET, AND SNAPS A SHOT AT NAMOR
NAMOR FALLS, CRASHING TO THE WET, MUDDY FLOOR OF THE TUNNEL! HE FEIGNS DEATH!
A MOMENT LATER-A THUNDEROUS BOOM-AND THE "SAND HOGS" BURST THROUGH THE WALL INTO THE GREAT SECRET VAULT OF THE TREASURY!
GOOD WORK, BOYS! IT'S ALL HERE!
MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN GOLD AND SILVER BULLION!
GREAT IDEA THE BOSS HAD! THIS VAULT IS "PROTECTED" ON THREE SIDES BY AN UNDERGROUND CHANNEL OF WATER - BUT ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS DIVERT THE WATER INTO THE SUBWAY-THAT CAUSED A WRECK, AND DREW ATTENTION AWAY FROM US!
SO! BANK-ROBBERS! AND THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH IT - WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
NAMOR, WAITING UNTIL THE MEN GET INTO THE VAULT, SUDDENLY LEAPS THROUGH THE TORN OPENING
AND BURSTS UPON THE ROBBERS, SMASHING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT -TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, HE CATCHES THEM OFF-GUARD; AND THEY ARE HELPLESS!
HIS STRENGTH IS TERRIFIC - BONES ARE BROKEN, AND MEN SCREAM HORRIBLY! CHAOS!
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HEARING THE COMMOTION, GUARDS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! MILLS GILLIGAN AND HIS OUTFIT! HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THEM?
SIMPLY BECAUSE THERE WAS TOO MUCH WATER IN THE SUBWAY TUNNEL TO HAVE COME FROM JUST A BROKEN PIPELINE - I SUSPECTED ANOTHER SOURCE, AND FOUND IT ~ AS YOU SEE, MOST OF THE WATER CAME FROM THE RESERVOIR AROUND THIS VAULT!
AND SO-EXPLAINING THE CAPTURE OF MILLS GILLIGAN AND HIS GANG, WE LEAVE NAMOR IN THE TREASURY BUILDING ~ WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT? WATCH FOR MARVEL COMICS NEXT MONTH!

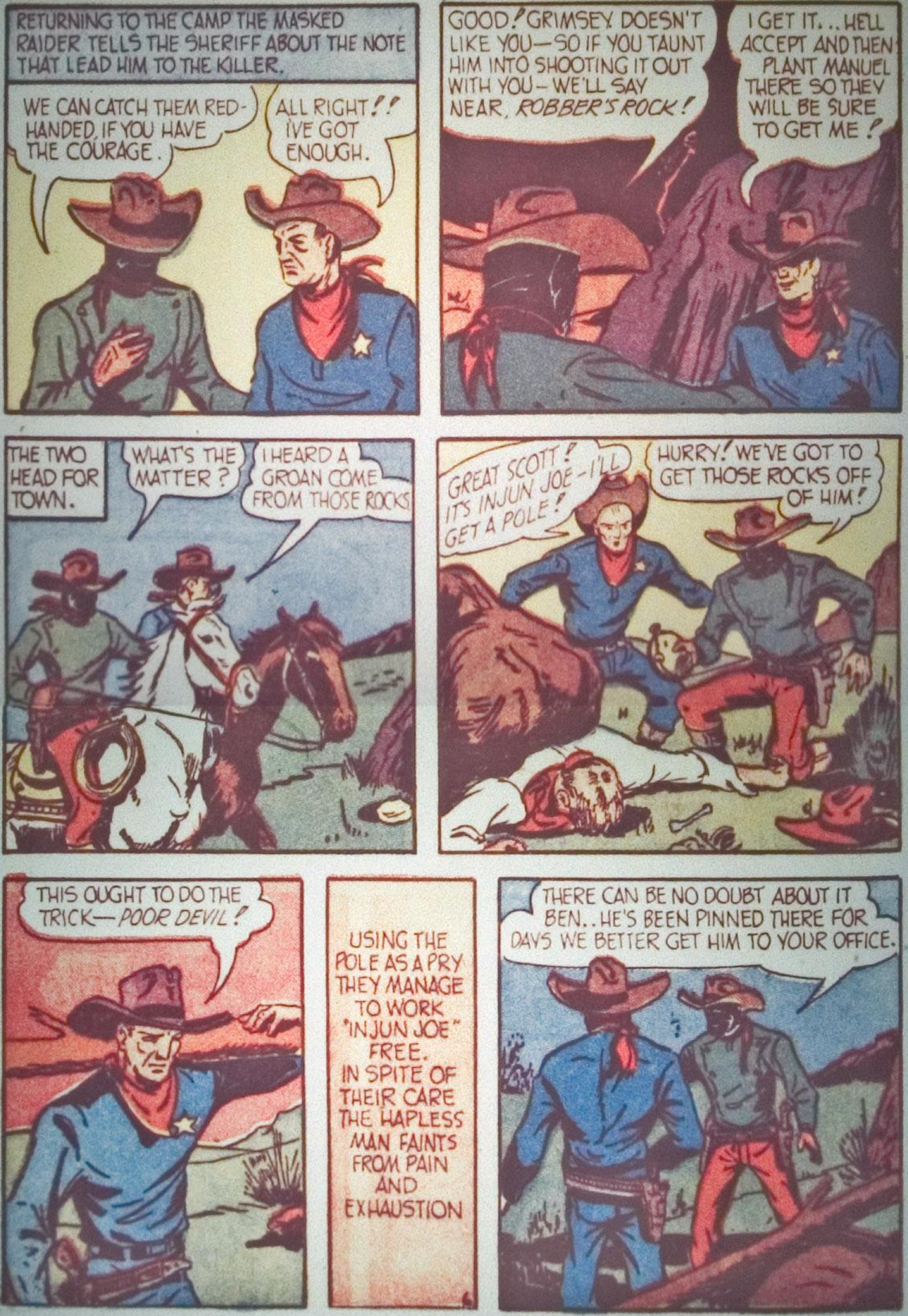

The MASKED RAIDER
by Anders
BEN WALLIS- TWO FISTED SHERIFF OF "FADE-OUT"-AND HIS DEPUTY ARE RETURNING FROM A RANCH MURDER.
THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT A MURDER-BUT IT IS FUNNY THAT FIVE SHOULD HAPPEN JEST BEFORE ELECTION ?!
-AND IF YUH DON'T CATCH SOMEBODY PRETTY QUICK...YUH AIN'T GONNA GIT MANY VOTES.
AS THEY TOP A RISE THEY SUDDENLY SEE —
AN ARROW FLYS THROUGH THE AIR AND TOPPLES A STRANGER FROM HIS MOUNT.
1
BEN HURRIES TO THE SIDE OF THE STRICKEN MAN-WHILE HIS DEPUTY SEARCHES FOR THE ASSAILANT —
THERE.. TAKE IT EASY FELLAH!

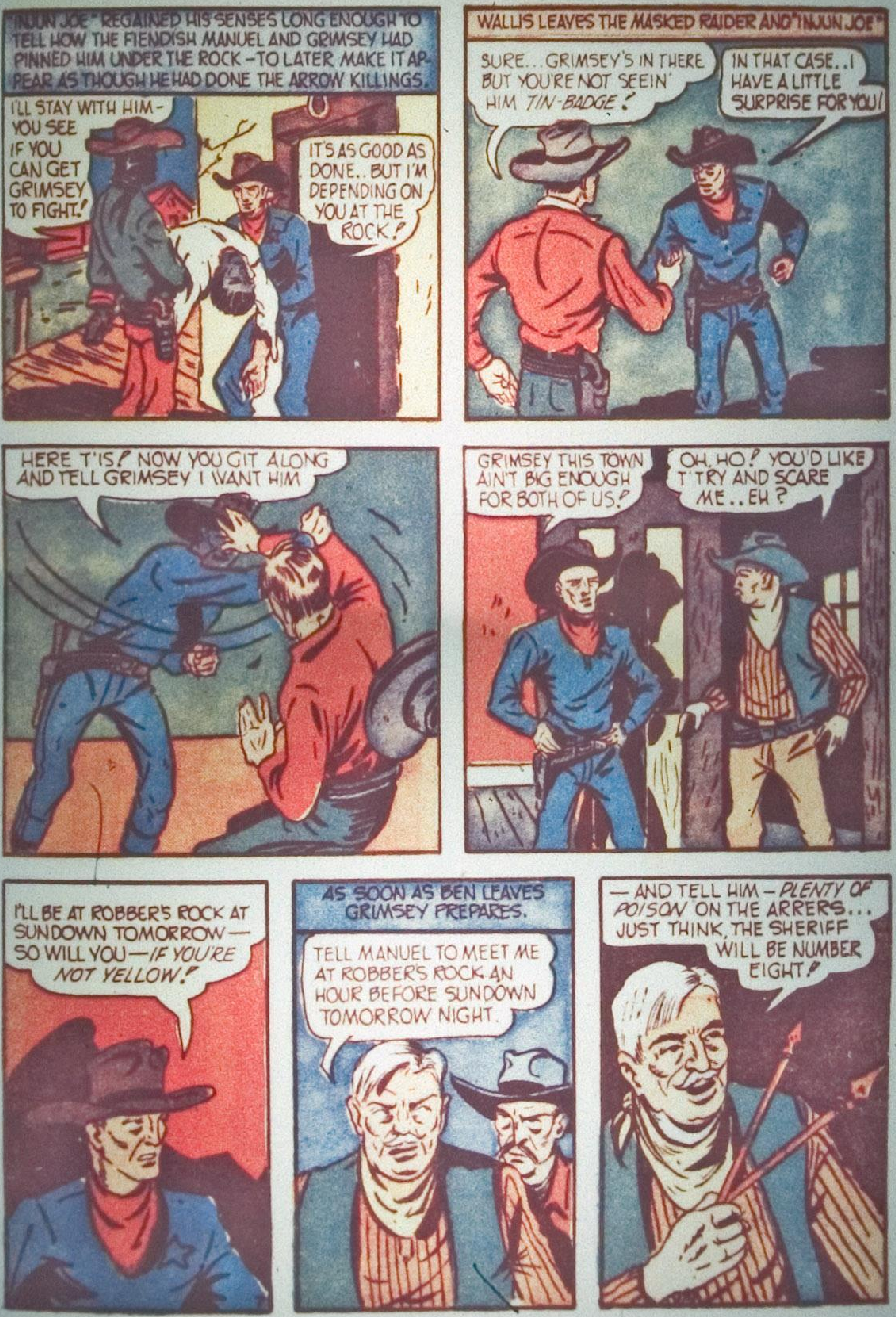

THE DEPUTY RETURNS FROM A FUTILE SEARCH ~
HOW IS HE? SAY ~ HE AIN'T . . .
I'M SORRY . . HE'S DEAD BILL!
HIS HOSS HIT FOR TOWN ~ AND THATS WHAT WE'D BETTER DO, BILL ~ THIS'LL SURE RAISE AN AWFUL FUSS . . .
HEY, SHERIFF ~ SAM'S HORSE JEST CAME IN ~ BUT SAM DIDN'T! KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
SAM'S DEAD!! KILLED BY AN ARROW OUT NEAR ROBBER ROCK!
FEED
GRAIN
JUST AS WALLIS IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS OFFICE, A LOUD VOICE RINGS OUT ~ WHICH THE SHERIFF RECOGNIZES AS BART SIMMS . . .
IF YUH ASK ME ~ WALLIS DON'T TRY TUH DO ANYTHING ABOUT THESE MURDERS!
HEH! HEH!
THE SHERIFF WHEELS TO FACE HIS ACCUSER . . . .
I'M GIVING YOU JUST ONE CHANCE TO TAKE THAT BACK, SIMMS!!
I AIN'T TAKIN' NUTHIN' BACK ~!!
BEN ~ FURIOUS AT THE SLUR, SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
YOU ASKED FOR IT . . !

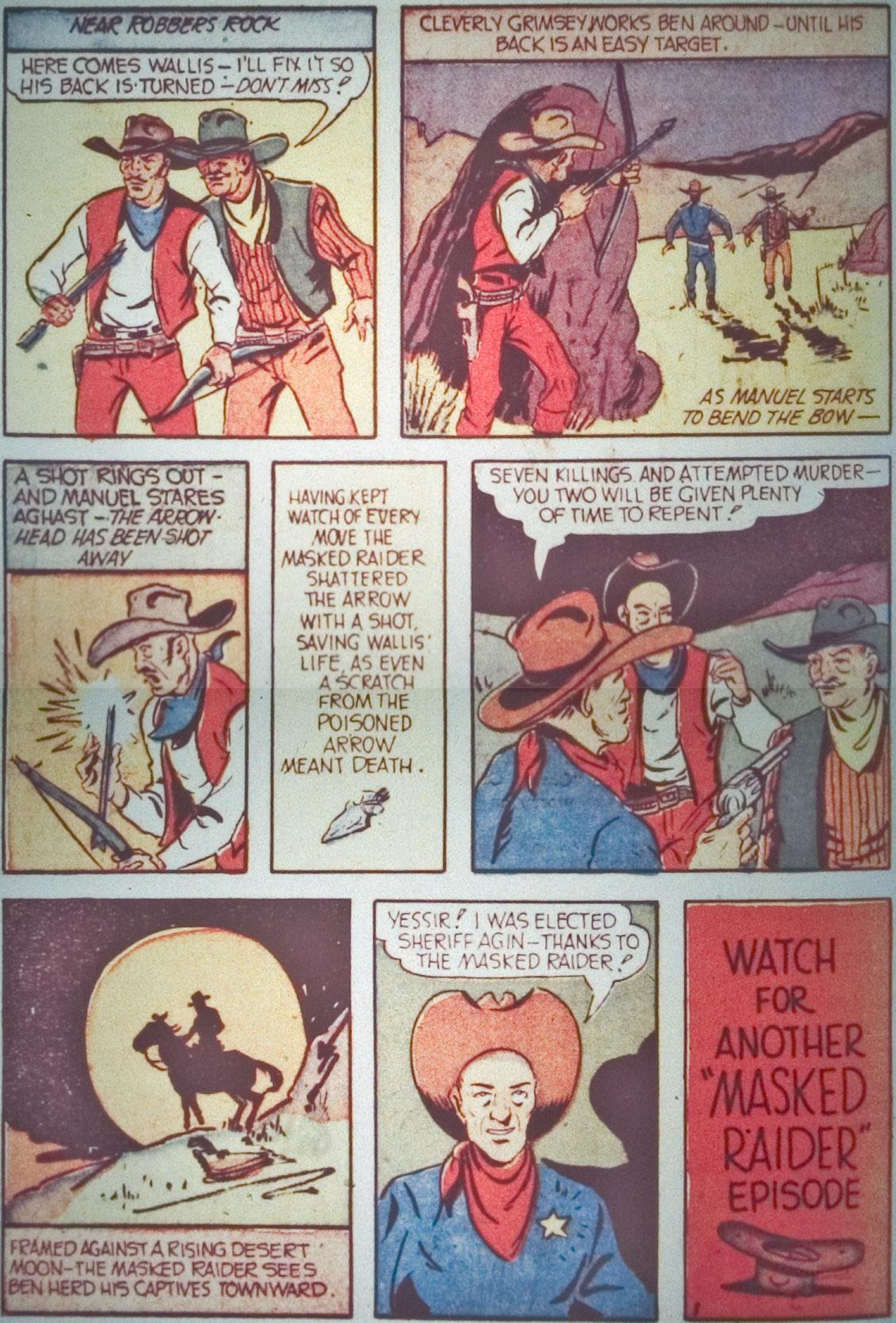

HO-HO- THE SHERIFF IS TOUCHY ON THE SUBJECT OF MURDERS - THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
GRIMSEY
GRIMSEY, A MAN WITH A SHADY PAST, POWER OVER "FADE-OUTS" LAWLESS ELEMENT IS ALSO A CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF IN THE COMING ELECTIONS
JUST AS THE ONLOOKERS OF THE FIGHT ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE -
OOOH
WE ARE IN THE FIRE - AFTER HE WAS HIT, HE SPUN AROUND - NO TELLIN' WHAT DIRECTION THE ARROW CAME FROM, NOW!
SALOON
YEH! - WE'RE GITTIN' WORSE OFF BY THE MINUTE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN IN THESE YERE PARTS THET CAN SHOOT AN ARROW LIKE THET · · ·
A GRIMSEY MAN TAKES UP THE CRY · · ·
I GUESS YOU MEAN "INJUN" JOE - AIN'T HE THE ONE THET OFFERED TO STAND UP AGIN YER GUN, WITH A BOW AN' ARRER?
IMMEDIATELY EVERY ONE IN "FADE-OUT" RECALLS THE FACT THAT BEN HAD ONCE FREED "INJUN JOE" OF A HORSE-STEALING CHARGE, AND THAT "JOE" HAD OPENLY DISPLAYED CONTEMPT FOR FIREARMS OTHER THAN HIS BOW AND ARROWS!
THE CORONER ADDS TO THE FLAME OF EXCITEMENT · · ·
HEY SHERIFF, THERE'S POISON ON THESE ARRERS!

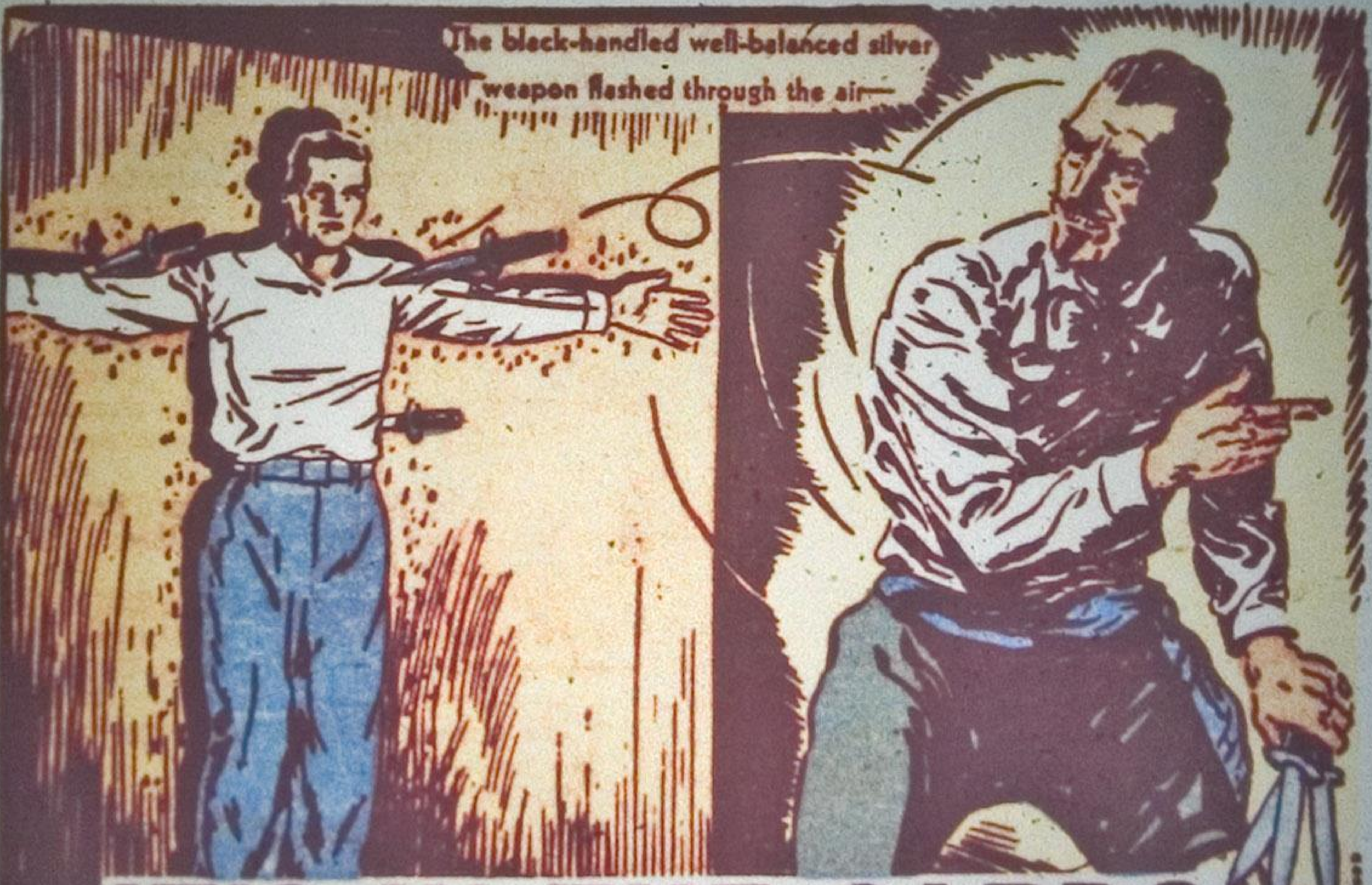

LEAVING HIS DEPUTY IN CHARGE, WALLIS RIDES OUT TO SEE IF THERE MIGHT NOT BE AN OVERLOOKED CLUE AT ROBBER'S ROCK~
SEEMINGLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, HE HEARS A VOICE!
HOWDY SHERIFF!
?
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM~ I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU~ I'VE BEEN HEARING..
IN A FLASH, BEN COVERS THE MASKED-MAN!
A MASKED MAN~ YOU JEST FREEZE, YOU MURDERIN' SIDE WINDER!
BUT BEFORE WALLIS CAN TAKE HIS GUNS~ THE MASKED-RAIDER ACTS...
NOW, WHEN YOU COME TO~ YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME!
SOME TIME LATER...
WELL, FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME~ IT SEEMS AS THOUGH SOME-ONE DIDN'T WANT YOU RE-ELECTED!
YOU CAMP HERE FOR A FEW DAYS~ I'LL SEE IF I CAN HELP YOU, SHERIFF.
SURE~ THANKS FOR MY GUN..
ARRIVING IN TOWN~ THE MASKED RAIDER PINS A NOTE TO THE SHERIFF'S DOOR WITH ONE OF THE MURDER ARROWS....
THEYS AN ARRER FOR YOU~IF YOU DON'T RESIGN.


HAVING POSTED THE NOTE—THE MASKED RAIDER, UNOBSERVED ARRIVES AT GRIMSEY'S PLACE IN TIME TO, SEE AND HEAR.
WHAT?
BUT BOSS—I SAW IT—I READ THE NOTE MYSELF!!
THET FOOL MANUEL! IT'S A GOOD IDEA—BUT IT'S PLAYING THE GAME TOO CLOSE TO HOME ... I'D BETTER SEE ABOUT MANUEL RIGHT NOW!
GRIMSEY GOES TO THE CABIN WHERE MANUEL IS IN HIDING.
OH.. IT'S YOU BOSS.. YOU SHOULD KNOCK -- WHY MIGHTA SHOT YA!
I TOLD YUH TO STAY OUTA TOWN—WANT TO GIT US HUNG—POSTIN' A THREAT AGIN THE SHERIFF
WHY BLAME ME? I AIN'T BEEN OUT OF THIS PLACE SINCE YUH SENT FER ME!
ALL THIS HAS BEEN NOTED BY THE MASKED RAIDER, AND HE LEAVES IN A THUNDER OF HOOF BEATS. GRIMSEY AND MANUEL DASH OUTSIDE.
GET HIM?
NAW—IT'S TOO DARK T'SEE!
PURSUIT IS USELESS AND THE MASKED RAIDER RETURNS TO CAMP—
HYAH BEN!


RETURNING TO THE CAMP THE MASKED RAIDER TELLS THE SHERIFF ABOUT THE NOTE THAT LEAD HIM TO THE KILLER.
WE CAN CATCH THEM RED-HANDED, IF YOU HAVE THE COURAGE.
ALL RIGHT!! I'VE GOT ENOUGH.
GOOD! GRIMSEY DOESN'T LIKE YOU—SO IF YOU TAUNT HIM INTO SHOOTING IT OUT WITH YOU—WE'LL SAY NEAR, *ROBBER'S ROCK!*
I GET IT... HE'LL ACCEPT AND THEN PLANT MANUEL THERE SO THEY WILL BE SURE TO GET ME!
THE TWO HEAD FOR TOWN.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I HEARD A GROAN COME FROM THOSE ROCKS
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S INJUN JOE-I'LL GET A POLE!
HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE ROCKS OFF OF HIM!
THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK—*POOR DEVIL!*
USING THE POLE AS A PRY THEY MANAGE TO WORK "INJUN JOE" FREE. IN SPITE OF THEIR CARE THE HAPLESS MAN FAINTS FROM PAIN AND EXHAUSTION
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT BEN.. HE'S BEEN PINNED THERE FOR DAYS WE BETTER GET HIM TO YOUR OFFICE.


"INJUN JOE" REGAINED HIS SENSES LONG ENOUGH TO TELL HOW THE FIENDISH MANUEL AND GRIMSEY HAD PINNED HIM UNDER THE ROCK—TO LATER MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH HE HAD DONE THE ARROW KILLINGS.
I'LL STAY WITH HIM—YOU SEE IF YOU CAN GET GRIMSEY TO FIGHT!
IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE.. BUT I'M DEPENDING ON YOU AT THE ROCK!
WALLIS LEAVES THE MASKED RAIDER AND "INJUN JOE"
SURE...GRIMSEY'S IN THERE BUT YOU'RE NOT SEEIN' HIM TIN-BADGE!
IN THAT CASE..I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!
HERE T'IS! NOW YOU GIT ALONG AND TELL GRIMSEY I WANT HIM
GRIMSEY THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
OH, HO! YOU'D LIKE T' TRY AND SCARE ME..EH?
I'LL BE AT ROBBER'S ROCK AT SUNDOWN TOMORROW—SO WILL YOU—IF YOU'RE NOT YELLOW!
AS SOON AS BEN LEAVES GRIMSEY PREPARES.
TELL MANUEL TO MEET ME AT ROBBER'S ROCK AN HOUR BEFORE SUNDOWN TOMORROW NIGHT.
—AND TELL HIM—PLENTY OF POISON ON THE ARRERS...JUST THINK, THE SHERIFF WILL BE NUMBER EIGHT!


NEAR ROBBERS ROCK
HERE COMES WALLIS – I'LL FIX IT SO HIS BACK IS TURNED – DON'T MISS!
CLEVERLY GRIMSEY WORKS BEN AROUND – UNTIL HIS BACK IS AN EASY TARGET.
AS MANUEL STARTS TO BEND THE BOW –
A SHOT RINGS OUT – AND MANUEL STARES AGHAST – THE ARROW-HEAD HAS BEEN SHOT AWAY
HAVING KEPT WATCH OF EVERY MOVE THE MASKED RAIDER SHATTERED THE ARROW WITH A SHOT, SAVING WALLIS' LIFE, AS EVEN A SCRATCH FROM THE POISONED ARROW MEANT DEATH.
SEVEN KILLINGS AND ATTEMPTED MURDER – YOU TWO WILL BE GIVEN PLENTY OF TIME TO REPENT!
FRAMED AGAINST A RISING DESERT MOON – THE MASKED RAIDER SEES BEN HERD HIS CAPTIVES TOWNWARD.
YESSIR! I WAS ELECTED SHERIFF AGIN – THANKS TO THE MASKED RAIDER!
WATCH FOR ANOTHER "MASKED RAIDER" EPISODE


The black-handled well-balanced silver weapon flashed through the air—

IT'S IN THE CARDS!

A Short Adventure Story by Ray Gill

Illustrated by H. Ramsey

"ANY news darling? . . . did they get him yet?" Ace Carver, asked his wife and team mate of the "Clever Carvers," with a noticeable look of worry on his handsome countenance.

"No, not yet, dear, but I hope they catch up with him soon. I can't think straight knowing that man is on the loose. If he's in this section of the city I know he'll find you. Do you realize that you're the only witness that can convict him?"

"Yes, I suppose I do. But please don't let it get you down honey. We still have to earn a living you know, and if you have too much on your mind you won't be able to do our memory act.

"By the way, you'd better hurry. We go on in a few minutes!" The "Clever Carvers", card tricks and memory stunts, were only a few years in show business, but troupers through and through. Their act was acclaimed as one of the smartest in the trade.

SLIT" Kinade was wanted for murder, the murder of his young assistant, Bill Creele "Slit" Kinade, well-tagged, for his descriptive nickname described not only his profession, but his personality as well. He always did have a hard time getting anyone to work with him—that of standing on the far side of the stage and having this dark skinned little man throw long sharp knives at you. But young Billy Creele wanted to get in show business and chose the first opening that came his way.

Kinade resented this young squirt's advice and continual nagging.

"I can take care of myself, I'll drink when I want and what I want. If you don't like your job, quit it!" Bill had become used to this sort of retort from "Slit" and laughed it off.

But not the rest of the acts. Ace Carver had taken a particular liking to this new kid, and before long they had become great pals.

"I'll teach you anything I know about the business, Billy. But first thing I'd like you to do . . . is to quit working with "Slit"."

"I'd like to Ace, but where else could I get a job? I know you can't fit me into your act. I think "Slit" is all right deep down inside, but I do wish he didn't drink so much."

"You know, Bill, the more you tell him, the worse he drinks. I've never seen him meaner that he's been lately. I really would get myself a new job, even leave the stage if I had to, if I were you." Ace was sincere, he'd seen "Slit" cut off the ear of a girl he worked with on the coast, when "The Clever Carvers" were a new act.

"And only because she tried to tell him not to get so drunk!"

It was two weeks ago by now that Bill ran out on the stage and took his usual position, arms outspread, standing, facing the heavy wooden back stop, worn and splintered from the countless steel points. Bill was nervous, and he had every right to be. A moment before he had "had it out" with Kinade, for Kinade was suffering from a severe whiskey hangover.

The man was in no fit condition either physically or mentally to go through with an act of this sort. Then it happened. The black handled, well balanced silver weapon had flashed through the air and had landed with a different sound than other times. The blade had imbedded itself between the shoulder blades of this eager young man and pinned him to the heavy wooden frame. His arms had fallen to his sides and his body sagged, but it didn't fall . . . he was literally nailed to the pine wall. Crucified by his career!

Ace Carver had tried to intervene in the quarrel before the fatal show had started, he had also stood in the wings and watched, hoping against hope that all would go right. He had seen it all. His testimony meant the difference between a manslaughter charge, and the death penalty . . . for *first degree murder!*

"DARLING," Ace's wife pleaded with him, "Please be careful. That man is desperate, and I'm afraid of what he'll do if he finds you. He must know that you'll do all that you can to avenge Bill's murder. You'd better go up to the apartment and wait there. I'll take care of everything here with the boss. Just concentrate on that probable extra six weeks here, and I'll bring home the bacon for us! See you later, dear."

"All right honey, if that'll make you feel any better. Don't be long, though." Then, he left.

Ace had the key in his hand as he reached his door, but to his amazement, it was open. He pushed it in and lit the light. As he cautiously walked into the room he heard the door shut behind him. He wheeled about . . . and found himself looking into the wrong end of an automatic . . . in the dark skinned hand of "Slit" Kinade.

"Well, a gun! . . . You've graduated, Slit. Aren't knives good enough any more?" Ace Carver tried to stall for time, his wife had promised to call him before she left the office at the Theatre.

"Still trying to be clever, eh, Mr. Carver? That's right, keep 'em up. You may want to try one of your tricks, but let me warn you, if you do . . . it'll be your last." Kinade motioned Ace to a chair.

"Sit over there, that's right, at the desk. I want you to write a little letter for me . . . to the District Attorney. I want you to tell him that the . . . accident *was* an accident. You have no choice, my other alternative would not be so pleasant . . . to you!"

"Why don't she call!" Ace thought to himself but said, "All right, you dictate, I'll write." But at that moment the phone rang.

"Who the devil is that?" Kinade nervously asked.

"That's my wife. She said she'd call to ask what I'd want for supper. Will you join us in a snack?"

"Never mind the smart cracks. Tell her you ain't hungry . . . no, tell her everything is all right . . . tell her to come up. I'd like her to sign it too!"

Ace removed the receiver. "Slit" pressed the gun hard into his neck.

"Hello . . . *Alice*, everything fine . . . bring up whatever you like dear . . . see you later . . . by." And he hung up.

"Say, you're smarter than I gave you credit for. At least you know I ain't kiddin'. Now . . . write this, word for word! . . . . ."

FIVE minutes later the door buzzer rang the familiar three sharp sounds that announced his wife. Ace said, "That's her now. Shall I let her in?"

"Yea, but no funny stuff. I'll stand over here." Slit moved over to one side of the room. When Ace opened the door and kissed his pretty wife they were ordered into the middle of the room. Slit backed over to the door to shut it, and lock it.

"I'll take that rod!"

The strange voice behind the one time knife-thrower was that of a uniformed representative of the law.

"What . . .?" Kinade, dropped the gun and backed into the room.

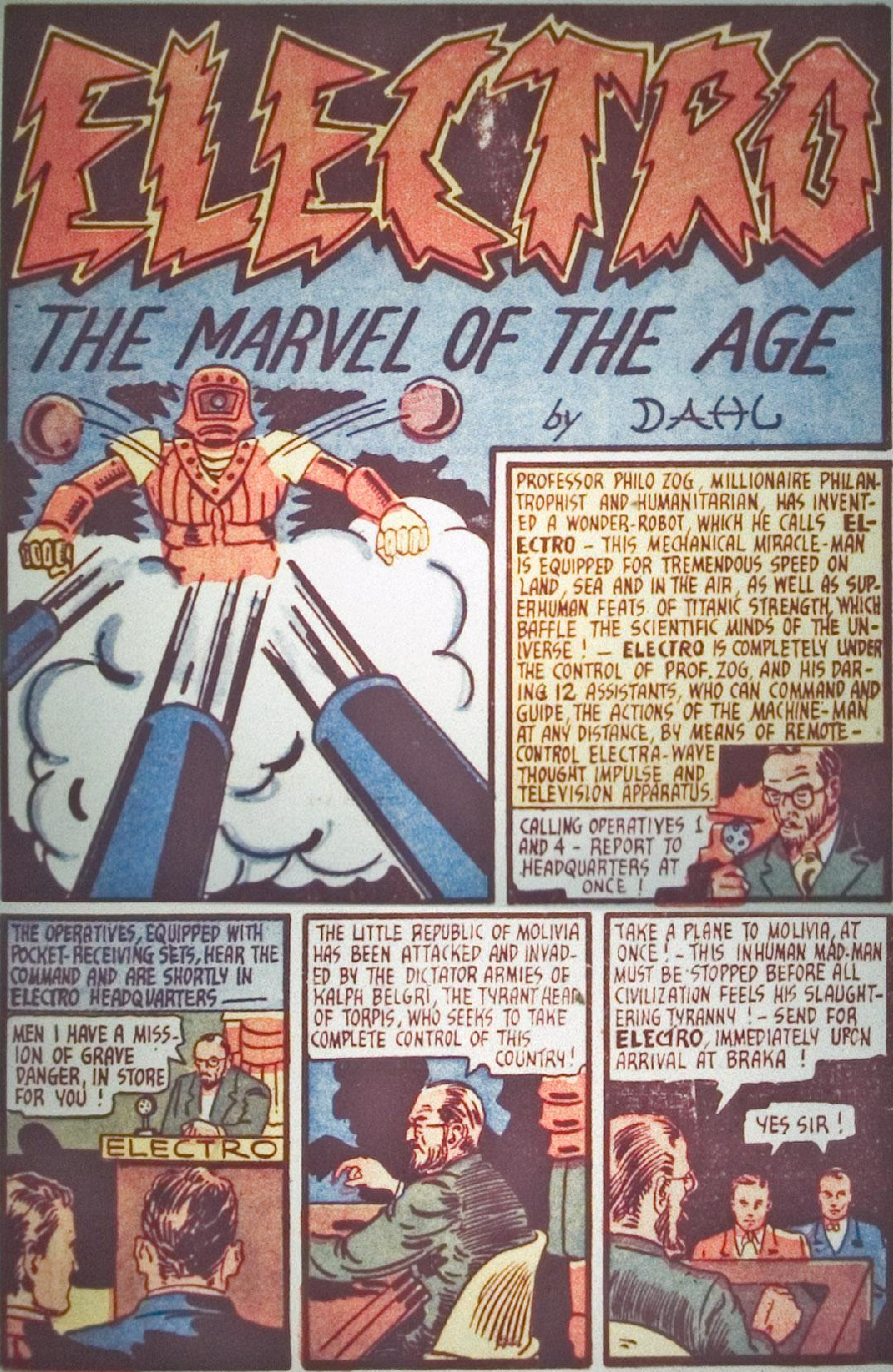
"There's your murderer, Officer. How'm I doing honey?"

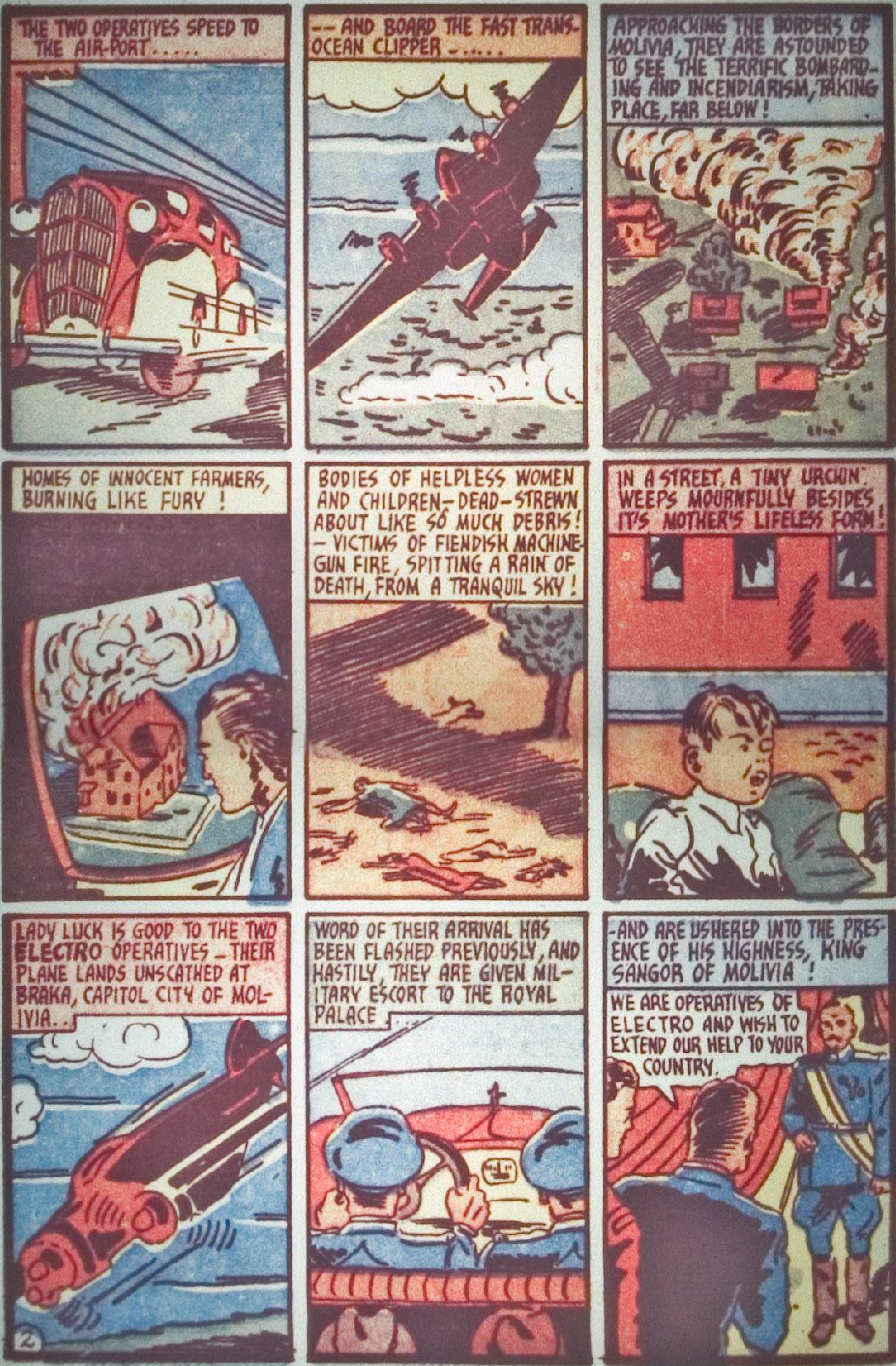
"Never better, sweetheart, never better!"

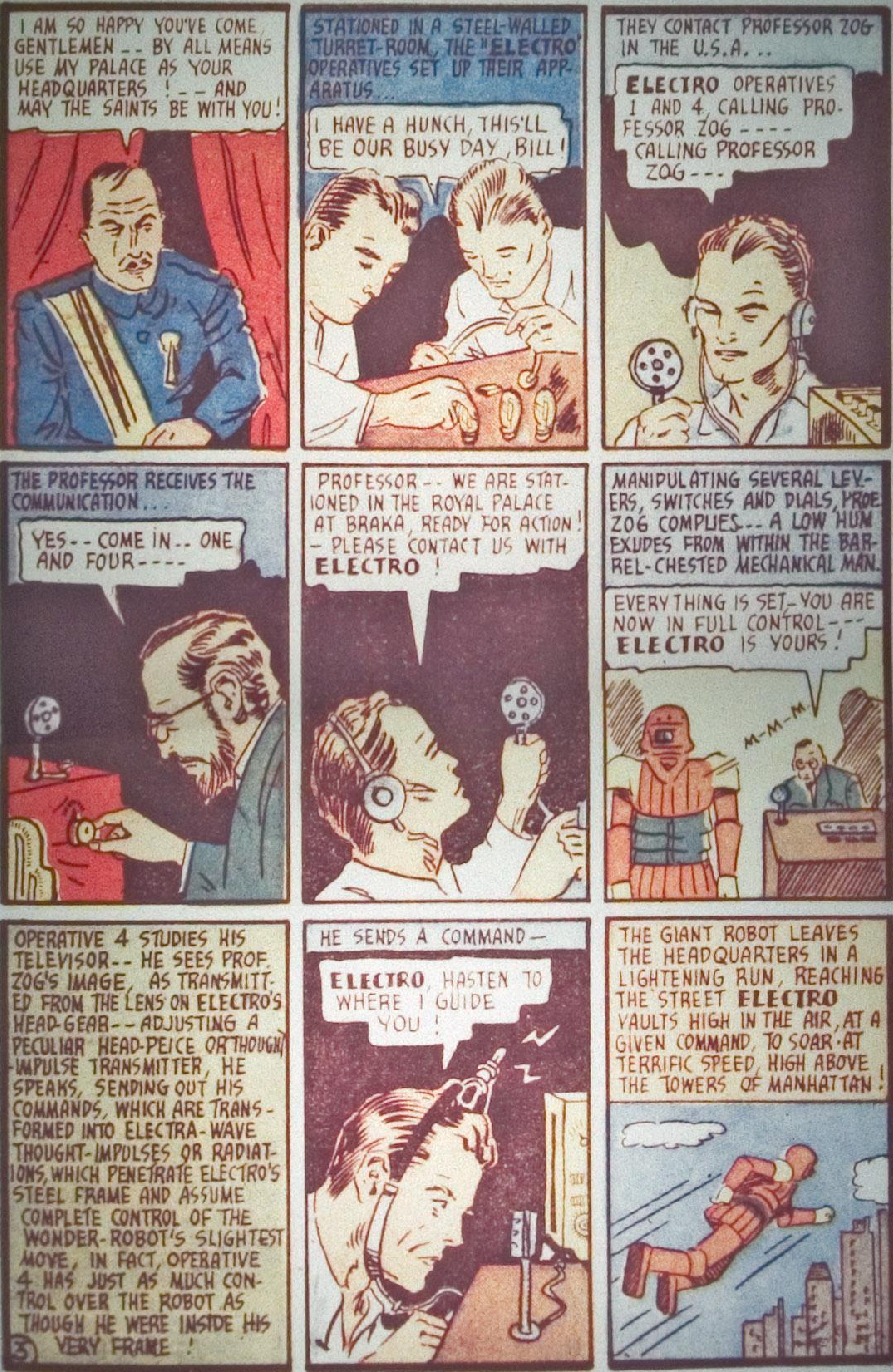
But Kinade was at a loss to understand how she knew enough to bring help. He asked as much, and this is the answer he received:

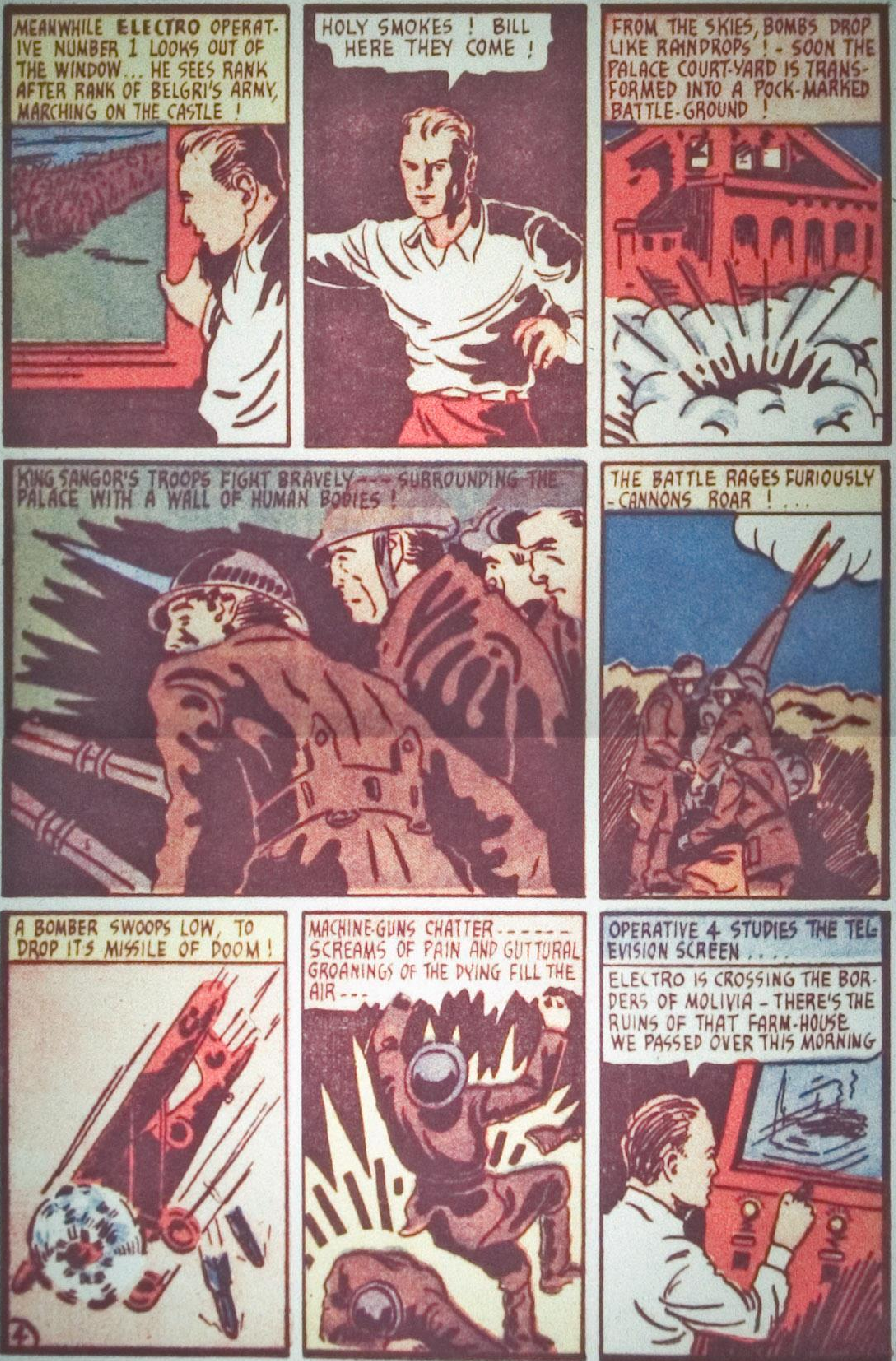
"I called her Alice. My wife's name is Jean. We have a mind reading stunt with cards, and she has a name for each card. So, when she heard me call her Alice, which means the Ace of Spades, she knew something was wrong and brought help. That's what you get for never looking at our act!"

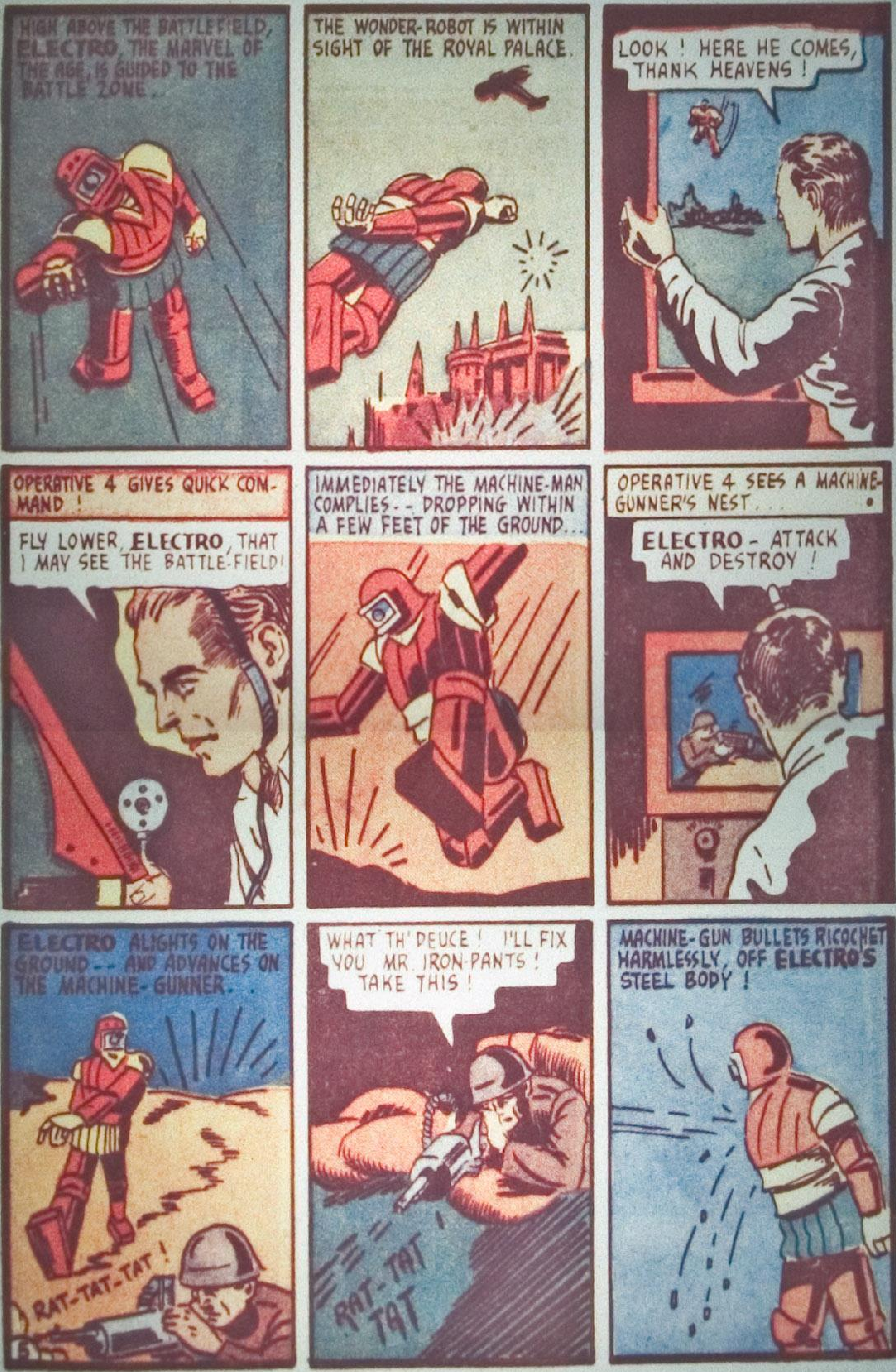
The End

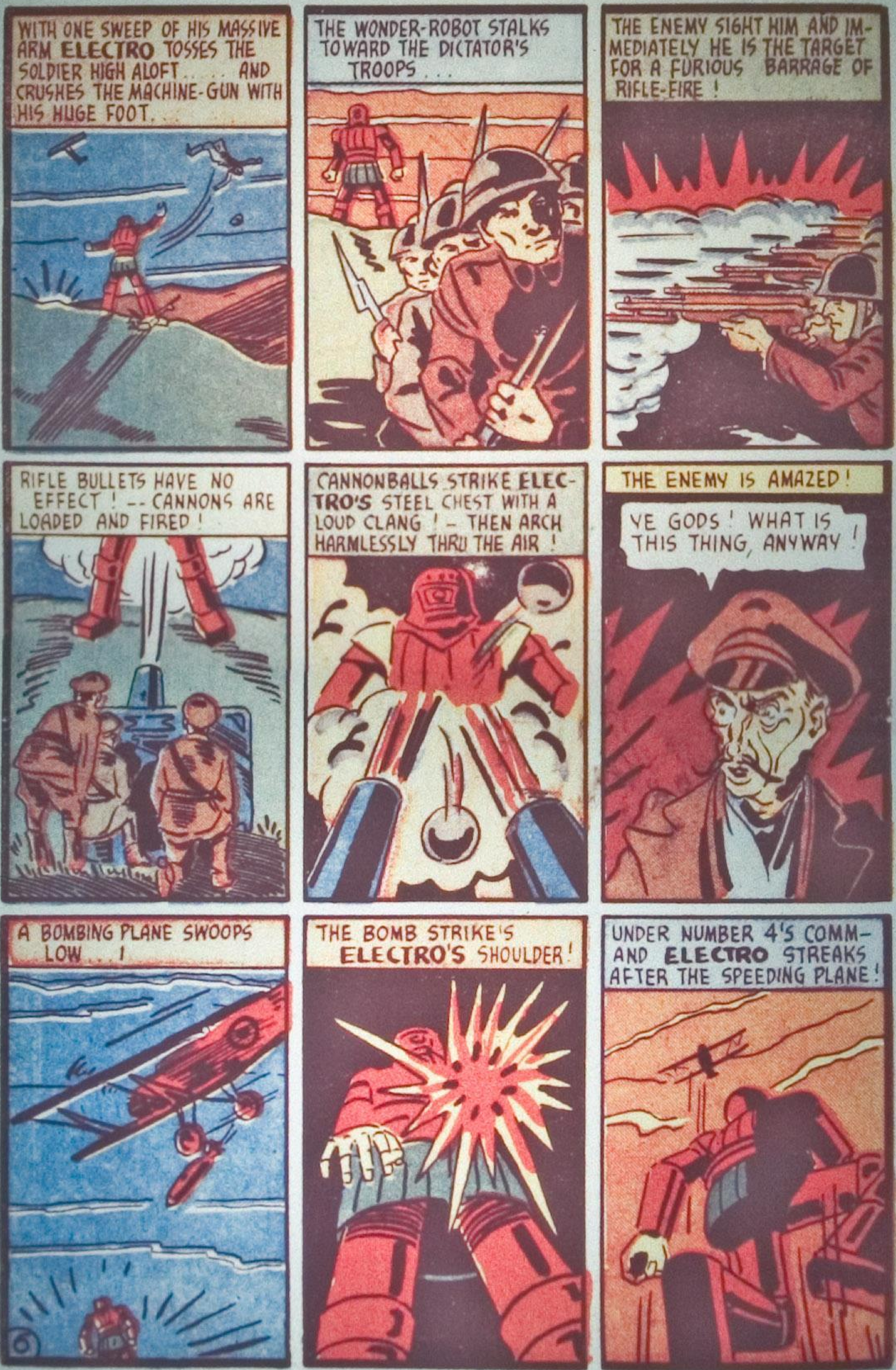

ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
by DAHL
PROFESSOR PHILO ZOG, MILLIONAIRE PHILANTROPHIST AND HUMANITARIAN, HAS INVENTED A WONDER-ROBOT, WHICH HE CALLS ELECTRO - THIS MECHANICAL MIRACLE-MAN IS EQUIPPED FOR TREMENDOUS SPEED ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR, AS WELL AS SUPERHUMAN FEATS OF TITANIC STRENGTH, WHICH BAFFLE THE SCIENTIFIC MINDS OF THE UNIVERSE ! — ELECTRO IS COMPLETELY UNDER THE CONTROL OF PROF. ZOG, AND HIS DARING 12 ASSISTANTS, WHO CAN COMMAND AND GUIDE, THE ACTIONS OF THE MACHINE-MAN AT ANY DISTANCE, BY MEANS OF REMOTE-CONTROL ELECTRA-WAVE THOUGHT IMPULSE AND TELEVISION APPARATUS.
CALLING OPERATIVES 1 AND 4 - REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE !
THE OPERATIVES, EQUIPPED WITH POCKET-RECEIVING SETS, HEAR THE COMMAND AND ARE SHORTLY IN ELECTRO HEADQUARTERS ——
MEN I HAVE A MISSION OF GRAVE DANGER, IN STORE FOR YOU !
ELECTRO
THE LITTLE REPUBLIC OF MOLIVIA HAS BEEN ATTACKED AND INVADED BY THE DICTATOR ARMIES OF KALPH BELGRI, THE TYRANT HEAD OF TORPIS, WHO SEEKS TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THIS COUNTRY!
TAKE A PLANE TO MOLIVIA, AT ONCE ! - THIS INHUMAN MAD-MAN MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE ALL CIVILIZATION FEELS HIS SLAUGHTERING TYRANNY ! - SEND FOR ELECTRO, IMMEDIATELY UPON ARRIVAL AT BRAKA !
YES SIR !

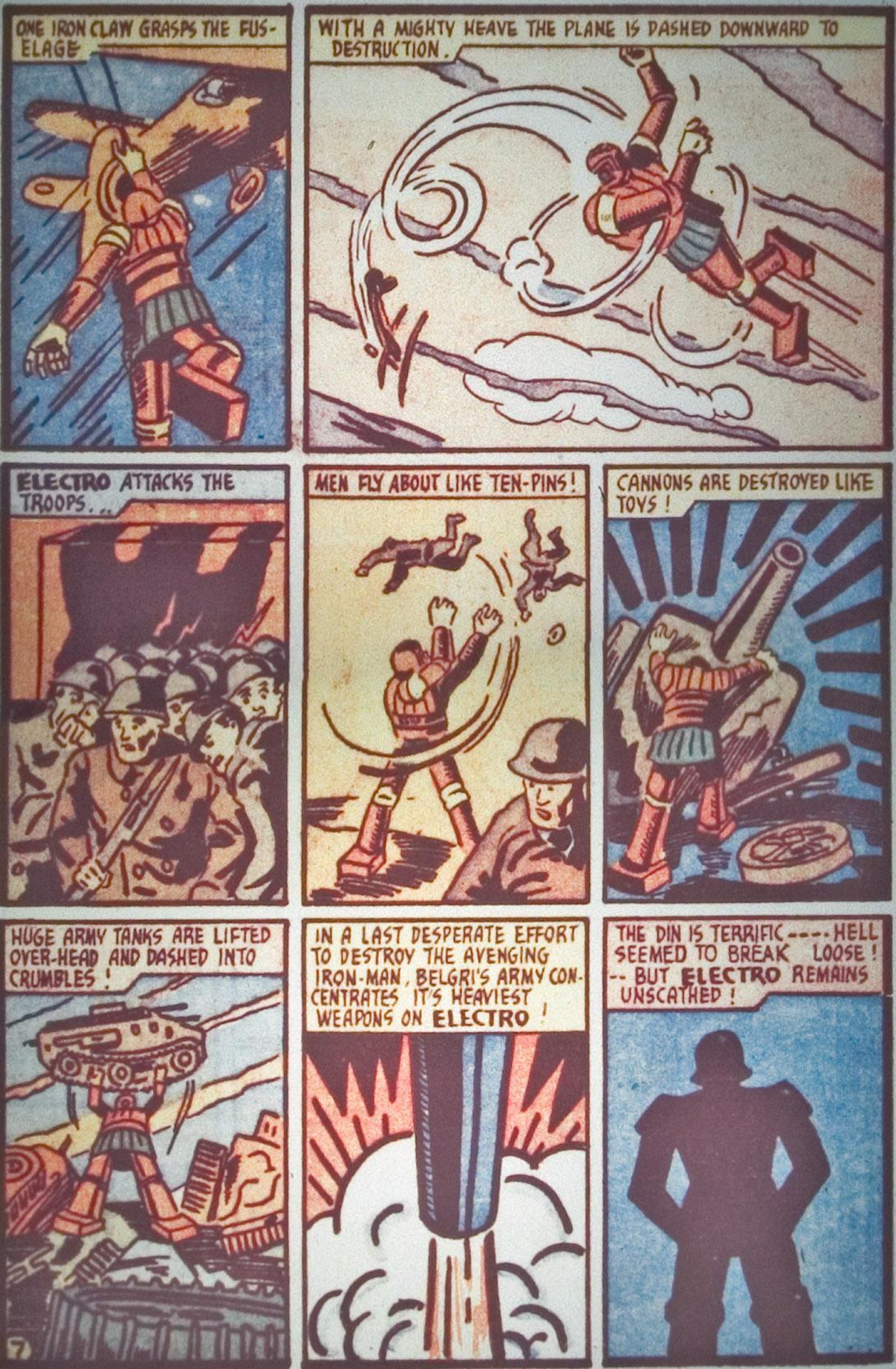

THE TWO OPERATIVES SPEED TO THE AIR-PORT.....
--AND BOARD THE FAST TRANS-OCEAN CLIPPER-.....
APPROACHING THE BORDERS OF MOLIVIA, THEY ARE ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE TERRIFIC BOMBARDING AND INCENDIARISM, TAKING PLACE, FAR BELOW!
HOMES OF INNOCENT FARMERS, BURNING LIKE FURY!
BODIES OF HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN—DEAD—STREWN ABOUT LIKE SO MUCH DEBRIS! —VICTIMS OF FIENDISH MACHINE-GUN FIRE, SPITTING A RAIN OF DEATH, FROM A TRANQUIL SKY!
IN A STREET, A TINY URCHIN WEEPS MOURNFULLY BESIDES IT'S MOTHER'S LIFELESS FORM!
LADY LUCK IS GOOD TO THE TWO ELECTRO OPERATIVES—THEIR PLANE LANDS UNSCATHED AT BRAKA, CAPITOL CITY OF MOLIVIA..
WORD OF THEIR ARRIVAL HAS BEEN FLASHED PREVIOUSLY, AND HASTILY, THEY ARE GIVEN MILITARY ESCORT TO THE ROYAL PALACE....
-AND ARE USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS HIGHNESS, KING SANGOR OF MOLIVIA!
WE ARE OPERATIVES OF ELECTRO AND WISH TO EXTEND OUR HELP TO YOUR COUNTRY.

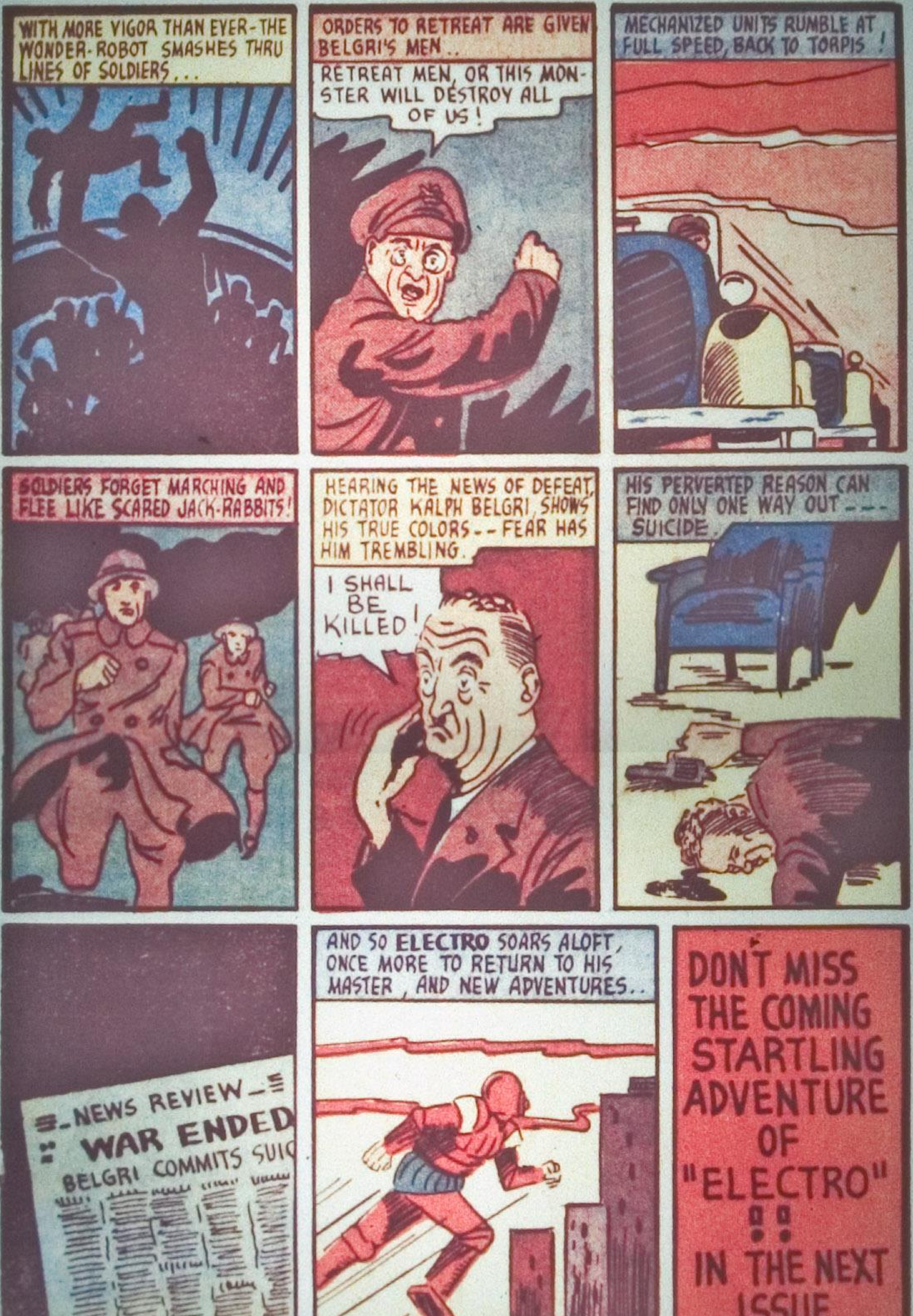

I AM SO HAPPY YOU'VE COME, GENTLEMEN -- BY ALL MEANS USE MY PALACE AS YOUR HEADQUARTERS ! -- AND MAY THE SAINTS BE WITH YOU !
STATIONED IN A STEEL-WALLED TURRET-ROOM, THE "ELECTRO" OPERATIVES SET UP THEIR APPARATUS...
I HAVE A HUNCH, THIS'LL BE OUR BUSY DAY, BILL !
THEY CONTACT PROFESSOR ZOG IN THE U.S.A. ...
ELECTRO OPERATIVES 1 AND 4, CALLING PROFESSOR ZOG ---- CALLING PROFESSOR ZOG ---
THE PROFESSOR RECEIVES THE COMMUNICATION...
YES -- COME IN -- ONE AND FOUR ----
PROFESSOR -- WE ARE STATIONED IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BRAKA, READY FOR ACTION ! - PLEASE CONTACT US WITH ELECTRO !
MANIPULATING SEVERAL LEVERS, SWITCHES AND DIALS, PROF. ZOG COMPLIES -- A LOW HUM EXUDES FROM WITHIN THE BARREL-CHESTED MECHANICAL MAN.
EVERY THING IS SET - YOU ARE NOW IN FULL CONTROL --- ELECTRO IS YOURS !
M-M-M
OPERATIVE 4 STUDIES HIS TELEVISOR -- HE SEES PROF. ZOG'S IMAGE, AS TRANSMITTED FROM THE LENS ON ELECTRO'S HEAD-GEAR -- ADJUSTING A PECULIAR HEAD-PEICE OR THOUGHT-IMPULSE TRANSMITTER, HE SPEAKS, SENDING OUT HIS COMMANDS, WHICH ARE TRANSFORMED INTO ELECTRA-WAVE THOUGHT-IMPULSES OR RADIATIONS, WHICH PENETRATE ELECTRO'S STEEL FRAME AND ASSUME COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE WONDER-ROBOT'S SLIGHTEST MOVE, IN FACT, OPERATIVE 4 HAS JUST AS MUCH CONTROL OVER THE ROBOT AS THOUGH HE WERE INSIDE HIS VERY FRAME !
HE SENDS A COMMAND—
ELECTRO, HASTEN TO WHERE I GUIDE YOU !
THE GIANT ROBOT LEAVES THE HEADQUARTERS IN A LIGHTENING RUN, REACHING THE STREET ELECTRO VAULTS HIGH IN THE AIR, AT A GIVEN COMMAND, TO SOAR AT TERRIFIC SPEED, HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN !

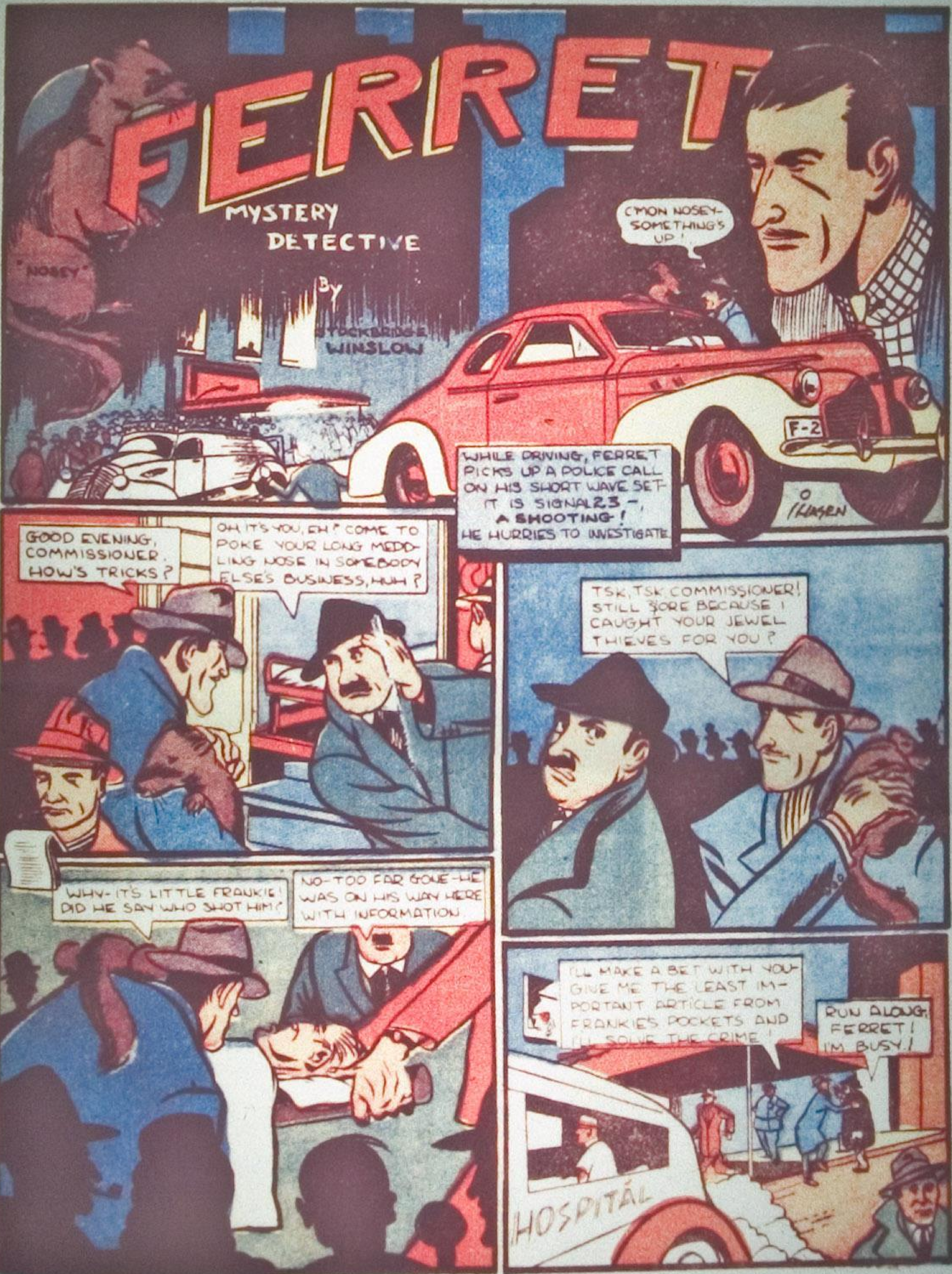

MEANWHILE ELECTRO OPERATIVE NUMBER 1 LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW... HE SEES RANK AFTER RANK OF BELGRI'S ARMY, MARCHING ON THE CASTLE !
HOLY SMOKES ! BILL HERE THEY COME !
FROM THE SKIES, BOMBS DROP LIKE RAINDROPS ! - SOON THE PALACE COURT-YARD IS TRANSFORMED INTO A POCK-MARKED BATTLE-GROUND !
KING SANGOR'S TROOPS FIGHT BRAVELY --- SURROUNDING THE PALACE WITH A WALL OF HUMAN BODIES !
THE BATTLE RAGES FURIOUSLY - CANNONS ROAR ! ...
A BOMBER SWOOPS LOW, TO DROP ITS MISSILE OF DOOM !
MACHINE-GUNS CHATTER ------ SCREAMS OF PAIN AND GUTTURAL GROANINGS OF THE DYING FILL THE AIR ---
OPERATIVE 4 STUDIES THE TELEVISION SCREEN . . .
ELECTRO IS CROSSING THE BORDERS OF MOLIVIA - THERE'S THE RUINS OF THAT FARM-HOUSE WE PASSED OVER THIS MORNING

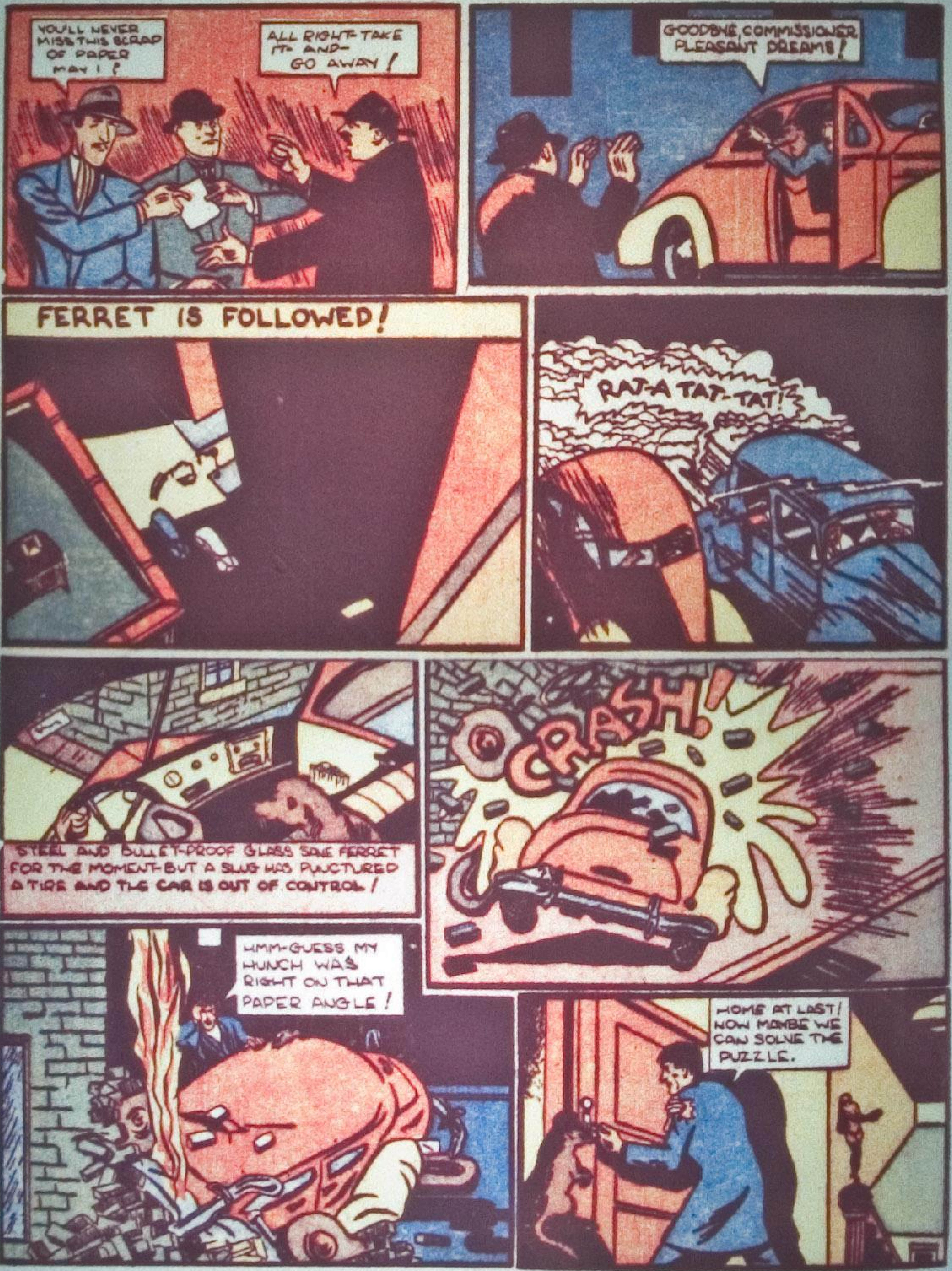

HIGH ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD, ELECTRO, THE MARVEL OF THE AGE, IS GUIDED TO THE BATTLE ZONE...
THE WONDER-ROBOT IS WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ROYAL PALACE.
LOOK! HERE HE COMES, THANK HEAVENS!
OPERATIVE 4 GIVES QUICK COMMAND!
FLY LOWER, ELECTRO, THAT I MAY SEE THE BATTLE-FIELD!
IMMEDIATELY THE MACHINE-MAN COMPLIES.-- DROPPING WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE GROUND...
OPERATIVE 4 SEES A MACHINE-GUNNER'S NEST...
ELECTRO - ATTACK AND DESTROY!
ELECTRO ALIGHTS ON THE GROUND-- AND ADVANCES ON THE MACHINE-GUNNER...
RAT-TAT-TAT!
WHAT TH' DEUCE! I'LL FIX YOU MR. IRON-PANTS! TAKE THIS!
RAT-TAT TAT
MACHINE-GUN BULLETS RICOCHET HARMLESSLY, OFF ELECTRO'S STEEL BODY!

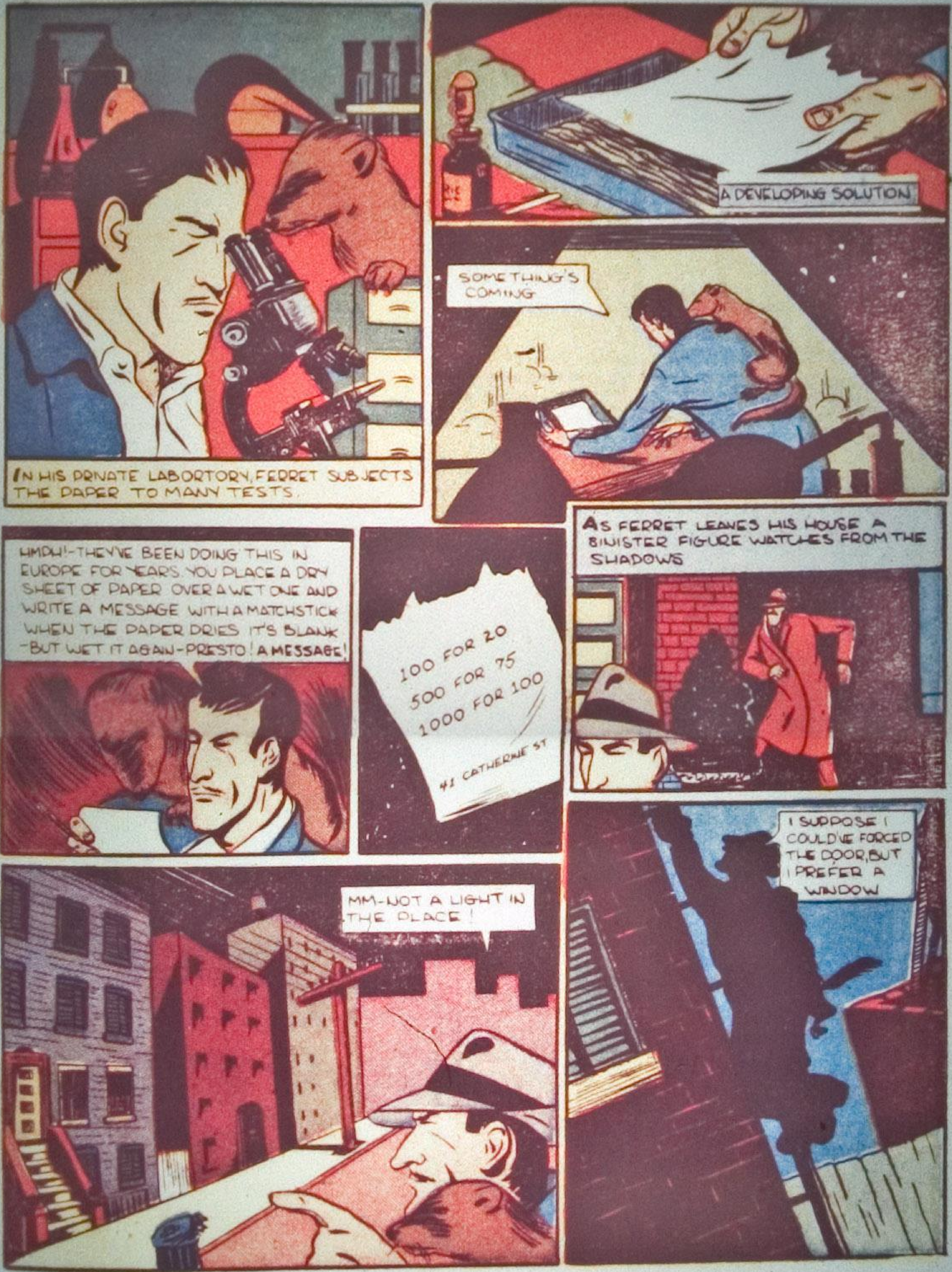

WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS MASSIVE ARM **ELECTRO** TOSSES THE SOLDIER HIGH ALOFT . . . AND CRUSHES THE MACHINE-GUN WITH HIS HUGE FOOT . . .
THE WONDER-ROBOT STALKS TOWARD THE DICTATOR'S TROOPS . . .
THE ENEMY SIGHT HIM AND IMMEDIATELY HE IS THE TARGET FOR A FURIOUS BARRAGE OF RIFLE-FIRE !
RIFLE BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ! -- CANNONS ARE LOADED AND FIRED !
CANNONBALLS STRIKE **ELECTRO'S** STEEL CHEST WITH A LOUD CLANG ! - THEN ARCH HARMLESSLY THRU THE AIR !
THE ENEMY IS AMAZED !
YE GODS ! WHAT IS THIS THING, ANYWAY !
A BOMBING PLANE SWOOPS LOW . . . !
THE BOMB STRIKE'S **ELECTRO'S** SHOULDER !
UNDER NUMBER 4'S COMMAND **ELECTRO** STREAKS AFTER THE SPEEDING PLANE !

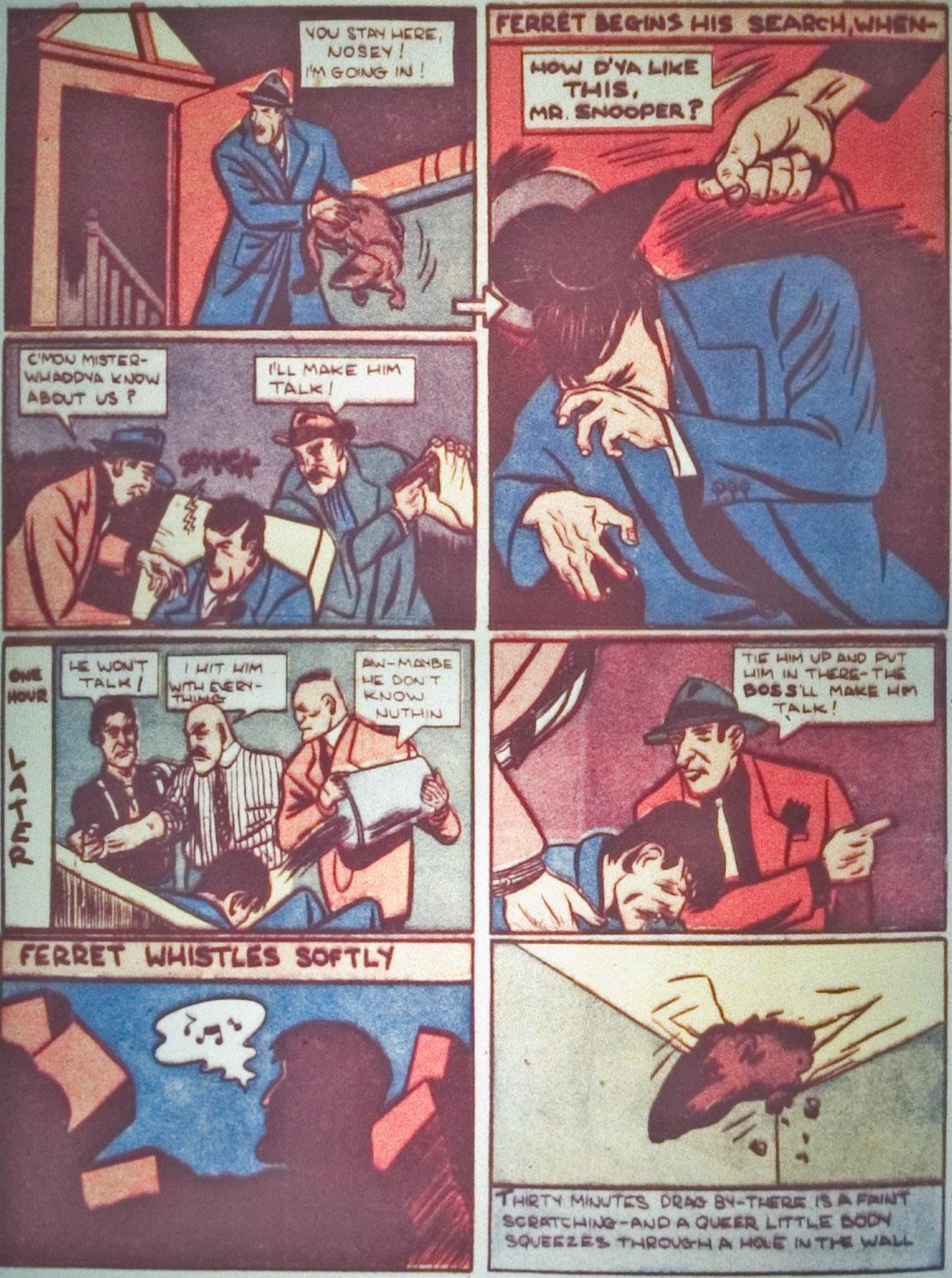

ONE IRON CLAW GRASPS THE FUSELAGE
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE THE PLANE IS DASHED DOWNWARD TO DESTRUCTION.
ELECTRO ATTACKS THE TROOPS...
MEN FLY ABOUT LIKE TEN-PINS!
CANNONS ARE DESTROYED LIKE TOYS!
HUGE ARMY TANKS ARE LIFTED OVER-HEAD AND DASHED INTO CRUMBLES!
IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO DESTROY THE AVENGING IRON-MAN, BELGRI'S ARMY CONCENTRATES IT'S HEAVIEST WEAPONS ON ELECTRO!
THE DIN IS TERRIFIC----HELL SEEMED TO BREAK LOOSE! --BUT ELECTRO REMAINS UNSCATHED!

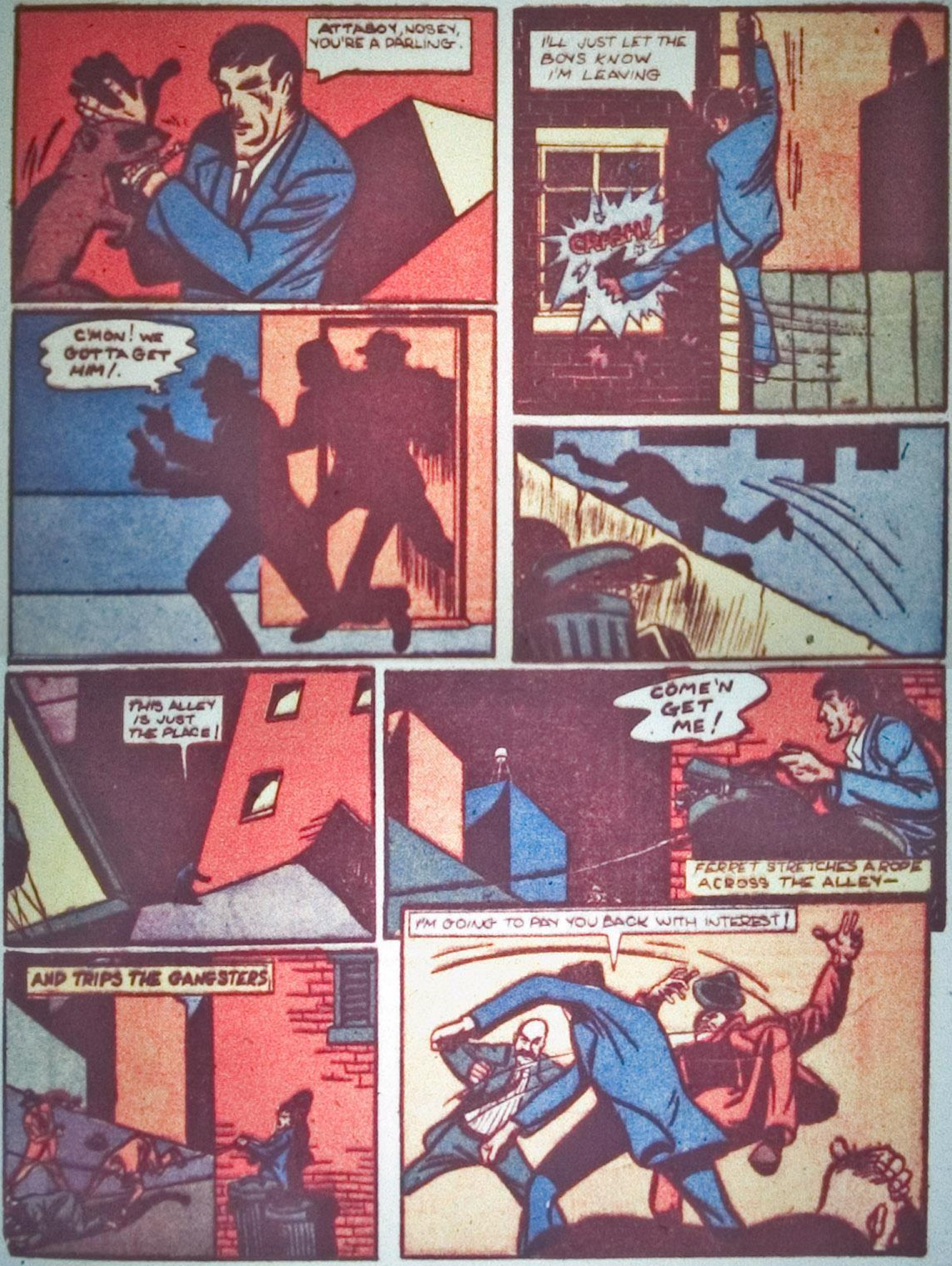

WITH MORE VIGOR THAN EVER - THE WONDER-ROBOT SMASHES THRU LINES OF SOLDIERS...
ORDERS TO RETREAT ARE GIVEN BELGRI'S MEN..
RETREAT MEN, OR THIS MONSTER WILL DESTROY ALL OF US!
MECHANIZED UNITS RUMBLE AT FULL SPEED, BACK TO TORPIS!
SOLDIERS FORGET MARCHING AND FLEE LIKE SCARED JACK-RABBITS!
HEARING THE NEWS OF DEFEAT, DICTATOR KALPH BELGRI, SHOWS HIS TRUE COLORS -- FEAR HAS HIM TREMBLING.
I SHALL BE KILLED!
HIS PERVERTED REASON CAN FIND ONLY ONE WAY OUT --- SUICIDE.
NEWS REVIEW
WAR ENDED
BELGRI COMMITS SUIC
AND SO ELECTRO SOARS ALOFT, ONCE MORE TO RETURN TO HIS MASTER, AND NEW ADVENTURES..
THE END.
DON'T MISS THE COMING STARTLING ADVENTURE OF "ELECTRO"!! IN THE NEXT ISSUE

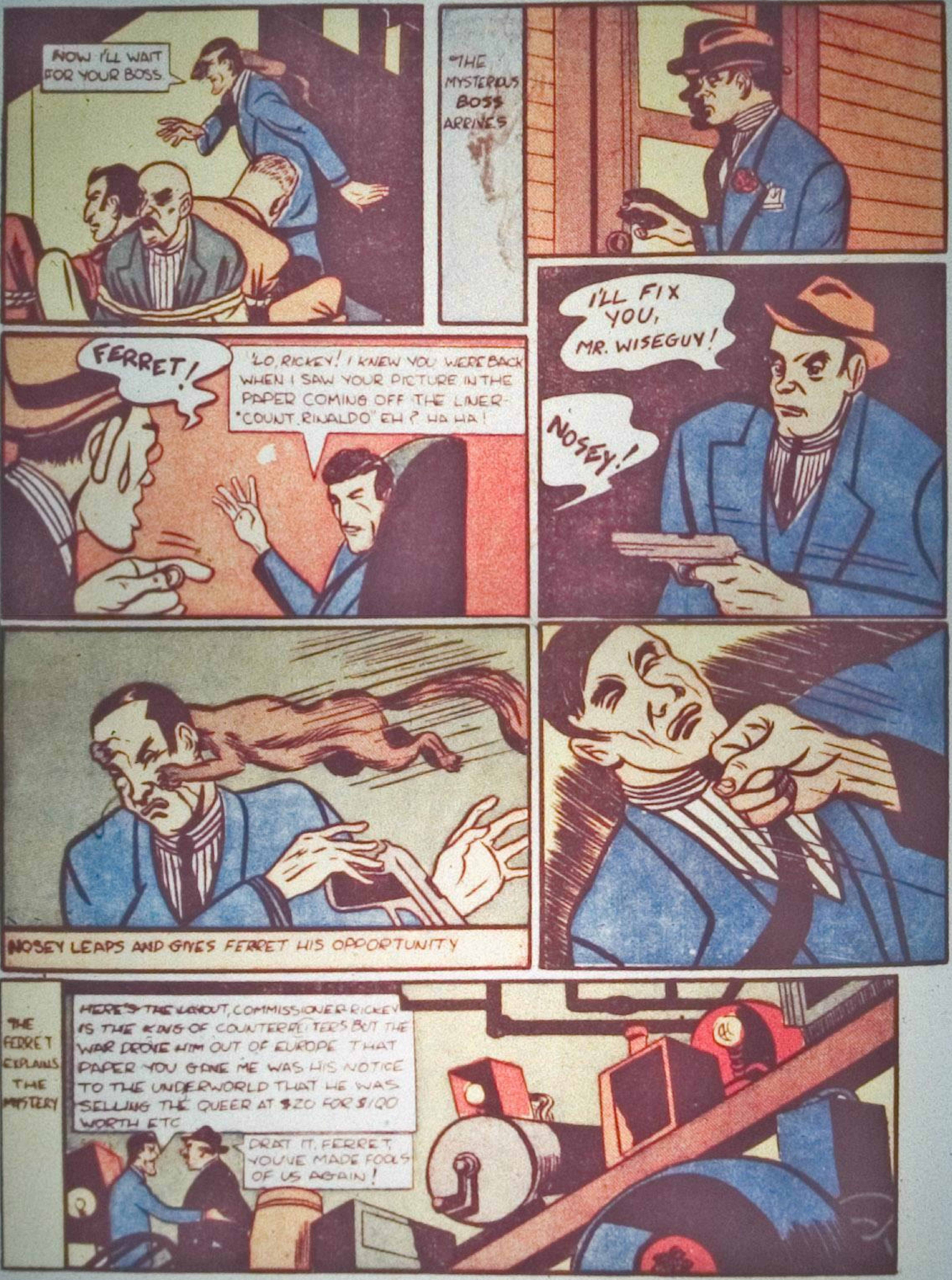

FERRET
MYSTERY DETECTIVE
By STOCKBRIDGE WINSLOW
"NOSEY"
C'MON NOSEY- SOMETHING'S UP!
F-2
WHILE DRIVING, FERRET PICKS UP A POLICE CALL ON HIS SHORT WAVE SET- IT IS SIGNAL 23-, A SHOOTING! HE HURRIES TO INVESTIGATE
O I KASEN
GOOD EVENING, COMMISSIONER. HOW'S TRICKS?
OH, IT'S YOU, EH? COME TO POKE YOUR LONG MEDDLING NOSE IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS, HUH?
TSK, TSK COMMISSIONER! STILL SORE BECAUSE I CAUGHT YOUR JEWEL THIEVES FOR YOU?
WHY- IT'S LITTLE FRANKIE! DID HE SAY WHO SHOT HIM?
NO- TOO FAR GONE- HE WAS ON HIS WAY HERE WITH INFORMATION.
I'LL MAKE A BET WITH YOU- GIVE ME THE LEAST IMPORTANT ARTICLE FROM FRANKIE'S POCKETS AND I'LL SOLVE THE CRIME!
RUN ALONG, FERRET! I'M BUSY!
HOSPITAL


YOU'LL NEVER MISS THIS SCRAP OF PAPER MAY I?
ALL RIGHT- TAKE IT- AND- GO AWAY!
GOODBYE, COMMISSIONER PLEASANT DREAMS!
FERRET IS FOLLOWED!
RAT-A TAT-TAT!
STEEL AND BULLET-PROOF GLASS SAVE FERRET FOR THE MOMENT-BUT A SLUG HAS PUNCTURED A TIRE AND THE CAR IS OUT OF CONTROL!
CRASH!
HMM-GUESS MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT ON THAT PAPER ANGLE!
HOME AT LAST! NOW MAYBE WE CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE.


IN HIS PRIVATE LABORTORY, FERRET SUBJECTS THE PAPER TO MANY TESTS.
A DEVELOPING SOLUTION
SOMETHING'S COMING
HMPH!—THEY'VE BEEN DOING THIS IN EUROPE FOR YEARS. YOU PLACE A DRY SHEET OF PAPER OVER A WET ONE AND WRITE A MESSAGE WITH A MATCHSTICK WHEN THE PAPER DRIES IT'S BLANK —BUT WET IT AGAIN—PRESTO! A MESSAGE!
100 FOR 20
500 FOR 75
1000 FOR 100
41 CATHERINE ST
AS FERRET LEAVES HIS HOUSE A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS
MM—NOT A LIGHT IN THE PLACE!
I SUPPOSE I COULD'VE FORCED THE DOOR, BUT I PREFER A WINDOW


YOU STAY HERE, NOSEY! I'M GOING IN!
FERRET BEGINS HIS SEARCH, WHEN-
HOW D'YA LIKE THIS, MR. SNOOPER?
C'MON MISTER- WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT US?
I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!
SMACK
ONE HOUR LATER
HE WON'T TALK!
I HIT HIM WITH EVERY-THING
AW-MAYBE HE DON'T KNOW NUTHIN
TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM IN THERE- THE BOSS'LL MAKE HIM TALK!
FERRET WHISTLES SOFTLY
THIRTY MINUTES DRAG BY- THERE IS A FAINT SCRATCHING- AND A QUEER LITTLE BODY SQUEEZES THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL


ATTABOY, NOSEY, YOU'RE A DARLING.
I'LL JUST LET THE BOYS KNOW I'M LEAVING
CRASH!
C'MON! WE GOTTA GET HIM!.
THIS ALLEY IS JUST THE PLACE!
COME'N GET ME!
FERRET STRETCHES A ROPE ACROSS THE ALLEY—
AND TRIPS THE GANGSTERS
I'M GOING TO PAY YOU BACK WITH INTEREST!

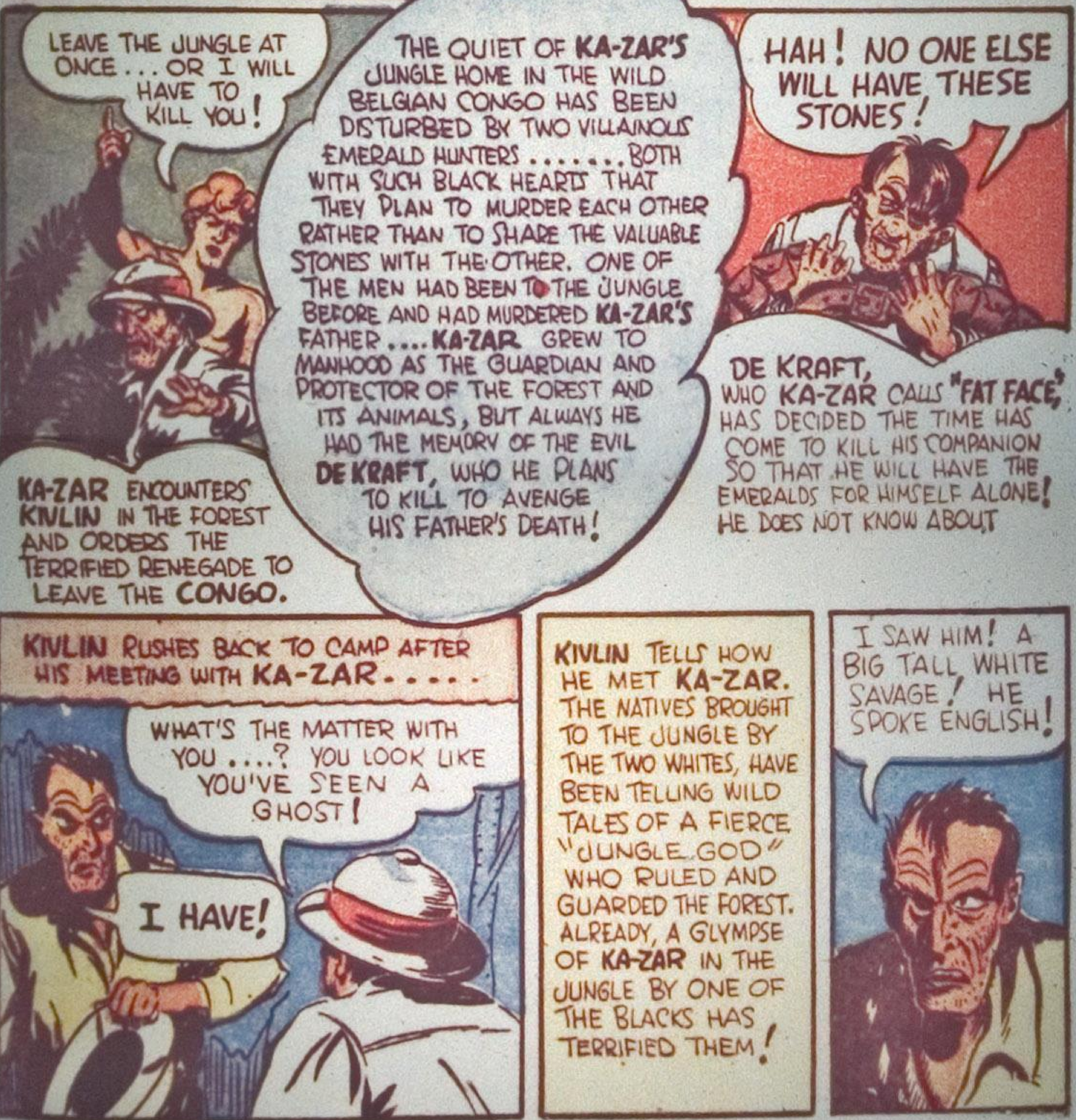

NOW I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR BOSS.
THE MYSTERIOUS BOSS ARRIVES
I'LL FIX YOU, MR. WISEGUY!
FERRET!
'LO, RICKEY! I KNEW YOU WERE BACK WHEN I SAW YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER COMING OFF THE LINER- "COUNT RINALDO" EH? HA HA!
NOSEY!
NOSEY LEAPS AND GIVES FERRET HIS OPPORTUNITY
THE FERRET EXPLAINS THE MYSTERY
HERE'S THE LAYOUT, COMMISSIONER-RICKEY IS THE KING OF COUNTERFEITERS BUT THE WAR DROVE HIM OUT OF EUROPE THAT PAPER YOU GAVE ME WAS HIS NOTICE TO THE UNDERWORLD THAT HE WAS SELLING THE QUEER AT $20 FOR $100 WORTH ETC
DRAT IT, FERRET, YOU'VE MADE FOOLS OF US AGAIN!

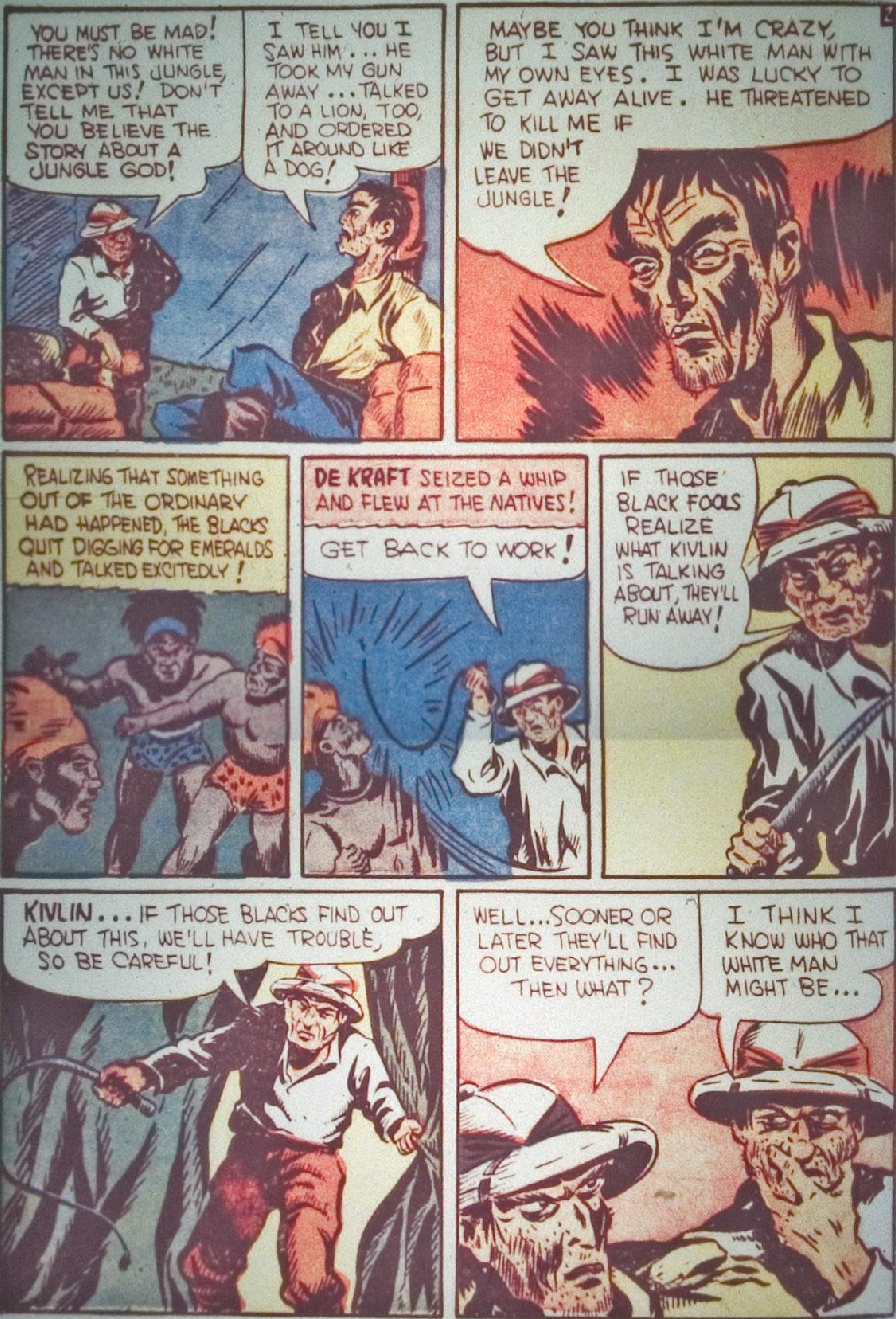
ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT

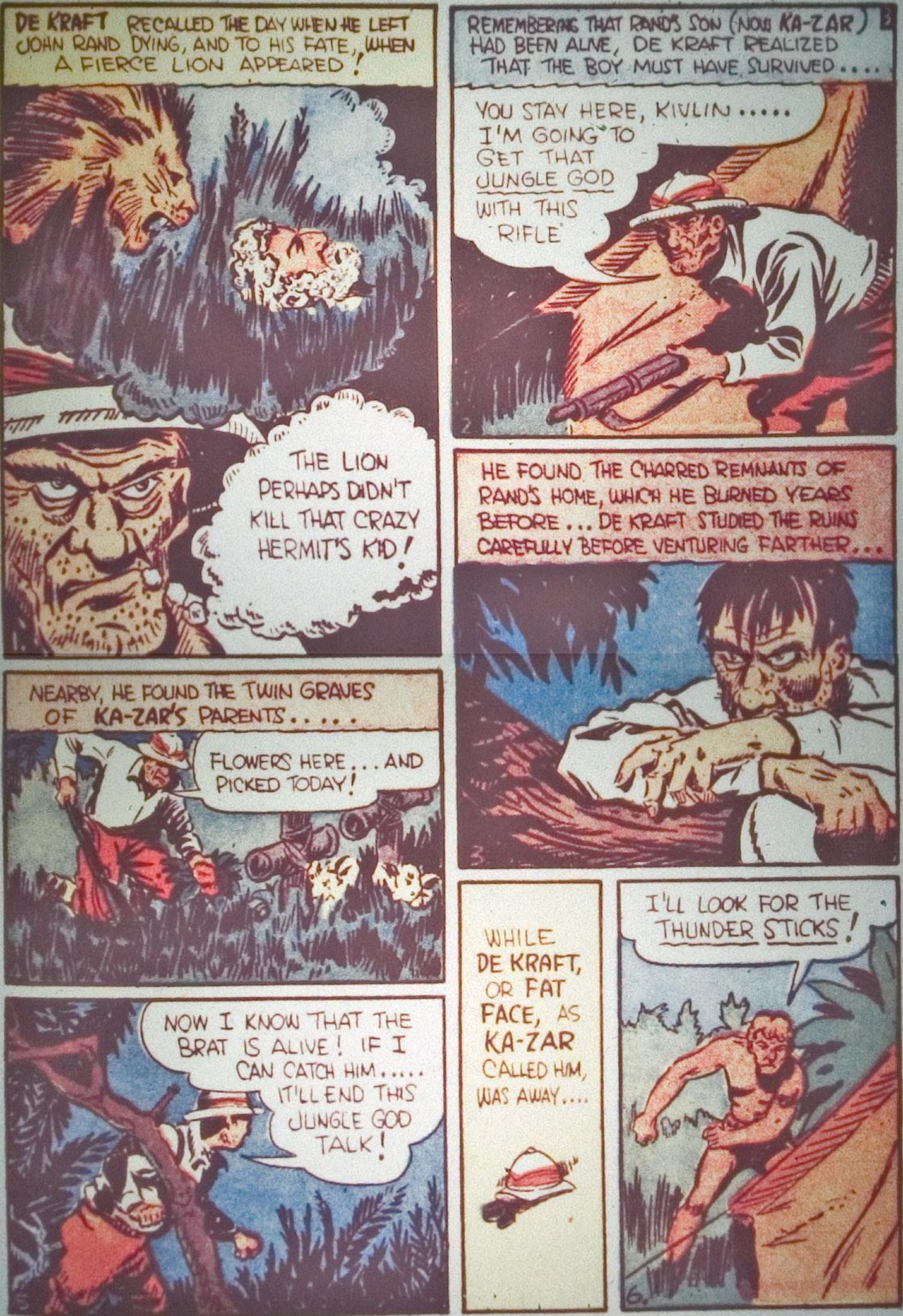
FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER
CREATED BY BOB BYRD

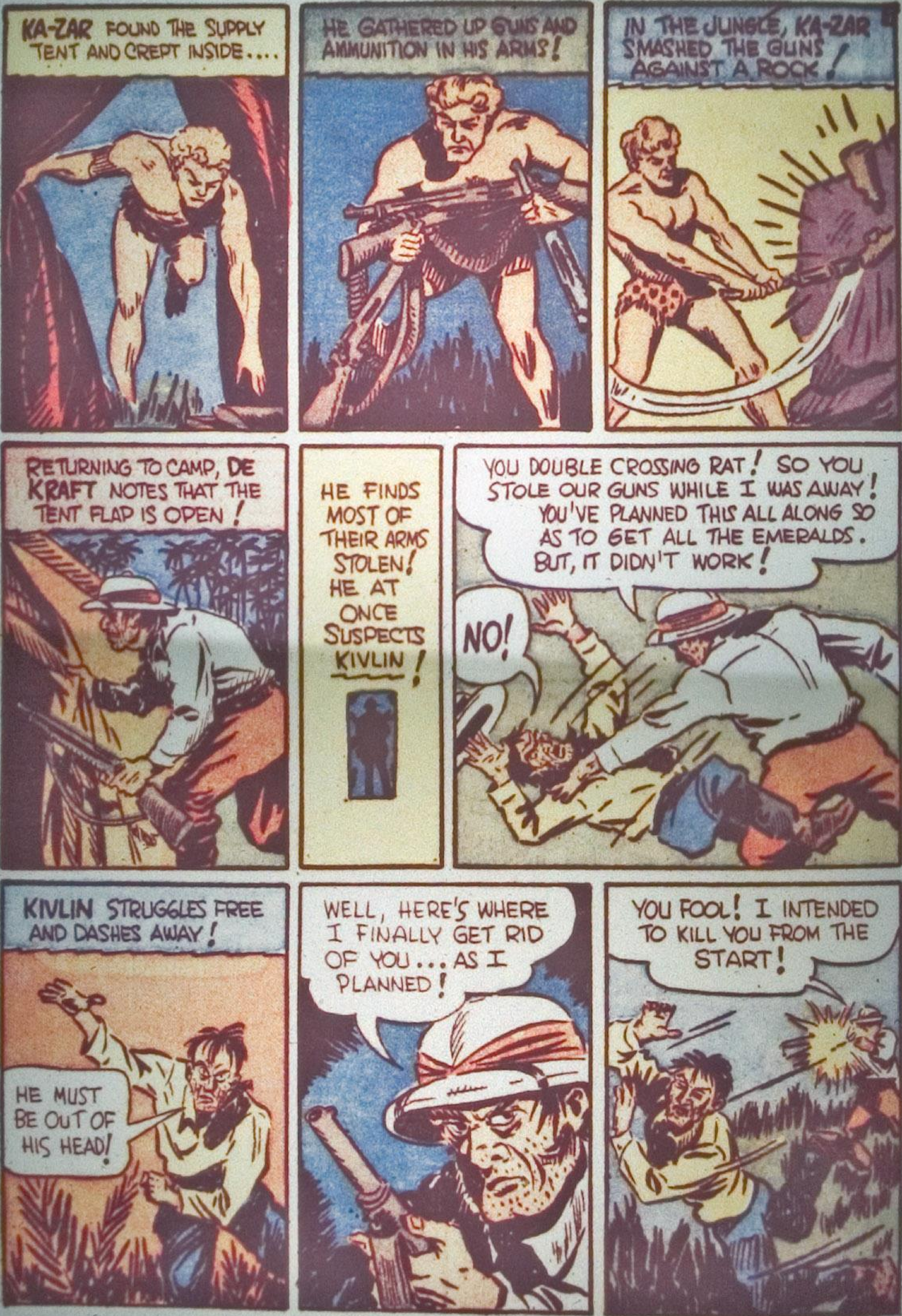
★ FIFTH EPISODE ★

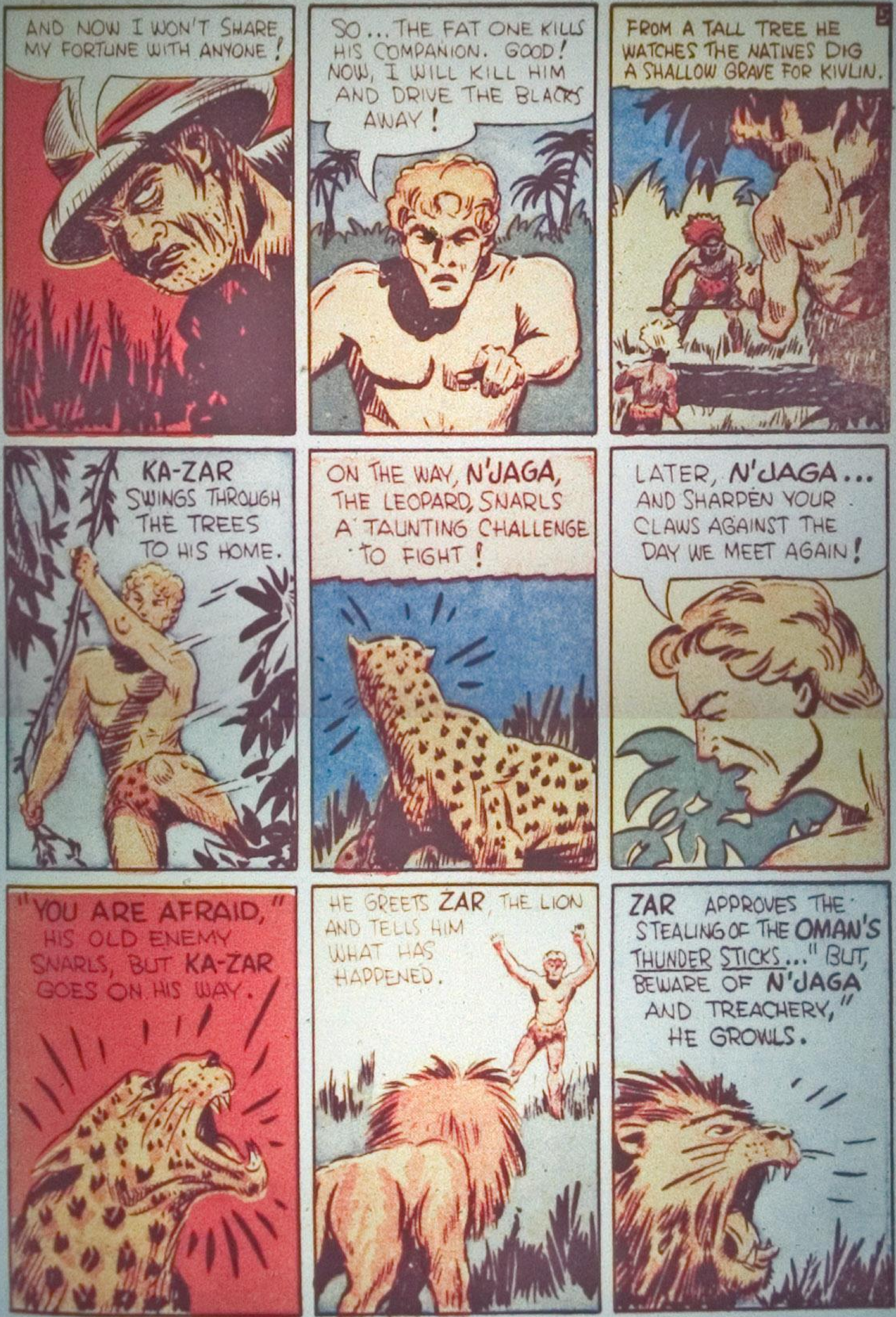
—Ben Thompson

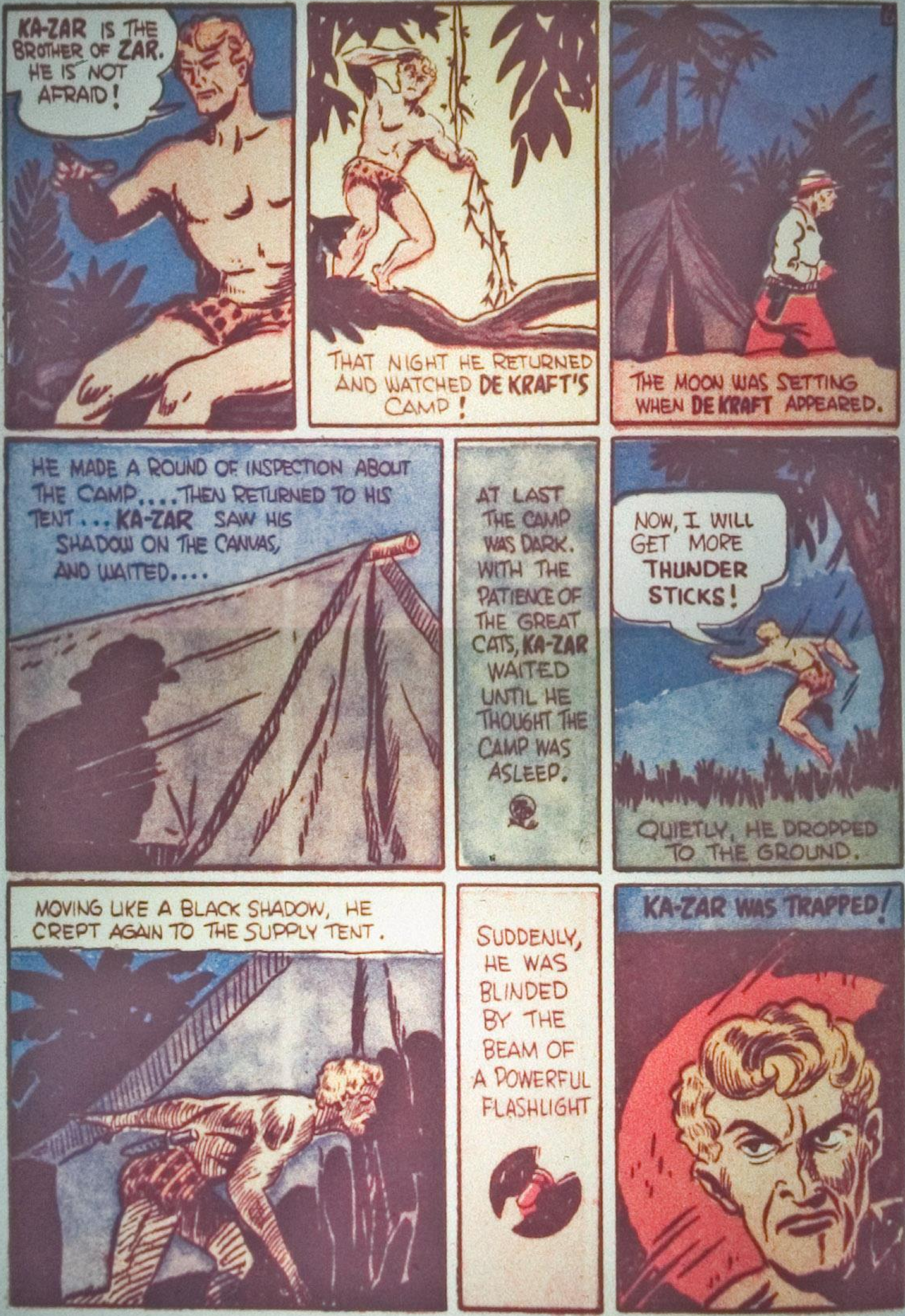

LEAVE THE JUNGLE AT ONCE ... OR I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU!
THE QUIET OF KA-ZAR'S JUNGLE HOME IN THE WILD BELGIAN CONGO HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY TWO VILLAINOUS EMERALD HUNTERS .... BOTH WITH SUCH BLACK HEARTS THAT THEY PLAN TO MURDER EACH OTHER RATHER THAN TO SHARE THE VALUABLE STONES WITH THE OTHER. ONE OF THE MEN HAD BEEN TO THE JUNGLE BEFORE AND HAD MURDERED KA-ZAR'S FATHER .... KA-ZAR GREW TO MANHOOD AS THE GUARDIAN AND PROTECTOR OF THE FOREST AND ITS ANIMALS, BUT ALWAYS HE HAD THE MEMORY OF THE EVIL DE KRAFT, WHO HE PLANS TO KILL TO AVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH!
HAH! NO ONE ELSE WILL HAVE THESE STONES!
KA-ZAR ENCOUNTERS KIVLIN IN THE FOREST AND ORDERS THE TERRIFIED RENEGADE TO LEAVE THE CONGO.
DE KRAFT, WHO KA-ZAR CALLS "FAT FACE," HAS DECIDED THE TIME HAS COME TO KILL HIS COMPANION SO THAT HE WILL HAVE THE EMERALDS FOR HIMSELF ALONE! HE DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT
KIVLIN RUSHES BACK TO CAMP AFTER HIS MEETING WITH KA-ZAR....
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ....? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!
I HAVE!
KIVLIN TELLS HOW HE MET KA-ZAR. THE NATIVES BROUGHT TO THE JUNGLE BY THE TWO WHITES, HAVE BEEN TELLING WILD TALES OF A FIERCE "JUNGLE GOD" WHO RULED AND GUARDED THE FOREST. ALREADY, A GLYMPSE OF KA-ZAR IN THE JUNGLE BY ONE OF THE BLACKS HAS TERRIFIED THEM!
I SAW HIM! A BIG TALL, WHITE SAVAGE! HE SPOKE ENGLISH!

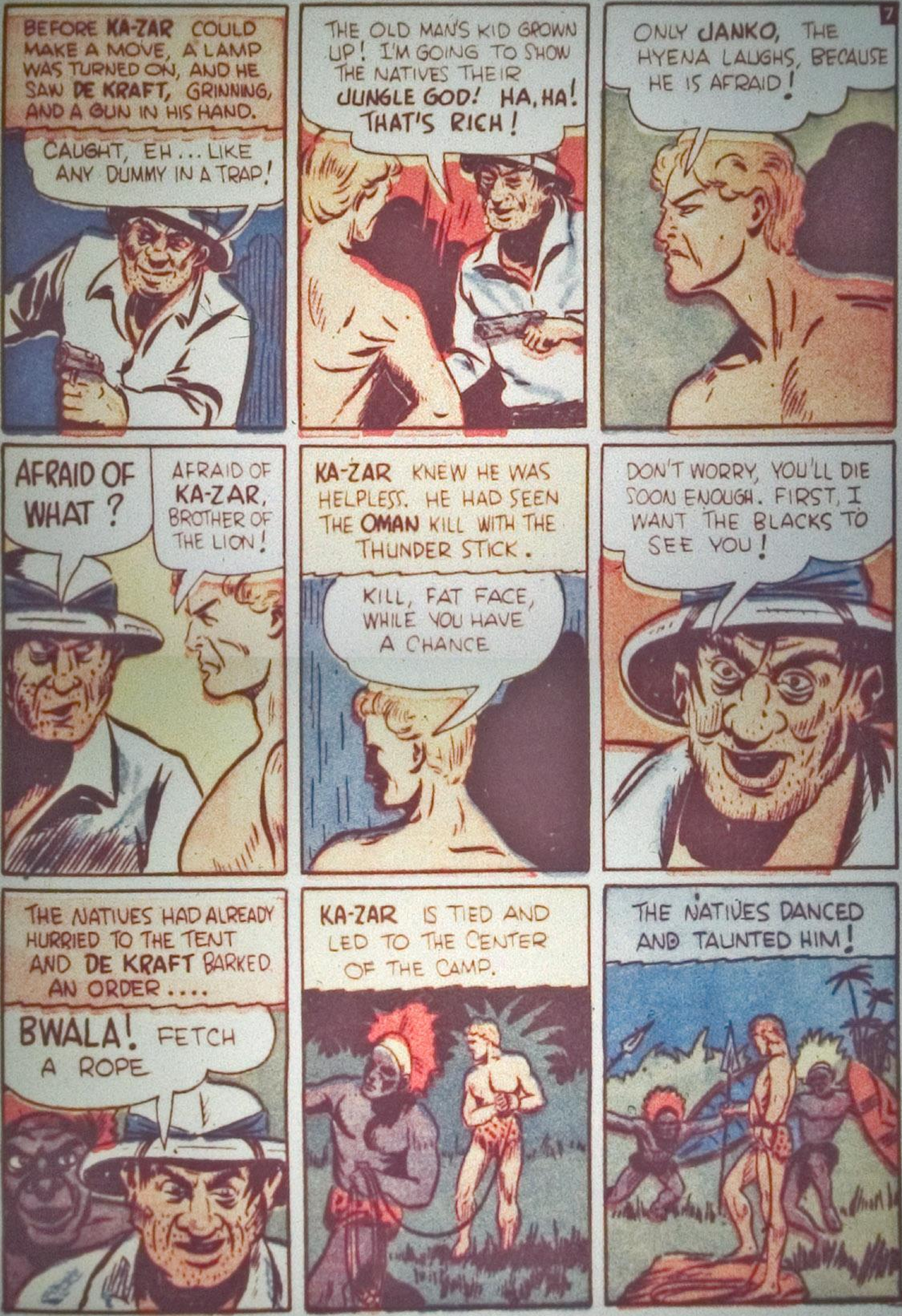

YOU MUST BE MAD! THERE'S NO WHITE MAN IN THIS JUNGLE, EXCEPT US! DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU BELIEVE THE STORY ABOUT A JUNGLE GOD!
I TELL YOU I SAW HIM... HE TOOK MY GUN AWAY... TALKED TO A LION, TOO, AND ORDERED IT AROUND LIKE A DOG!
MAYBE YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT I SAW THIS WHITE MAN WITH MY OWN EYES. I WAS LUCKY TO GET AWAY ALIVE. HE THREATENED TO KILL ME IF WE DIDN'T LEAVE THE JUNGLE!
REALIZING THAT SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HAD HAPPENED, THE BLACKS QUIT DIGGING FOR EMERALDS AND TALKED EXCITEDLY!
DE KRAFT SEIZED A WHIP AND FLEW AT THE NATIVES!
GET BACK TO WORK!
IF THOSE BLACK FOOLS REALIZE WHAT KIVLIN IS TALKING ABOUT, THEY'LL RUN AWAY!
KIVLIN... IF THOSE BLACKS FIND OUT ABOUT THIS, WE'LL HAVE TROUBLE, SO BE CAREFUL!
WELL... SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL FIND OUT EVERYTHING... THEN WHAT?
I THINK I KNOW WHO THAT WHITE MAN MIGHT BE...

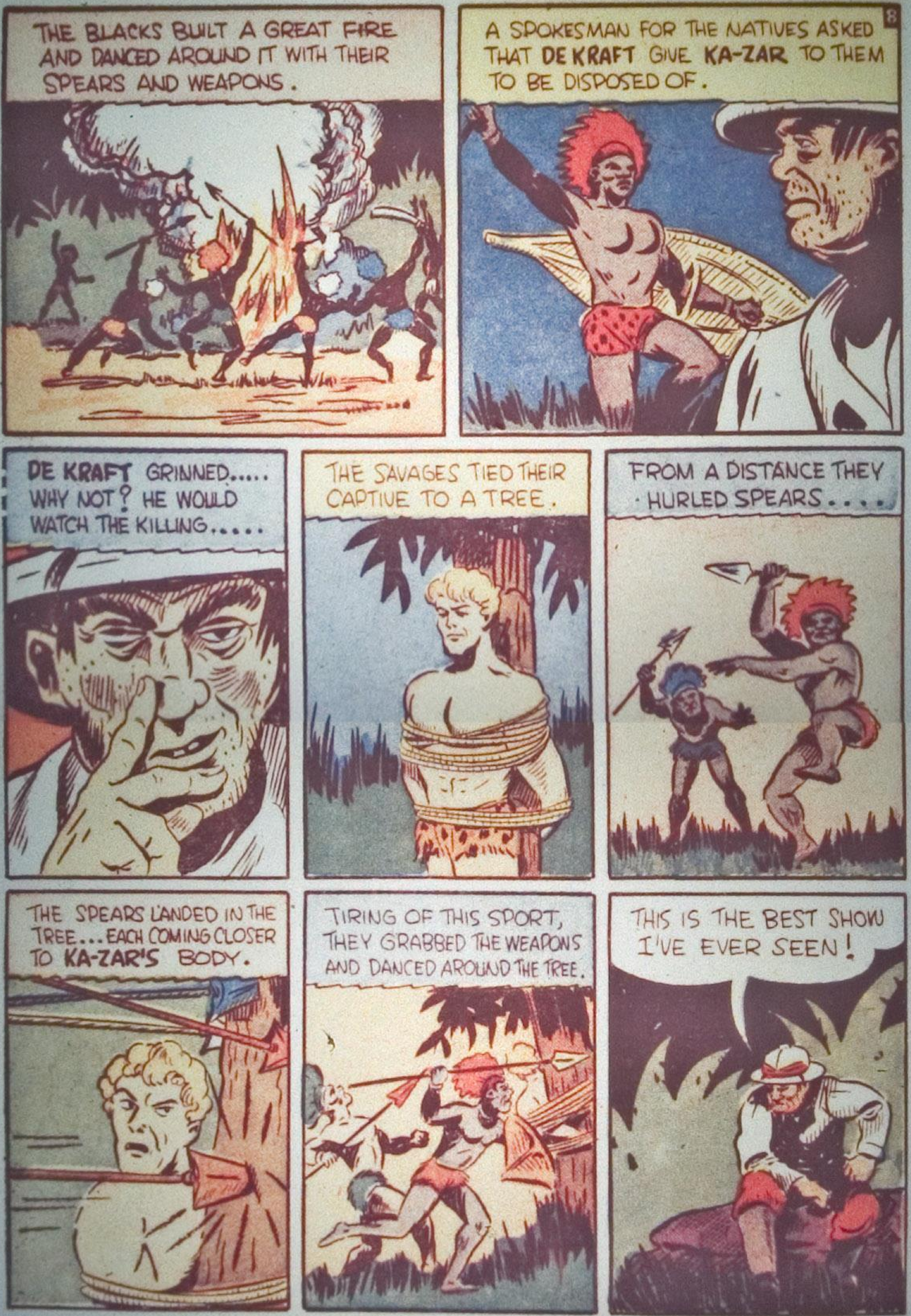

DE KRAFT RECALLED THE DAY WHEN HE LEFT JOHN RAND DYING, AND TO HIS FATE, WHEN A FIERCE LION APPEARED!
THE LION PERHAPS DIDN'T KILL THAT CRAZY HERMIT'S KID!
REMEMBERING THAT RAND'S SON (NOW KA-ZAR) HAD BEEN ALIVE, DE KRAFT REALIZED THAT THE BOY MUST HAVE SURVIVED....
YOU STAY HERE, KIVLIN..... I'M GOING TO GET THAT JUNGLE GOD WITH THIS RIFLE
2
HE FOUND THE CHARRED REMNANTS OF RAND'S HOME, WHICH HE BURNED YEARS BEFORE... DE KRAFT STUDIED THE RUINS CAREFULLY BEFORE VENTURING FARTHER...
3
NEARBY, HE FOUND THE TWIN GRAVES OF KA-ZAR'S PARENTS.....
FLOWERS HERE... AND PICKED TODAY!
NOW I KNOW THAT THE BRAT IS ALIVE! IF I CAN CATCH HIM..... IT'LL END THIS JUNGLE GOD TALK!
WHILE DE KRAFT, OR FAT FACE, AS KA-ZAR CALLED HIM, WAS AWAY....
I'LL LOOK FOR THE THUNDER STICKS!
6.

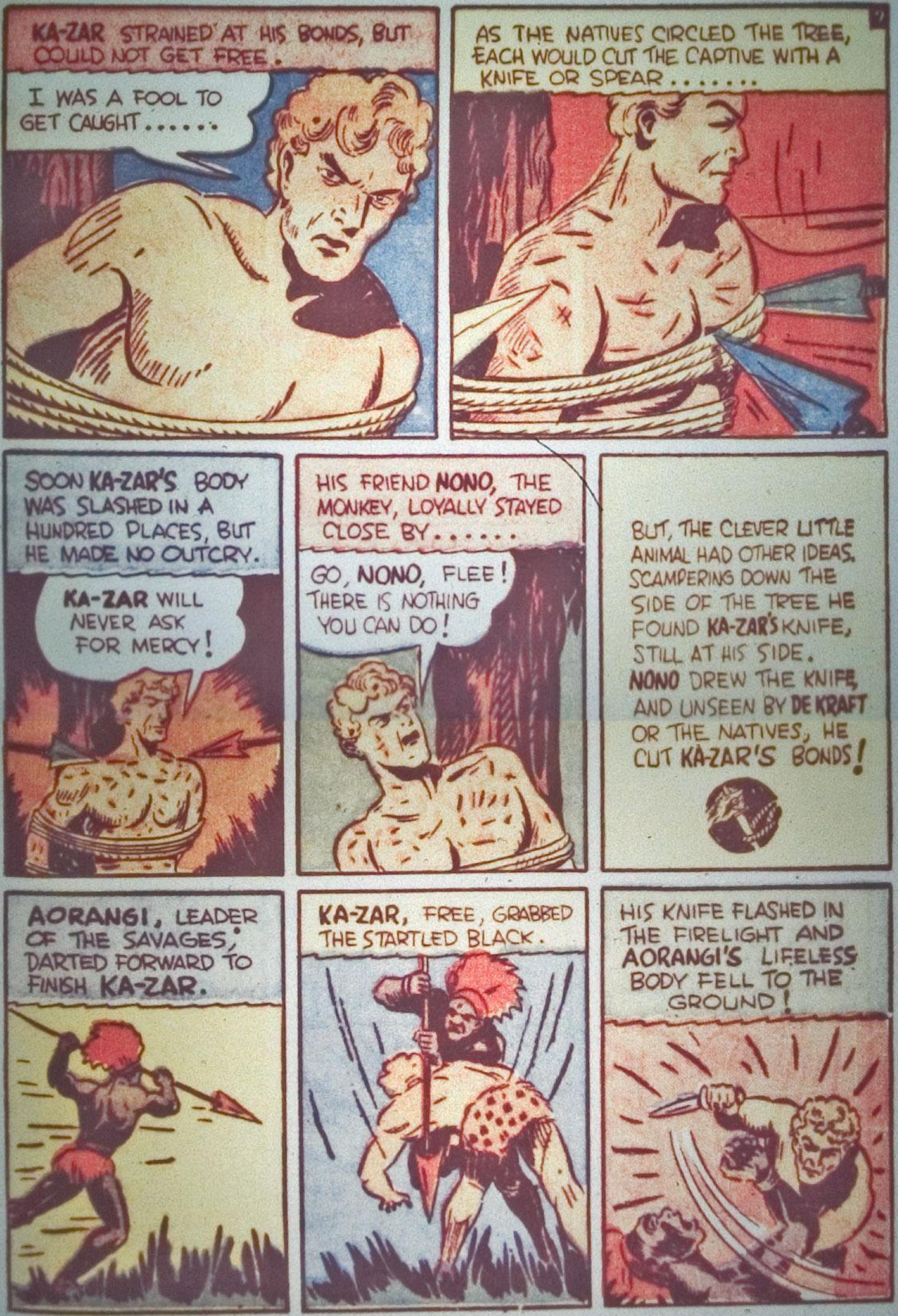

KA-ZAR FOUND THE SUPPLY TENT AND CREPT INSIDE....
HE GATHERED UP GUNS AND AMMUNITION IN HIS ARMS!
IN THE JUNGLE, KA-ZAR SMASHED THE GUNS AGAINST A ROCK!
RETURNING TO CAMP, DE KRAFT NOTES THAT THE TENT FLAP IS OPEN!
HE FINDS MOST OF THEIR ARMS STOLEN! HE AT ONCE SUSPECTS KIVLIN!
YOU DOUBLE CROSSING RAT! SO YOU STOLE OUR GUNS WHILE I WAS AWAY! YOU'VE PLANNED THIS ALL ALONG SO AS TO GET ALL THE EMERALDS. BUT, IT DIDN'T WORK!
NO!
KIVLIN STRUGGLES FREE AND DASHES AWAY!
HE MUST BE OUT OF HIS HEAD!
WELL, HERE'S WHERE I FINALLY GET RID OF YOU... AS I PLANNED!
YOU FOOL! I INTENDED TO KILL YOU FROM THE START!

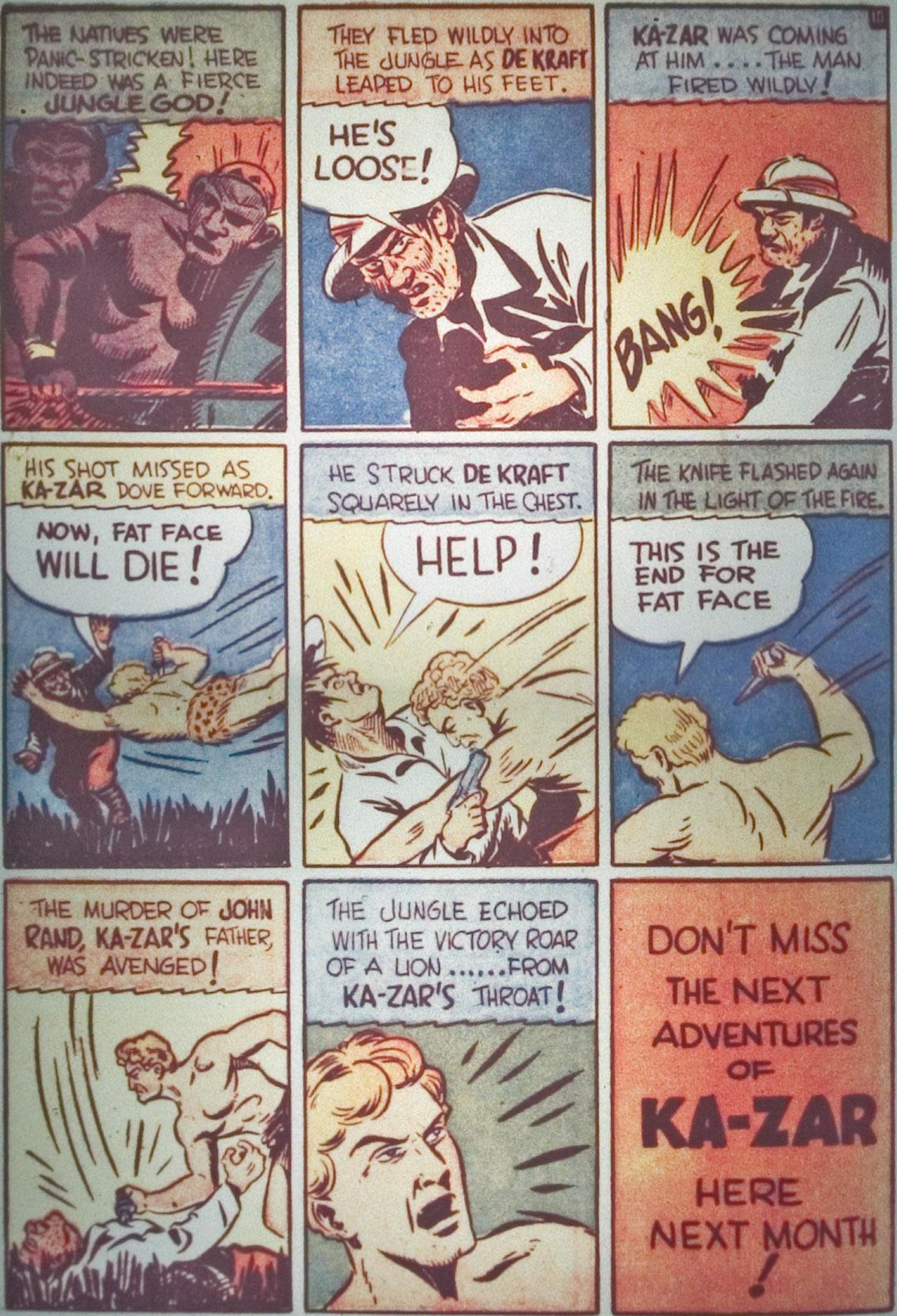

AND NOW I WON'T SHARE MY FORTUNE WITH ANYONE!
SO... THE FAT ONE KILLS HIS COMPANION. GOOD! NOW, I WILL KILL HIM AND DRIVE THE BLACKS AWAY!
5
FROM A TALL TREE HE WATCHES THE NATIVES DIG A SHALLOW GRAVE FOR KIVLIN.
KA-ZAR SWINGS THROUGH THE TREES TO HIS HOME.
ON THE WAY, N'JAGA, THE LEOPARD, SNARLS A TAUNTING CHALLENGE TO FIGHT!
LATER, N'JAGA... AND SHARPEN YOUR CLAWS AGAINST THE DAY WE MEET AGAIN!
"YOU ARE AFRAID," HIS OLD ENEMY SNARLS, BUT KA-ZAR GOES ON HIS WAY.
HE GREETS ZAR, THE LION AND TELLS HIM WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
ZAR APPROVES THE STEALING OF THE OMAN'S THUNDER STICKS..." BUT, BEWARE OF N'JAGA AND TREACHERY," HE GROWLS.


KA-ZAR IS THE BROTHER OF ZAR. HE IS NOT AFRAID!
THAT NIGHT HE RETURNED AND WATCHED DE KRAFT'S CAMP!
THE MOON WAS SETTING WHEN DE KRAFT APPEARED.
HE MADE A ROUND OF INSPECTION ABOUT THE CAMP.... THEN RETURNED TO HIS TENT ... KA-ZAR SAW HIS SHADOW ON THE CANVAS, AND WAITED....
AT LAST THE CAMP WAS DARK. WITH THE PATIENCE OF THE GREAT CATS, KA-ZAR WAITED UNTIL HE THOUGHT THE CAMP WAS ASLEEP.
NOW, I WILL GET MORE THUNDER STICKS!
QUIETLY, HE DROPPED TO THE GROUND.
MOVING LIKE A BLACK SHADOW, HE CREPT AGAIN TO THE SUPPLY TENT.
SUDDENLY, HE WAS BLINDED BY THE BEAM OF A POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT
KA-ZAR WAS TRAPPED!


7
BEFORE KA-ZAR COULD MAKE A MOVE, A LAMP WAS TURNED ON, AND HE SAW DE KRAFT, GRINNING, AND A GUN IN HIS HAND.
CAUGHT, EH... LIKE ANY DUMMY IN A TRAP!
THE OLD MAN'S KID GROWN UP! I'M GOING TO SHOW THE NATIVES THEIR JUNGLE GOD! HA, HA! THAT'S RICH!
ONLY JANKO, THE HYENA LAUGHS, BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID!
AFRAID OF WHAT?
AFRAID OF KA-ZAR, BROTHER OF THE LION!
KA-ZAR KNEW HE WAS HELPLESS. HE HAD SEEN THE OMAN KILL WITH THE THUNDER STICK.
KILL, FAT FACE, WHILE YOU HAVE A CHANCE
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL DIE SOON ENOUGH. FIRST, I WANT THE BLACKS TO SEE YOU!
THE NATIVES HAD ALREADY HURRIED TO THE TENT AND DE KRAFT BARKED AN ORDER....
BWALA! FETCH A ROPE
KA-ZAR IS TIED AND LED TO THE CENTER OF THE CAMP.
THE NATIVES DANCED AND TAUNTED HIM!


THE BLACKS BUILT A GREAT FIRE AND DANCED AROUND IT WITH THEIR SPEARS AND WEAPONS.
A SPOKESMAN FOR THE NATIVES ASKED THAT **DE KRAFT** GIVE **KA-ZAR** TO THEM TO BE DISPOSED OF.
DE KRAFT GRINNED..... WHY NOT? HE WOULD WATCH THE KILLING.....
THE SAVAGES TIED THEIR CAPTIVE TO A TREE.
FROM A DISTANCE THEY HURLED SPEARS....
THE SPEARS LANDED IN THE TREE... EACH COMING CLOSER TO **KA-ZAR'S** BODY.
TIRING OF THIS SPORT, THEY GRABBED THE WEAPONS AND DANCED AROUND THE TREE.
THIS IS THE BEST SHOW I'VE EVER SEEN!

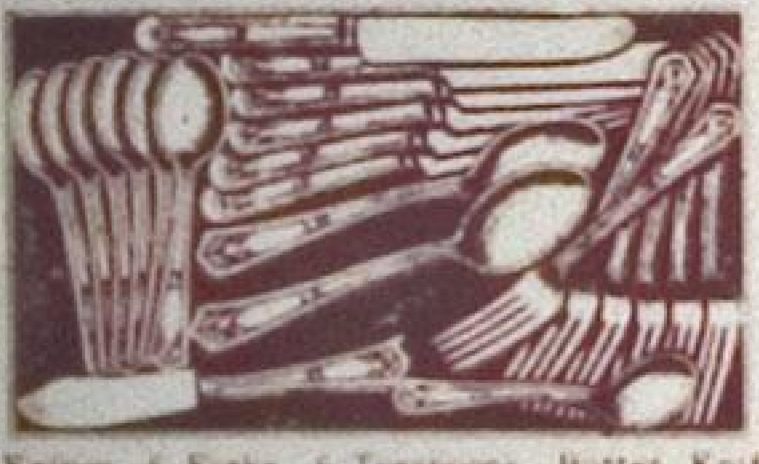

KA-ZAR STRAINED AT HIS BONDS, BUT COULD NOT GET FREE.
I WAS A FOOL TO GET CAUGHT......
AS THE NATIVES CIRCLED THE TREE, EACH WOULD CUT THE CAPTIVE WITH A KNIFE OR SPEAR.......
SOON KA-ZAR'S BODY WAS SLASHED IN A HUNDRED PLACES, BUT HE MADE NO OUTCRY.
KA-ZAR WILL NEVER ASK FOR MERCY!
HIS FRIEND NONO, THE MONKEY, LOYALLY STAYED CLOSE BY......
GO, NONO, FLEE! THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO!
BUT, THE CLEVER LITTLE ANIMAL HAD OTHER IDEAS. SCAMPERING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE TREE HE FOUND KA-ZAR'S KNIFE, STILL AT HIS SIDE. NONO DREW THE KNIFE, AND UNSEEN BY DE KRAFT OR THE NATIVES, HE CUT KA-ZAR'S BONDS!
AORANGI, LEADER OF THE SAVAGES, DARTED FORWARD TO FINISH KA-ZAR.
KA-ZAR, FREE, GRABBED THE STARTLED BLACK.
HIS KNIFE FLASHED IN THE FIRELIGHT AND AORANGI'S LIFELESS BODY FELL TO THE GROUND!


THE NATIVES WERE PANIC-STRICKEN! HERE INDEED WAS A FIERCE JUNGLE GOD!
THEY FLED WILDLY INTO THE JUNGLE AS DE KRAFT LEAPED TO HIS FEET.
HE'S LOOSE!
KA-ZAR WAS COMING AT HIM .... THE MAN FIRED WILDLY!
BANG!
HIS SHOT MISSED AS KA-ZAR DOVE FORWARD.
NOW, FAT FACE WILL DIE!
HE STRUCK DE KRAFT SQUARELY IN THE CHEST.
HELP!
THE KNIFE FLASHED AGAIN IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE.
THIS IS THE END FOR FAT FACE
THE MURDER OF JOHN RAND, KA-ZAR'S FATHER, WAS AVENGED!
THE JUNGLE ECHOED WITH THE VICTORY ROAR OF A LION ......FROM KA-ZAR'S THROAT!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR HERE NEXT MONTH!

C'mon— BOYS·GIRLS MEN·WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

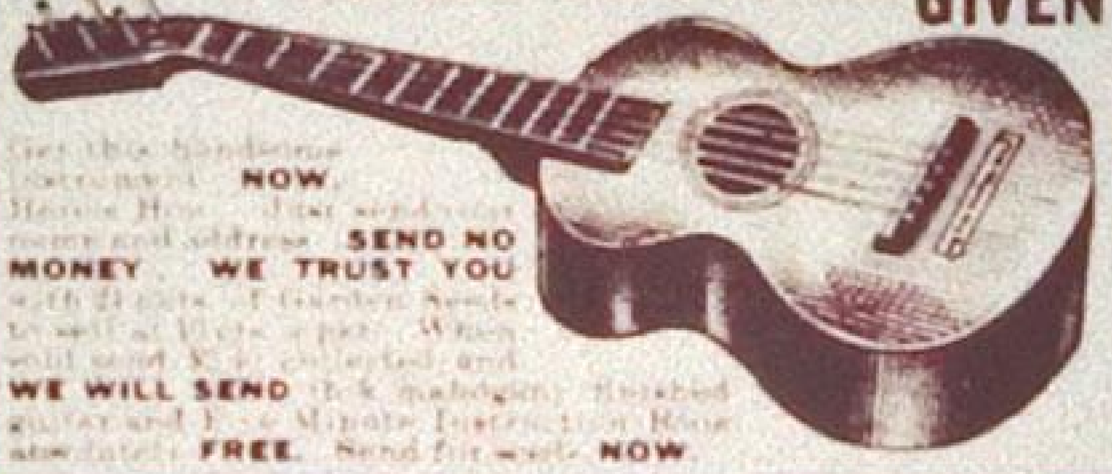
THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU Just send for 24 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $2.40 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



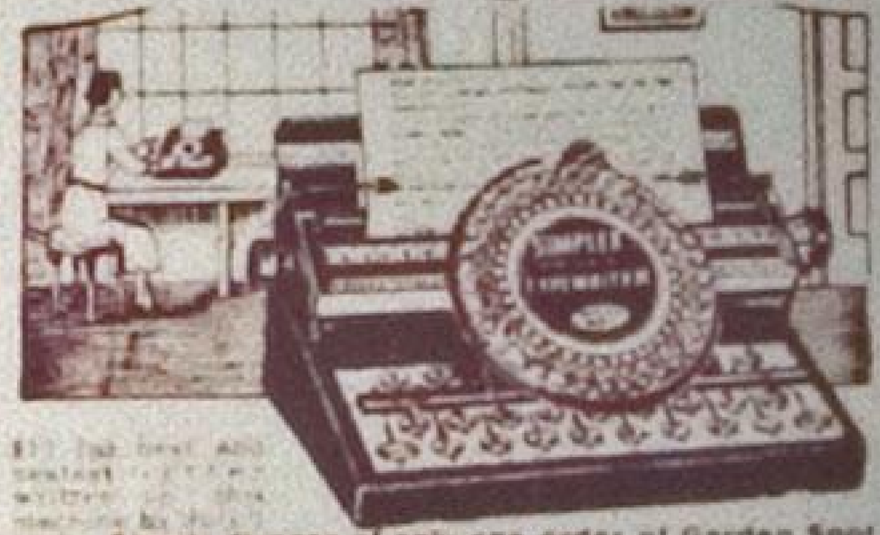
6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell. **GIVEN for selling only one order.**

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN



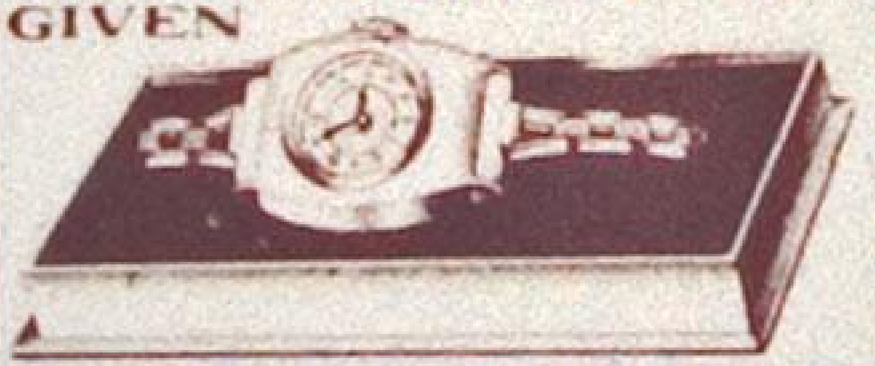
Get this handsome instrument **NOW.** [illegible] Just send your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU** with 24 pkts. of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. When you have sold, send $2.40 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this mahogany finished guitar and [illegible] Minute Instruction Book absolutely **FREE.** Send for seeds **NOW.**

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



[illegible] **Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.**

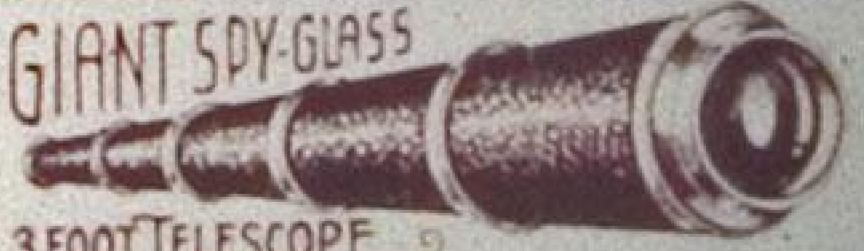
Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN



More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper

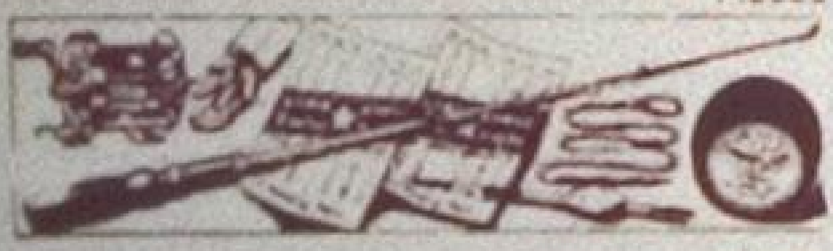
Sparkling [illegible] Guaranteed Movement. **Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds.** MAIL COUPON TODAY.

GIANT SPY-GLASS 3 FOOT TELESCOPE



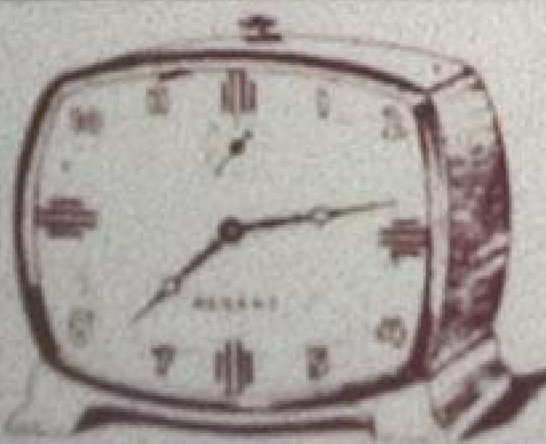
See moon, stars and people miles away. [illegible] **Given for selling only one order.** Send for seeds today.

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT 28 PIECES

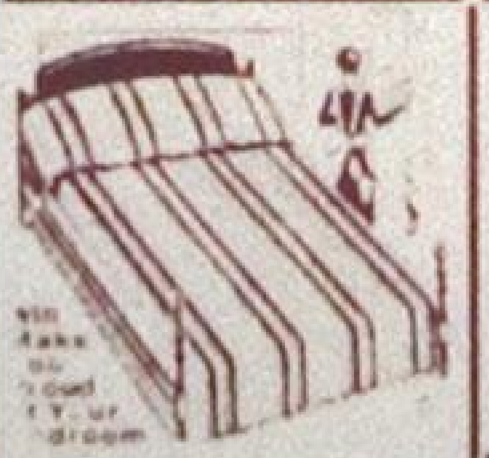


Steel rod, reel, casting line, 12 snelled hooks, [illegible] **Sell only one order.**

Household CLOCK

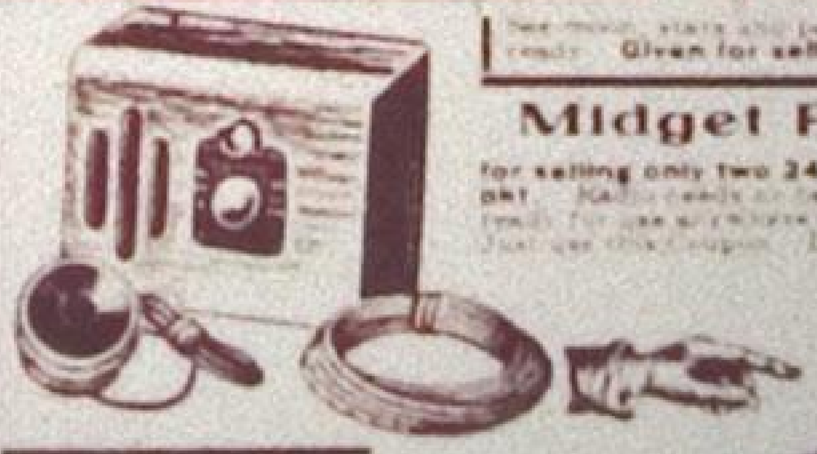


Can be used anywhere. Richly finished in two tone effect. 30 hour movement. **Dispose of only 1 order and Clock is yours.** WRITE TODAY



Crinkled BED SPREAD

The crinkled stripes are [illegible] woven in contrasting shades. [illegible] A beauty. **Simply dispose of 1 order.**



Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN

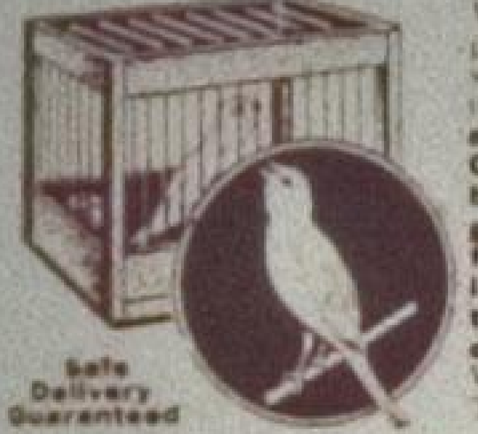
for selling only two 24 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. [illegible] **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU. Hurry!** Just use this Coupon. Do not wait, do it NOW.

BASKETBALL GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. **Send No Money.** Just name and address. **Given for disposing of only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt.** WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY. Hurry! Be First.

SEND NO MONEY
Just MAIL COUPON

Real Live CANARY



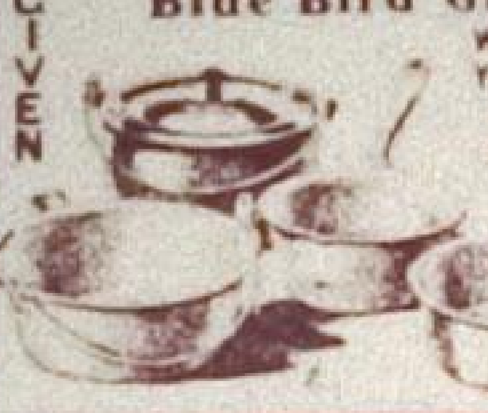
Safe Delivery Guaranteed

What a pet! You will love it. **Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders.** WRITE TODAY

Sent Express Collect.

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set

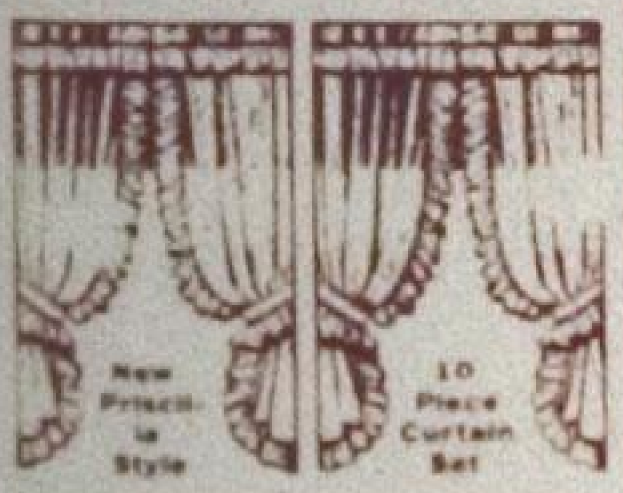
GIVEN



Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

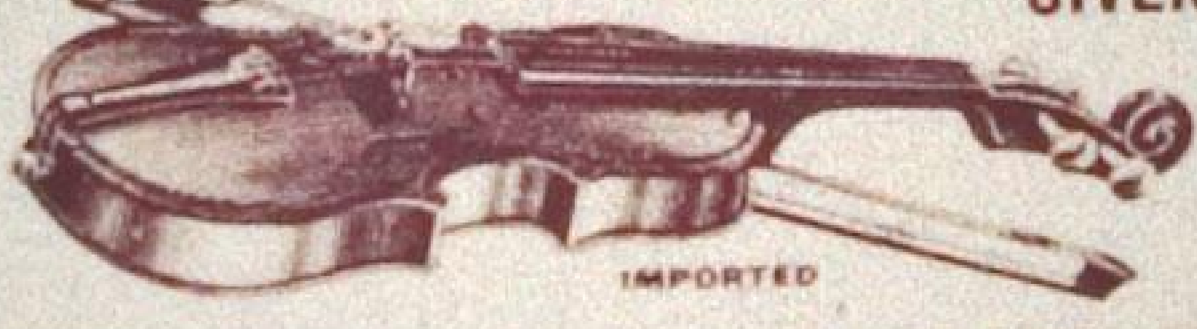
Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. [illegible] Premium consists of four [illegible] Mixing Bowl, [illegible] Pan, Preserving Kettle with handle, Sauce Pan. **Given for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt.** Write for seeds TODAY. **Send No Money. We Trust You. Hurry! Be First.**

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



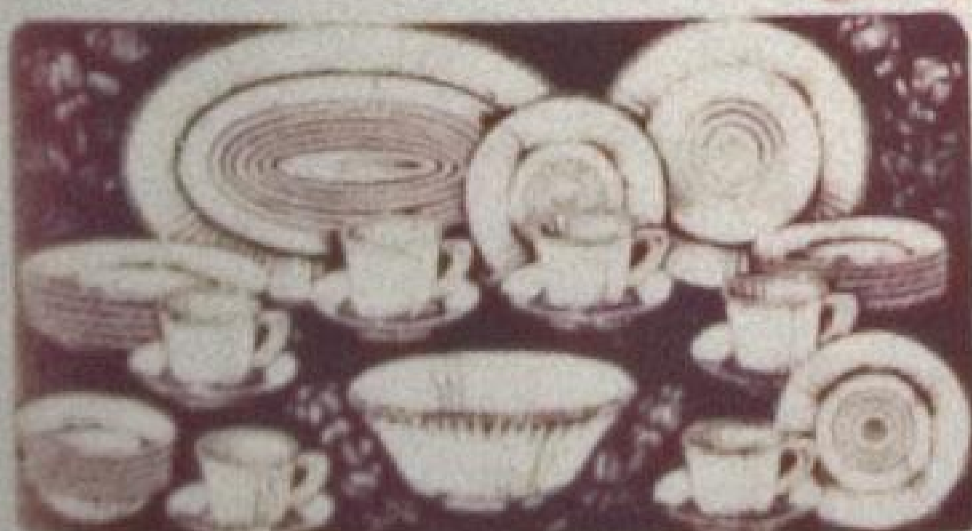
Curtain Set in refined white pattern, finished with 2 1-4 inch ruffles in colors. Each curtain is [illegible] inches, 2 pairs of Curtains, [illegible] Backs & [illegible] Ruffled Valances, 10 pieces [illegible] **All GIVEN to you as one premium for distributing only one order.** Postpaid

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. [illegible] **Given for selling only one order.** [illegible]

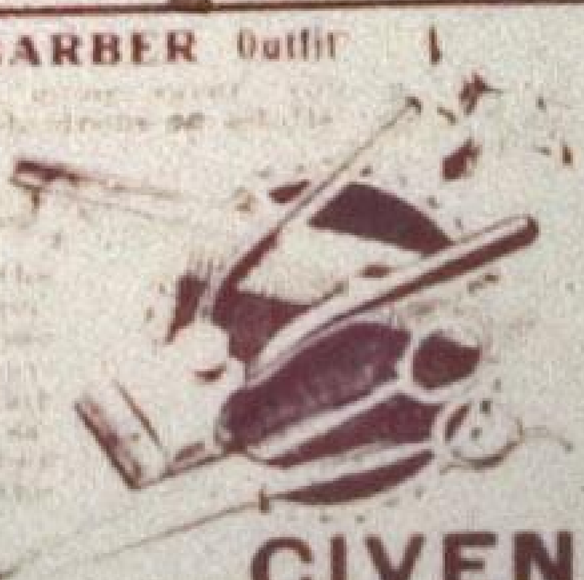
32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN



This [illegible] set [illegible] of large plates, [illegible] plates, [illegible] saucers, [illegible] dishes, large [illegible] vegetable dish.

Set **GIVEN for selling 2 orders.** Sent express collect.

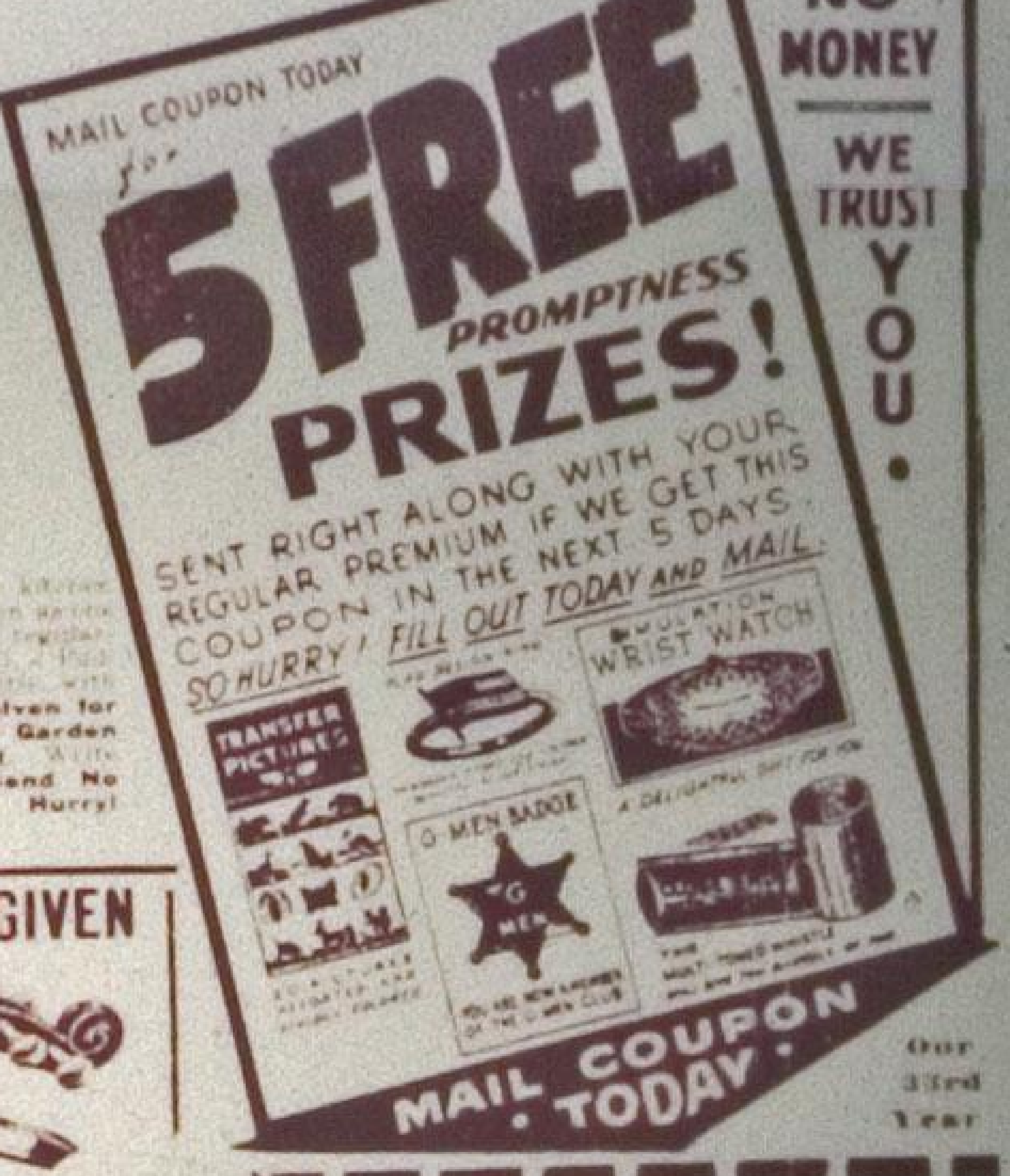
Home BARBER Outfit GIVEN



[illegible] Diamond Point Barber Shears & Comb, Barber Comb. **GIVEN for selling 1 order.**

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.



MAIL COUPON TODAY *for*

5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL.

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

Our 33rd Year

Lancaster County Seed Co.
Station 3, Paradise, Pa.

[illegible] **Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.**

Name ____________________

Post Office ____________________

State ____________________

Street or R. F. D. ____________ Box ________

Print your last name plainly below

Save 3 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.

Price Not Guaranteed After Introductory Sale

Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS
from real
PRINTER'S METAL TYPE
***with* PRINTER'S INK**

AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

SPECIAL DURING THIS SALE $2

The "LITTLE-MAN"
works like famous
GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc.

EXPERIENCE WORTH $100. Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

Prints with
GOTHIC TYPE
THIS SIZE

SEND NO MONEY
—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay $2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast $2.85). OR, if you prefer attach $2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press, back comes your money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

PECK BROTHERS AMT. ENC.
2971 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, $2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast $2.85). Cash $2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME..

ADDRESS..